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An Irish Quarterly Review

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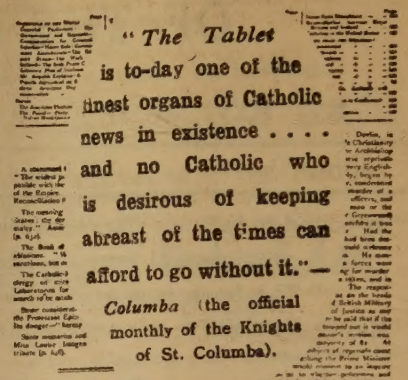

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STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

ECEMBER 1927

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SUGGESTED TARIFF ON IMPORTED NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

BY RICHARD S. DEVANE, S.J.

IT may be taken for granted that the Report of the Evil Literature Committee will be, in the near future, translated into a Bill, and that this Bill will meet with little opposition in its passage through the Oireachtas. We shall thus rid ourselves of the indecent and prurient type of journal which at present circulates throughout Ireland with impunity. But the publication of the above Report, coincident with much discussion on tariffs, has turned the minds of many to another important problem—the attitude to be adopted by a young nation towards the dominating influence of an alien press. At the sacrifice of much sweat and blood we have won a considerable measure of political and economic freedom ; but we are still, in no small degree, intellectual slaves. A glance at the counter of any newsagent's shop or, better still, at one of the printed lists of newspapers and journals supplied by the general distributors to their agents throughout Ireland will convince even the most sceptical that we are in a condition of mental bondage, that we purchase from our former masters practically all the food consumed by our minds. We are in the stranglehold of an alien press.

Like many other industries, our national press is struggling under the weight of an overpowering competition. Our daily papers have fallen from seven to three, while the English dailies are increasing their circulation with astonishing rapidity. How many English dailies are in circulation in the Irish Free State ? I am sure that the majority of my readers will be surprised to learn that there are *eighteen.* And what might be the circulation of these papers ? The Catholic Truth Society, in its evidence before the Evil Literature Committee, estimated the circulation of the *Daily Mail* in Ireland at

something between 70,000 and 100,000. An expert consulted by the present writer estimated the combined circulation of four other English dailies at 65,000. The Catholic Truth Society also gave the following estimates of seven English Sunday newspapers : *News of the World*, 132,444 ; *Empire News*, 76,698 ; *Sunday Chronicle*, 46,188 ; *The People*, 30,600 ; *Reynold's News*, 28,772 ; *Sunday News*, 22,198 ; *Sunday Herald*, 15,842. That means a combined circulation of 352,803. As the Catholic Truth Society was concerned only with newspapers morally objectionable, a number of widely circulated English Sunday papers have been omitted from its list. But it added a list of five other objectionable weeklies, such as *Sporting Times* and *John Bull*, with an estimated circulation of 76,608.

In preparing this paper, I asked a small newsagent, in a village near Dublin, to show me her weekly order sheet. It included 33 copies of the *Daily Mail*, 22 copies of other English dailies, and 13 copies of the *Independent*—the only Irish daily in the list. But the most significant item in the sheet was 86 copies of papers and magazines for the young. According to Messrs. Eason's order sheet, fifty-three different papers or magazines for the young come from England each week, and not one such paper or magazine is published in Ireland.[1] I do not forget *Our Boys* and the good work it is doing ; but *Our Boys* is not a weekly. We are spending a great amount of money in trying to revive the Irish language and Irish culture. If our children have only English magazines for the development and entertainment of their young minds, the effort seems doomed to failure. Why not start a juvenile weekly, some reader may ask ? The answer is as obvious as the question : without a considerable capital it would be quite impossible to compete against existing English magazines. The Irish circulation

[1] Besides the fifty-three juvenile weeklies, about 250 other weeklies are imported from England into the Free State.

of these magazines forms a very small proportion of their total circulation. They can, therefore, be sold at a price at which no Irish magazine can be sold, unless its proprietors are prepared to run it at a loss. There is no doubt that Irish magazines for Irish youth would be started if any hope of their financial success existed. Are we, therefore, to look on in despair while our children are being fed on the ideas and ideals of another nation? The purpose of the present article is to suggest a solution of this and kindred problems.

Food, clothing, and shelter are the three essentials of life, and the standard of these three essentials varies with the progress of a people. The savage is satisfied with a minimum; the civilised man is always aiming at something higher—his motto is "Excelsior." What has helped and is helping man most in his struggle for existence is education. Every conquest over nature has been born of an idea. Without ideas there is no progress. Now, the great educator, the great disseminator of ideas, in our time is the press. The vast majority of modern peoples take their ideas from the daily or weekly press—supplemented by the cinema. It may not be without point to quote here the evidence given by *The Grain Growers' Guide*, "one of the most circulated magazines in Canada," before the Tariff Commission at present sitting in that country. *Mutatis mutandis*, its application to Ireland is obvious :—

> In order to build up a self-reliant nation in the northern part of this continent, it is essential that the Canadian people be provided with the utmost information on Canadian problems. That we have problems of our own no one will deny. That the development of high-class magazines, widely read throughout our nine provinces, will assist in bringing about a better mutual understanding and the inculcation of common ideals no one will question. There is a great dearth of such magazines in Canada to-day. In the last few years, however, Canadian magazines dealing with Canadian problems, fostering Canadian institutions, promoting Canadian development, are more highly appreciated by the Canadian public than ever before. . . . Imported

periodicals, whether from Great Britain, France, United States or any other country, pay little or no attention to Canadian problems. They are naturally interested chiefly in the problems, institutions and views of their own country. Thus, while imported periodicals bring to the Canadian people a great deal of valuable world-wide information and a selection of good literature, they do not contribute directly to the solution of our Canadian problems. This is a function which can be performed only by periodicals published in Canada.

In Ireland to-day there is a stirring of the waters, a revival of economic and literary thought. It is the natural concomitant of political freedom, and it is the duty of the State to foster it. Now the obvious way to foster any trade is to help the trader to secure a reasonable price for his goods. Does the Irish writer or journalist secure a reasonable price for his goods? That question needs no answer. The profession of journalism is easily the least remunerative profession in Ireland, and the reason is that our press, with its very limited field of circulation, is struggling for existence against the fiercest competition from across the waters. Mass production, huge circulations and modern facilities of transport have made this competition overwhelming. There is only one serious remedy —state intervention by means of tariffs; and it is as easy to justify the introduction of tariffs in this as in any other industry. If we protect the products of Irish hands and workers, why not protect the products of Irish brains and writers? The Dublin Branch of the Irish National Teachers' Organization passed the following resolution on February 25, 1926: "With a view to preserving some portion of the Irish market for Irish writers, we further suggest that all printed matter admitted from outside sources and not passed as first-class be heavily taxed." There is nothing in this suggestion to startle or frighten our legislators. The *Irish Independent* of March 20, 1926, carried the following Reuter telegram: "A delegation representing the Magazine Publishing Association of Canada asked the Canadian Government to impose a

tariff of ten cents [ten per cent. ?] on all periodicals entering Canada. The Government promised careful consideration of the proposals submitted." And the *Irish Times* of April 6, 1926, printed the following Reuter message from Montreal :—

Indignation was expressed at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at what was described as " an avalanche of cheap, sordid, and pornographic literature from the United States." Methods of preventing the influx were discussed. Canadian publishers are urging high duties against these publications, which are filled with advertisements of United States products—to the detriment, it is said, of Canadian industry. Canada spends five million dollars annually on United States publications.

Advertisements are the life blood of newspapers and magazines. One of the inducements held out by English journals to prospective advertisers is the fact that they have a wide circulation in Ireland. The Irish market is of considerable importance to English manufacturers and distributors.[1] Shopping by post reached such proportions that our late Minister for Posts and Telegraphs sought to check it by imposing a sixpenny tax on all parcels from England. Ireland is not the only country that suffers from advertisements carried on imported periodicals. The Canadian journal already quoted puts the case for its own country in words that have their application in Ireland :—

The magazine publishers in the United States enjoy many advantages which are not enjoyed by magazine publishers in Canada. In the first place the American publishers, owing to their larger population, have a much wider field in which to circulate. They are able to build up large circulations for their journals, and consequently to secure larger advertising revenues, which enables them to improve the quality and appearance of their journals. This natural advantage of population is one which

[1] The following is taken from a recent editorial in the *Daily Express* :—

" Ireland is one of our most valuable markets . . . Last year we sent to the Free State more British goods than to Germany or Canada, one-and-a-half times as much as to France or the Argentine or New Zealand, twice as much as to Belgium, China or Japan, and three times as much as to Italy. Only India, America and Australia come before the Free State as a market for British merchandise."

Canadian publishers cannot expect to enjoy, in any marked degree, for many years.

The Canadians seem to have awakened to an obvious danger, and in devising a remedy they have not allowed themselves to be hampered by the slave mind and the questions it raises: What will our best customer, Uncle Sam, think of this? What will our Big Brother, John Bull, say of it? They saw the danger and the remedy —a 25 per cent. tariff on certain imported periodicals— and they imposed it without hesitation as a common-sense measure of national economics. They have created a precedent for Ireland. The measure, as reported in the *Irish Independent* of September 12, 1927, is as follows: "Periodicals consisting almost wholly of fiction, and not containing a reasonable amount of critical and descriptive articles, news items, or articles relating thereto or to current topics, are declared not entitled to free entry." [1] The wording cannot be called perfect; it seems open to evasion in many ways. However, forty-nine United States magazines came immediately under the 25 per cent. tariff; by the end of September the number had risen to seventy-three. The same ruling applies to British periodicals of the same character.

If a similar tariff is to be imposed in Ireland, imported periodicals should be divided into two main classes, and as a condition of entry into the Free State they should be registered under one or other head. The Advisory Board which the Evil Literature Committee suggested to be set up and attached to the Ministry of Justice, would determine the class of each periodical seeking registration. Class I (Cultural) would include scientific, professional, technical, trade, literary, and art journals— giving to these terms, at least in the beginning, a broad interpretation. These journals would enter free of duty. Class II (Popular) would include all others, and these

[1] A later Customs Decision (No. 169) has brought "novels or works of fiction or literature of a similar character, unbound or paper bound or in sheets," under the 25 per cent. tariff.

would be dutiable. The duty would be determined by the Oireachtas. Canada has fixed a 25 per cent. tariff, and we accept this as a reasonable tariff, though its sufficiency in regard to imported dailies is debatable. It is probable that the proprietors would not increase the prices of these journals nor throw the tax on their Irish agents. They would rather seek to recoup their losses by advertisements or in some other way. So long as they command a big circulation in Ireland, they can always count on certain advertisements. Some people, of course, would not like to see these journals crushed out completely, because our own three dailies would thus be given a monopoly of the Free State. I cannot see any great evil in this. Our dailies, whatever their shortcomings, have the good of Ireland and its people as their main interest. Also, they are produced in Ireland and thereby give much employment, and their profits go wholly or largely to Irish shareholders. But, in any case, it is not likely that they would enjoy their monopoly for long. One of the fruits we hope from the tariff is a stimulus to new ventures in the field of journalism.

What, now, is the revenue that may be expected from a 25 per cent. tariff ? Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, in answer to a question recently put by him in the Dáil, was officially informed that a 15 per cent. tax on imported newspapers would produce £30,000 a year. The value of newspapers imported into the Free State during the three years 1924-1926 was £190,000, £182,335, £224,320. The value of all other printed matter—which includes books, journals, magazines, circulars—for the same period was £311,000, £366,902, £342,784. The total expenditure, therefore, on imported printed matter for the year 1926 was £567,104 —an increase of £66,104 on that for 1924. It would be interesting to know to what type of literature this increase was due ; but we are not at present concerned with this problem. Our purpose in quoting these figures is to discover the probable revenue to be derived from a 25 per

cent. tariff on certain classes of journals. If this tariff had been imposed on all literature imported during 1926, it would have produced a revenue of £141,776. But we cannot count on this large sum, because two important items will not come under the proposed tax. Firstly, we take it for granted that all periodicals of an indecent or sordid character will be banned by legislation. Secondly, books and periodicals of a scientific or cultural character will be admitted free of duty. What proportion, therefore, of £567,104 was contributed by these two classes ? It is impossible to say ; but it can scarcely have been more than a third, that is £189,034. Deducting this from £567,104, we get £358,070—which means that a 25 per cent. tariff would produce an annual revenue of £89,517. That is not a sum to be despised—especially when we consider the good, negative and positive, that would flow from the proposed tariff.

We are at present engaged in an heroic effort to revive our national language, national customs, national values, national culture. These objects cannot be achieved without a cheap, healthy and independent native press. In the face of English competition such a press is an impossibility. It may be objected that the Catholics of Holland, without the humiliating aid of tariffs, have been able to found and run thirty-three dailies. Yes ; but the Catholics of Holland have not to compete against the press of their great neighbour Germany. In the slums of their great cities you will not discover what I have just discovered in a Dublin slum—the weekly sale, in one small shop, of 145 English juvenile papers. Against such propaganda of the English language and English ideas the present effort at national revival looks very much like the effort to beat back an avalanche with a sweeping-brush. At school the Irish language is drilled into the children ; but when they come home they seek relaxation and amusement in English papers and story-books. Are we serious ?

If the proposed tariff brings in an annual revenue of £89,000, to what purpose ought it to be applied? It would be easy to name many worthy objects, and each reader will have his own selection. Some would suggest a chair of journalism in the National University. If we give an elaborate training to the teachers of our children, why not give a training to the teachers of our people, the journalists? Others would suggest a great national theatre in Dublin, or large concert halls in Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Galway. Others, again, would suggest various ways of encouraging national art and literature. Perhaps the best suggestion was that put forward by Professor Eoin MacNeill in *Studies*, June, 1924—the publication of *Monumenta Hiberniae* on the lines of the famous German collection. I refer the reader to his article and to the comments made on it by five other distinguished scholars. It will be sufficient to give the following extract :—

> For Irish studies, including Irish historical studies, the great and imperative need is publication. We have some capable students and scholars, but very little outlet for their researches. For most of them publication would be a sufficient reward for what they have done and a grand incentive to do more. Few can hope to make a livelihood in these days out of Irish learning; few demand it. Most are content to make a livelihood otherwise, as best they can; but for most Irish studies are a blind alley. Given sufficient means of publication, there is nothing that exists in manuscripts or in oral tradition that will not find willing workers to make it the perpetual inheritance of all. . . . I plead for the institution of a Library of the Monumenta Hiberniae, in the form of a continuous series of uniform volumes, to be published under the direction of a corporate body of competent scholars, with a suitable endowment, to be administered under the terms of a permanent definite trust.

If a 25 per cent. tariff on certain classes of imported literature helped to realise this grandiose project, its imposition would be amply justified. The foreigner in his efforts, conscious or unconscious, to destroy our native language and literature would actually be providing

the necessary funds to lay the foundations on which all future study of our early history, language, literature and laws will have to be based. It is for the Oireachtas now to take action. I say this, because some may think that it is a question for the Tariff Commission. No doubt it could come before the Tariff Commission as an economic question, and much could be said in its favour from an economic standpoint; but the main motive for the suggested tax is moral, social, cultural, national. Not on bread alone doth man live. The tax will certainly provide extra bread for the body by stimulating extra employment; but its paramount purpose is to supply healthy food for the soul. R. S. DEVANE.

APPENDIX

The following is a list of fifty-three juvenile weeklies imported into the Free State :—

Butterfly, Girls' Own, Chick's Own, Popular, Film Fun, Girl's Cinema, Schoolgirl's Own, Triumph, Joy, Puck, Chips, Gem Library, Boys' Realm, Bubbles, Nelson Lee Library, Kinema Comic, Playtime, Boy's Cinema Weekly, Schoolgirl's Weekly, Tiger Tim's Weekly, Merry and Bright, Children's Newspaper, School Friend, Union Jack, Comic Cuts, Funny Wonder, Jester, Sunbeam, Boys' Friend, Magnet, Lot-o'-Fun, Comic Life, Champion, Rainbow, Eve's Own Stories, Poppy's Paper, Playbox, Chums, Larks, Girls' Mirror, Adventure, Peg's Paper, Peg's Companion, Wizard, Scout, Rover, Joker, Golden Penny Comic, Monster Comic, Boy's Magazine, Betty's Paper, Fairyland Tales.

The following is a list of twenty-four juvenile fortnightlies and monthlies imported into the Free State :—

Children's Treasure House, Scouter, Our Little Dots, Chums, Little Folks, Boys' Own Paper, Girls' Own Paper, Child's Companion, Buffalo Bill Library, Robin Hood Library, Tales for Little People, Dick Turpin Library, Red Skin Library, Sunny Stories for Little Folks, Boy's Friend Library, Football and Sports Library, Girls' Friend Library, Schoolboys' Own Library, Schoolgirls' Own Library, Sexton Blake Library, Buffalo Bill Novels, Dixon Brett Detective Library, Girls' Friendly Advertiser, Girl Guide Gazette.

COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

NO. I.—BY REV. M. H. MACINERNY, O.P.

Editor of the *Irish Rosary*

I HEARTILY agree with every word of Father Devane's article. Having been a more or less active member of the Vigilance Association since 1912, I have had manifold opportunities of studying the problem of imported literature in all its phases. There is hardly

any use in recalling some of the hopeless solutions that have been suggested at various times in these last fifteen years.

One suggestion was that every man, woman and child in Ireland should hasten to become a Gaelic speaker. This plan, instead of solving an urgent problem at once, would postpone its solution indefinitely—possibly until the Greek Kalends. Then there was the method of prosecution, which, in the existing state of the law, would do more harm than good.

A third suggestion was that every newsagent should be licensed; that each newsagent, whether wholesale or retail, should be his or her own censor; and that the licence should be revoked if the newsvendor were thrice convicted of selling obnoxious publications in a single year. Some readers of *Studies* will remember the weary hours which a certain Committee devoted to the discussion of an elaborate bill on these lines. It was a good lawyer's bill, in a double or treble sense of the phrase; it would achieve a minimum of good with a maximum of expense and clamour. But for the estimable Catholic lawyer who drafted the bill I have nothing but respect and regard.

These suggestions have only an antiquarian interest for us now. They are definitely and deservedly shelved. Their place has been taken by the two rival policies—which can easily be reconciled with each other, as Fr. Devane has shown—of a censorship and a tariff. After countless debates and discussions, in the Vigilance Association and elsewhere, we were forced to the conclusion that the real solution of the problem lay either in a censorship or a tariff. In fact, I was the first to suggest a heavy tariff on certain classes of imported publications as the only far-reaching and final solution of the problem. I repeatedly advocated this policy in the *Irish Rosary* (for instance, in August, 1925), and am very glad to see that Fr. Devane has now become a powerful supporter of what I believe to be the only thorough-going and really effective policy.

A couple of years ago, not long after Mr. J. J. Walsh had imposed a tax on postal parcels coming from abroad, a small deputation from the Vigilance Association waited on the late Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, who received us very courteously, and discussed the problem in all its bearings. He disliked the idea of a censorship, mainly, I think, on financial grounds, as he feared it might involve the setting up of something like a new Department of State. The idea of a modified censorship, on the lines of the censorship of films, had not then been worked out; it was afterwards put forward by us, and had the good fortune to be adopted by the Commission on Evil Literature.

Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, while averse to the idea of a censorship,

was keenly interested in the alternative solution which we proposed, namely, a heavy tariff on certain large classes of imported literature. He promised to study the matter carefully, and to recommend the tariff (in case he should find it feasible) to the Minister of Finance, to whose Department such matters belong. Perhaps through Mr. Blythe's lukewarmness in the matter of tariffs, or perhaps for some political reason, the project was pigeon-holed, and the tariff has never yet been imposed.

When a delegation from the Vigilance Association appeared before the Commission on Evil Literature, a brisk but friendly discussion arose on the respective merits and demerits of a modified censorship and a tariff. It was pointed out that a censorship could cover merely a small portion of the entire field : that it could deal only with such imported publications as were plainly sordid or immoral ; while the economic, national, and cultural evils, arising from the unrestricted importation of an overwhelming mass of foreign literature, would remain unredressed.

The Commission, I imagine, was debarred by its terms of reference from suggesting the radical remedy of a tariff. Members of the Commission, at any rate, seemed to feel that the circumstances of the hour were unfavourable to a tariff ; that a limited censorship would mean a long stride in the right direction, while the ideal and ultimate remedy might, perhaps, hereafter be found in a tariff.

One of the great merits of Father Devane's article is that he has clearly seen, and forcibly shown, that the policy of a censorship and the policy of a tariff are not antagonistic but complementary to each other. By all means let legislative effect be given, without undue delay, to the unanimous recommendations of the Commission on Evil Literature ; this will at once bar out a great mass of prurient and demoralising publications. A further and most important step will then require to be taken. For economic, national, and cultural reasons of the highest moment, the Oireachtas ought to pass a resolution imposing a heavy tariff on the remainder of what Fr. Devane calls the " popular " class of imported publications. For my own part, I doubt whether anything less than a tariff of $33\frac{1}{3}$ or even 50 per cent. would prove an effective barrier against such periodicals ; while a tariff of 100 per cent. would scarcely break the stranglehold which foreign daily papers have gained over the Irish public.

NO. II.—BY PROFESSOR MICHAEL TIERNEY, M.A., T.D.

IF I am inclined to agree with Father Devane's proposal, it is not altogether because I think that the alien press which has us in

its grip gives us the ideas and ideals of another nation, or is in any way inferior to our own press from the point of view of intelligence or nationality. I consider a good deal of the attacks on the alien press to be little removed from hypocrisy so long as they let our own equally objectionable press go free. Father Devane has opened up a question which seems to me much more far-reaching than that of " immoral " literature in general. The " immoral literature " question is of importance because it is a severe symptom of a most serious disease which has spread unnoticed into all our daily lives—the disease of the standardised modern periodical press, wielding, with its mass-production methods and absolute liberty of printing, enormous power over even our least conscious processes of mind. We have our Irish exponents of it who differ only from the English in being less efficient.

The danger from the huge circulation of the cheap English press here does not come from English ideas or immorality, but from the lack of all ideas and from sensationalism—and again these are not peculiar to the English press. Standardised knowledge, peptonised " views," chatty paragraphs about celebrities, elaborately emotional descriptive articles, jingoism in politics—all these features of the cheap press are really anti-intellectual in their result. They tend to bring about what a recent writer has called the " drivelisation " of England. This anti-intellectualism would be bad enough in itself, but it is made a terrible social danger by its accompaniment of sensational crime news. The world is raked for piquant stories of murder, suicide, *crime passionel*; the minds of millions of readers are first addled with mass-produced " views," and then turned towards crime by lurid and detailed descriptions of it. To a large extent the cheap English daily and evening paper is engaged in a sort of unconscious propaganda for crime.

The necessity for competition with English papers has turned our Irish press very much in the same direction. Buy any issue of a Dublin evening paper, and count the number of disgusting crimes from all over the world recorded in its pages. Then read its political or society " gossip," its waterlogged leading article, its " he-man " dramatic critic, and you will go back to crime almost with relief. The same may be said of our most popular daily and of our single Sunday organ, which Vigilance Societies do *not* burn along with its English prototypes. We have our native weekly analogue to *John Bull*, but we have nothing to compare for intelligence and real value with the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. For the most part our press imitates the worst features of the English press.

I do not know whether such a tax as Father Devane proposes would be easily administered, and it is unfortunate that he has no more information about the Canadian tax than the vague paragraph from the *Independent*. Setting aside its practicality, I can see no argument against it. A tax on English daily and weekly papers and magazines should do something to remove from the Irish press the necessity for competition with mass-production methods and lead the way towards a more intelligent and less sensational native press. I do not think our press should be simply given a monopoly, with freedom to apply the same methods here; and for that reason I would favour some curtailment, at least, of permission to print crime news or sensational features with any criminal element in them. I do not see why our press should not be prohibited from publishing foreign crime news altogether.

So large a sum as £89,000 a year would, of course, do far more than pay the cost of publishing the *Monumenta Hiberniae Historica*. It could effectively subsidise practically all the publication in the Irish language that needs subsidy—a series of good school texts, modernised versions of our older literary masterpieces, collections of folklore and music, a series of standard translations, and so on. If we are to rely on private enterprise to produce these requisites, we are likely to be disappointed. For this object alone the tax proposed, if at all practical, would be thoroughly justified.

NO. III.—BY SENATOR P. J. HOOPER

Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, 1916–1924

FATHER DEVANE deserves the gratitude of all who have at heart the moral and cultural welfare of our people for his able and courageous treatment of the subject of the de-nationalising imported publication. The importance of the problem cannot be gainsaid, and, whether one endorses or rejects his suggested solution, it is greatly to the good that it should be brought so prominently to public attention. Personally I find some difficulty in accepting Father Devane's remedy without further investigation of all its implications and probable consequences.

The question of imported magazines and newspapers is really only part of a much larger problem. Many of the cinema films and books circulating through the country are no less, if no more, de-nationalising and demoralising. It is true that we have an official Film Censor, but his duties are mainly confined to ensuring that nothing directly offensive to morals is "screened." It is no part of his work to pass judgment on the cultural standard

of the films submitted to him. Happily, too, we shall soon have a censorship of literature; but here, also, the test proposed is one of morality, not of culture. If we are to set up a censorship of culture, ought it not to be of general application? There may be special reasons why imported newspapers should be taxed and books of the same cultural standard be allowed to enter freely. Personally I can see none; but I do urge that, before discrimination is exercised, the problem should be considered in all its aspects.

To me two questions appear to be paramount in any such consideration: (1) Can any cultural censorship be made effective? (2) If these importations are undesirable, as I believe many of them to be, why proceed by taxation rather than by prohibition? The only argument in favour of taxation seems to be that of expediency, and, if we accept this as a basis, it is not easy to see where the line of expediency is to be drawn. Surely the position is: If exclusion be the correct remedy and can be successfully applied, it ought to be applied drastically, and with equal incidence, to all forms of printed matter.

Short of total prohibition, I question if any method of exclusion would prove effective. No doubt, a tariff would mean that fewer of these publications would come into the country; though, knowing the Irish love of "forbidden fruit," one is not confident that the reduction would be at all proportionate to the increase in price. On the other hand, would there not be an inducement to the foreign publishers to produce these journals here? How much better off should we be then? (There would, of course, be some additional employment, but Father Devane, I observe, prefers to treat the question as moral rather than as economic.) Were such publications printed here, how should we deal with them? Are there any de-nationalising publications printed here now? Are any measures taken to check their distribution? If such measures were found to be necessary, what form should they take? I do not profess to be able to answer all these questions, but I do suggest that they call for careful examination.

It might be that, on balance, the suggested tax would be of some benefit, but it is important to consider whether it would be so beneficial as to justify the interference with the liberty of publication which every democratic people rightly prizes. Restrictions on publication have the habit of growing, and they should not be imposed except where absolutely necessary. A censorship based upon moral grounds, such as is contemplated in the proposed Evil Literature Bill, fulfils this condition—personally I hope the Bill will go further than the Report of the Committee—but when one comes to matters of taste and national outlook one

is on less sure ground. It is my belief that a more efficacious remedy is to be found in our Irish printing offices rather than at the Customs barriers.

Irish printers and publishers are, doubtless, under a handicap in competing with the mass production of cross-Channel firms. But I have never been convinced that they are quite so helpless as they are frequently represented to be. British firms cannot have such a big advantage over them if London publishing houses find it profitable to get books printed in Dublin. What is to be said of the recent case of an important Dublin institution which, having failed to get any Dublin firm to undertake a publication, gave the contract to a British publisher, who is now getting the work done by one of the very Dublin firms which refused to tender directly. The tax on imported papers would need to be very high to overcome a spirit of this kind. For in overcoming it, would it not also tend to increase it ?

Admittedly, the conditions of recent years have not been encouraging to the development of enterprise amongst Irish publishers. But if, as we all hope, a new political and economic era has opened, is there not reason to anticipate a larger sense of confidence and courage among them ? Already we are told of the forthcoming issue of a new Catholic weekly. Is it too much to hope, also, for a paper in simple Irish for the benefit of young people now leaving the schools with, at least, a reading knowledge of the language ? (For this there might be a State subsidy, as in the case of the Abbey Theatre and the Gaelic Dramatic Society). Is there not room, too, for a girls' paper similar, for instance, to *Our Boys* ? I venture to suggest that these and similar publications are worthy of a trial before we finally decide to throw up our hands and admit that the evil of de-nationalising publications cannot be fought within our own borders. But if we must do so, prohibition would seem to be much the better course in that it is the only one likely to be really effective.

It would be easy to attach too great importance to the recent Canadian model. From what I had previously read of the agitation for the new tax it seemed to me to be inspired very much less by a concern for Canadian ideals than by a concern for the financial interests of certain magazine owners of Montreal and Toronto. The wording of the provision quoted by Father Devane goes far to confirm this view. Else, why the differentiation between fiction and other matter ? And why the imposition of the tariff on English, as well as on American, publications ? Is it that Canadians are seeking to protect themselves from the ideals, or lack of ideals, of the " Mother Country " ?

NO. IV.—BY PROFESSOR THOMAS F. O'RAHILLY, M.A.

FATHER DEVANE deserves the thanks of all patriotic Irishmen for his cogent article on a matter of vital importance to the nation. Day after day what remains of our nationality is being sapped by the unceasing stream of publications which is pouring in on us from the other side of the Irish Sea. The symbols of England's physical dominion over us are gone—England's soldiers are no longer seen in our streets; but in matters of the spirit we are more and more becoming England's slaves. Father Devane has rightly stressed the fact that mere political freedom is valueless if intellectually we are in chains. It is a fact on which our legislators would be well advised to ponder, for many, if not most, of them have not yet woken up to a full realization of its truth. Nothing is easier, in our politics-ridden Free State, than to set people by the ears over some petty political formula or other trivial question; but unfortunately it is a difficult matter to make our politicians and their followers understand the all-important fact that as long as England holds intellectual dominion over us we can never be really free. Intellectual freedom can be won only by intellectual effort, and not by the gun; and if our efforts fail, it is very unlikely that the political freedom we now possess will endure for long.

It would be difficult to add anything to the excellent arguments that Father Devane has brought forward in favour of putting an end to the unrestricted importation of English newspapers and magazines. In his article he confines himself to reviewing the facts as he finds them to-day, and suggesting a plan which, if it will not cure, will at any rate do something to mitigate the disease. It did not come within the scope of his article to enquire what is the prime cause of our finding ourselves to-day so completely at the mercy of an alien civilization. Yet the question is worth asking; for unless we constantly bear in mind the real root of the evil, even the best-laid plans to counteract it will in the long run prove unavailing. Our proximity to England may have been the occasion of the trouble, but it is certainly not the cause. Wales has no natural barrier between itself and England, and it has besides a much larger English-born population than we have; yet in face of these disadvantages, under which our nationality would have completely succumbed, it is on the whole much less affected than we are by England's press and England's literature. Holland, as Father Devane tells us, has thirty-three Catholic dailies, which "have not to compete against the press

of their great neighbour, Germany." Why ? Because, of course, the Dutch read and speak their own language. And, with us, the present serious situation could never have arisen had we remained an Irish-speaking nation.

Avidity for news appears to be one of the few national characteristics that we have preserved unimpaired down to the present day. Some three centuries ago, we are told, the first remark made by an Irishman on meeting another was *Sgéala leat ?* " Have you any news ? " The age of newspapers gradually came, here as elsewhere. The *Freeman's Journal*, to mention a paper whose name is still familiar, was established in 1763, at a time when few of the " mere natives " of the country knew anything of the " King's English." But news could be had only through the medium of English, the only language which the so-called Irish newspapers recognised. The newspapers would not cater for the mere Irish natives, whom they scorned, and so the natives had perforce to adapt themselves to the newspapers as best they could. Thus it happened that the newspapers contributed in no small measure to making the people of this country English in speech and outlook. Of course, they were far from being the only Anglicizing influence. They had many allies—the State and all its functionaries, the landlords and their friends, the " nationalist " politicians, and many of the clergy. Maynooth College was founded in 1795, at a time when three-fourths of the Catholics of Ireland spoke Irish ; but during the first century of its existence how much was done to supply religious literature in Irish for the Irish-speaking faithful ? The answer is : next to nothing, apart from a few penny catechisms. Anyhow the press and its allies did succeed in Anglicizing nearly the whole country. No doubt it never occurred to the newspaper owners that success in this might mean something like disaster for themselves ; but that is what has actually occurred. Having sown the wind, our newspapers are now reaping the whirlwind. The more Anglicized of their readers have already deserted them, preferring, not unnaturally, the genuine English press to its feeble Irish imitation.

We have now but three morning papers in the Free State where some years ago there were seven. The surviving dailies are, indeed, such that it is difficult to feel much sympathy with them in their troubles ; rather one is inclined to think that fortune has treated them not unkindly in permitting them to survive at all. There must be many who, like the present writer, have gone from one of our dailies to another, and then back again, only to be disgusted with each in turn.

One of the good things that may reasonably be expected as a result of the proposed tariff is the stimulus which, as Father Devane says, would probably be given to "new ventures in the field of journalism." I hope that among these ventures will be the establishment of several weekly newspapers in Irish, published in the country, and supplying local as well as important general news. There is also a crying need of light and attractive literature in Irish, both for children and for grown-ups. At present hardly anything is being published in Irish except elementary school books of little or no value. Everyone seems to forget that school-children are more influenced by what they read at home than by their school text-books. Likewise it seems to be forgotten that children must grow up, and that, if they have no interesting books to read in Irish when they leave school, the Irish they have been taught at school will be quickly forgotten. In Wales they do things better. One Welsh firm alone publishes about seventy books for children, written in Welsh and for the most part well illustrated. For adults there is probably thirty times as much reading matter in Welsh as in Irish. Needless to say, there is a vigorous Welsh press; I have not current statistics at hand, but a generation ago there were no less than 25 weekly newspapers and 32 magazines appearing regularly in Welsh. We have a great deal to learn from Wales.

I am quite in accord with Father Devane when he suggests the endowment of Irish studies as a fitting way in which the revenue accruing from the proposed tariff might be spent. But it seems probable that only a small part of the proceeds of the tariff would be required for such an endowment. The bulk of the proceeds would accordingly be available for other purposes; and I suggest that it could not be better spent than in advancing the intellectual and material interests of the Irish-speaking districts. Ireland's hopes of continued nationhood are bound up with these poor and remote districts, which, instead of being treated with contempt, ought to be specially fostered and favoured by any Irish government worthy of the name. The only way to save our nation from extinction is to build up a distinctive Irish civilization, such as we once possessed; and the foundation-stone of an Irish civilization is the Irish language. Our goal must be the rehabilitation of Irish as the home-language of this country, for without it all our efforts are doomed to failure. But at the moment it would be hard to think of anything else so needful as by legislative action to loosen the stranglehold which the English press has got on our country.

JOHN DUNS SCOTUS

BY REV. DENIS O'KEEFFE, M.A.

Professor of Ethics, University College, Dublin.

IT is a striking instance of the detachment of the Middle Ages—interested always in the problem in hand rather than in the personality of the thinker—that we know practically nothing of the history of so remarkable a philosopher as John Duns Scotus. Our wider knowledge of St. Thomas is itself largely the result of accident, for little of a personal nature can be gleaned from his writings and from the references of contemporary thinkers. Scotus was unfortunate in another way. The break with mediaeval tradition alienated from him the sympathies of his own university. For several hundred years no Oxford scholar has contributed anything to Scotist studies. And yet Oxford has produced no philosopher or theologian whose influence on European speculation has been at once so wide and so lasting. The appearance, then, of an elaborate work on Duns Scotus by an Oxford scholar, Mr. C. R. S. Harris, is an event of importance.[1] It shows at least that the younger generation of Oxford scholars is not quite insensible to the value of mediaeval philosophy.

It may be stated at once that the book makes no contribution to knowledge. Mr. Harris is not in a position to make any such contribution, and he has the candour to say so in his preface. This being so, it may seem somewhat futile to devote two lengthy volumes of almost eight hundred pages to an elaboration of "the results of the researches of others." Mr. Harris, however,

[1] *Duns Scotus*. By C. R. S. Harris. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1927. 2 vols. 42s. net.

had upon his hands two theses : the one " a thesis for the degree of Ph.D. at Princeton University," the other " a thesis for the Doctorate of Philosophy at Oxford " ; and he has linked them together in this work, " in order to fill in some measure " a " lamentable hiatus in our national scholarship."

This is an unsatisfactory method of composition. It leads to a certain incoherence and lack of unity. The work is not altogether a work on Scotus. The first volume presents us with an arbitrary selection of mediaeval topics, more or less loosely linked up with the theories of Scotus. Incidentally the opportunities of error are greatly widened, since Mr. Harris has to deal at second hand with the many writers he mentions. The result inevitably is that his book, instead of filling " the lamentable hiatus," merely directs attention to it.

Much of the best modern work on Scotus is not easily available. It consists of special studies and articles in foreign periodicals. There was undoubtedly room for a general study of the philosophy of Scotus which would bring together this scattered information. If Mr. Harris had confined his attention to this task, he might have produced a work of great value to students. Unfortunately he is tempted into independent and, as it happens, unwise explanations. He has no training in the technical language of the Schools. And the reader is not to suppose that his many misconceptions and errors are due to the distinguished foreign scholars whom he quotes.

There are two preliminary difficulties which confront the scholar who wishes to give a complete account of the philosophy of Duns Scotus. The first is the absence of a modern critical text of his writings, such as the admirable Quaracchi edition has given us of the writings of St. Bonaventure. This difficulty is not insuperable. The edition of Wadding, though by no means perfect, is adequate, and as Scotus deals with the same problem in several places, his meaning is seldom in doubt owing to

textual uncertainties. The second difficulty is more serious. It consists in the absence of an exact canon of the writings of Scotus, such as Père Mandonnet and Dr. Grabmann[1] have given us of the writings of St. Thomas. This difficulty also is not overwhelming. For while individual scholars still disagree about the genuineness of such works as the *Theoremata* and the *De Rerum Principio*, it is clear enough that the mature doctrine of Scotus is to be found in such works as the *Opus Oxoniense*, the *Reportata* and the *Quaestiones Quodlibetales*. Here we find the historical Scotist theory, and the problem of how we are to fit into this general scheme the occasionally contradictory theories of the doubtful writings is a separate problem and must be left for future study.

There is a third difficulty to which Mr. Harris refers in a passage which is somewhat puzzling :—

> And in the case of Duns Scotus our embarrassment is enhanced by the fragmentary nature of much of his doctrine, which is presented piecemeal, syllogism by syllogism, and distributed over a vast area of commentary and polemical discussion. For he has left behind him no treatise like the *Summa Theologica* of Aquinas, in which the whole of his philosophy is set down in an orderly and coherent presentation.[2]

This is an amazing statement. Can it be possible that Mr. Harris is unfamiliar with the *Summa Theologica*, or that he is not aware that it is constructed on quite the same general plan as the Commentaries of Scotus ? Both are works on theology, and follow the plan of the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard. St. Thomas, admittedly, has modified the scheme somewhat to suit his own purposes. But it is certainly an astonishing discovery that the *Summa Theologica* gives the whole of the philosophy of St. Thomas " in an orderly and coherent presentation." In any case parallel discussions can be found in Scotus, and

[1] Pierre Mandonnet : *Des Ecrits authentiques de S. Thomas d'Aquin.* Dr. M. Grabmann : *Die echten Schriften des hl. Thomas von Aquin*, in *Beitraege zur Geschichte der Philosophie des Mittelalters*, Bd. XXII.

[2] Vol. ii., p. i.

have been arranged in the exact order of the *Summa Theologica* in the well-known work of Hieronymus de Montefortino.[1]

It would be impossible within the limits of a brief paper to deal with the many problems suggested by Mr. Harris's book. The questions discussed are intricate, as philosophical problems always are. Mr. Harris has to deal with them at secondhand, and many of his authorities, like Prantl and Werner, belong to the pre-critical period, as one may call it, of mediaeval studies. He is greatly handicapped by his unfamiliarity with scholastic terminology. He sometimes gets the general sense of the theories, particularly when he follows his authorities closely, but he is quite unreliable and frequently contradicts himself. He has been at great trouble to acquire correct information. Nor are his criticisms of mediaeval theories, as a rule, either unfair or unsympathetic. And still it must be said that, from the standpoint of accurate scholarship, his book is useless.

On the general interpretation of Scotus Mr. Harris almost invariably follows the views defended with such marked ability by Dr. Parthenius Minges. Dr. Minges, I think, has thoroughly established his main thesis that the supposed differences between Scotus and St. Thomas have been greatly exaggerated by modern scholars. He tries to show that, on such problems as the nature of the universal and the theory of the will, both human and divine, there is substantial agreement between St. Thomas and Scotus, that the excessive realism and the voluntarism of Scotus have been misunderstood and exaggerated. While Mr. Harris, as I have said, generally accepts the conclusions of Dr. Minges, his main purpose is quite different and even contradictory. For while Dr. Minges, accepting the dominance of the philosophy of St. Thomas in Catholic tradition, is anxious to show that the

[1] Fr. Hieronymus de Montefortino: *Ven. Joannis Duns Scoti Summa Theologica.*

philosophy of Scotus is substantially the same, Mr. Harris puts forward the contrary thesis, that the philosophy of Scotus is the culminating point of Latin Scholasticism just because "it marks a reaction against the extreme Aristotelianism of Aquinas." He even goes further—betraying in this a certain lack of modesty and humour—and contends that the philosophy of Scotus is more in accord with Catholic christianity and that the philosophy of Aquinas, with its exaggerated Aristotelianism, is quite irreconcilable with the teaching of the Church. This being the central thesis of the book, I must quote Mr. Harris at some length :—

For the Thomist philosophy, with its orthodox Aristotelian cosmology and its peripatetic intellectualism, was ill fitted to serve as a philosophical basis for the dogmas of the Christian Church. And in many ways the older Augustinian scholasticism, with its Platonic tendencies, harmonized more easily with the Catholic faith. Nor did this fact escape the critical mind of Scotus : in all the points where he diverges from Thomas and adheres to the tradition of the older school he does so with a view to establishing a more vital connexion between his philosophy and his theology. To take only a few instances. His doctrine of the positive entity of matter was more suitable to form a foundation for a christian creationist cosmology than the Aristotelian theory of ὕλη as pure δύναμις, whereas the problem of creation forms one of the main cruces of the Thomist system and affords a foothold for the scepticism of the fifteenth century. Again, in his teaching of the relative independence of the body and the soul, and his insistence on the preservation of the older notions of the *forma corporeitatis* and the hylemorphic composition of the spiritual principle,[1] he avoids another of the pitfalls of Thomism. For the theory of Thomas, as we shall see later, bristles with difficulties. Not only did the Angelic Doctor attempt to interpret the Christian doctrine of the soul, with all its profound sense of personality and all its supernatural associations, in the terms of the Aristotelian ψυχή, a task incongruous enough ; he also added complications of his own. His doctrine of individuation, which he placed in *materia quantitate signata*, made it

[1] Mr. Harris (Vol. ii., p. 121) points out that it is doubtful if this is the genuine opinion of Scotus. There is a certain difference of standpoint between Mr. Harris's two volumes.

impossible to give a consistent account of the soul in its state of separation from the body and exposed him to accusations of Averroism. Finally, the voluntarism of Scotus was also more nearly in accordance with the ethics of Christianity and their emphasis on personal responsibility, sin and the necessity of redemption, than the cold intellectualism of Thomas, which so narrowly avoids determinism. In all these cases we see a far juster appreciation of the philosophic needs of Christendom than that afforded by the more systematized teaching of Aquinas. It is in Scotus rather than in Thomas that scholasticism reaches its maturest development.[1]

No doubt the historical position of Scotus is a matter of profound interest. The earlier developments of scholasticism, under the powerful influence of St. Augustine, had been largely, though not exclusively, on Platonic or rather on Neo-Platonic lines. Most of the sources of the earlier tradition—the Fathers, the Pseudo-Dionysius, Boethius, and so forth—had been Neo-Platonic. This type of speculation found its most mature and its purest expression in the philosophy of St. Anselm.[2] It is futile now to speculate how this Augustinian stream of tradition might have broadened out into a mature christian philosophy on the Platonic model. The philosophy of St. Augustine, although unsystematic—philosophy for him never lying in the main direction of his interest—contained beyond all doubt the potentialities of a christian system of thought. This system of christian thought, potential in St. Augustine, was in fact perfected in different ways by St. Thomas Aquinas and by Duns Scotus. But it was perfected in both instances by a fusion with elements derived from the philosophy of Aristotle. In neither case is this fusion forced and unnatural ; for it must be remembered that the Aristotelian system is itself an offshoot from Platonism. Nor can the system of St. Augustine be considered as Platonism pure and simple. He employs

[1] *Op. cit.*, Vol. i., pp. 111-112.

[2] See on this subject the admirable discussion in M. Grabmann's *Die Geschichte der scholastischen Methode*, Bd. i., pp. 265 ff. I omit all reference to Eriugena, since for reasons unnecessary to discuss he exercised little influence.

Platonic theories in the service of a christian philosophy, and, as he tells us in the *De Doctrina Christiana*, is engaged in recovering these philosophic truths "from unjust possessors."

When, in the early thirteenth century, the works of Aristotle became known in the West, their divergence from the dominant Augustinian tradition was quite apparent. The fact that they came from what, for convenience, may be called Arabian sources, and that the Arabian commentaries were also translated, emphasised this divergence. This accounts for the condemnations or prohibitions of the early thirteenth century. Nor did the two streams of speculation run together at once. In the philosophy of St. Bonaventure the Augustinian tradition is still manifestly dominant. While he is familiar with the theories of Aristotle, his philosophy has not succeeded in assimilating them. They exist side by side with the older view, but there is no genuine fusion. This fusion was first effected by Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas. It was, however, the work chiefly of the pupil rather than of the master. The philosophy of St. Thomas, then, may be regarded as a synthesis of St. Augustine and Aristotle. Nor is it apparent that in this synthesis the Aristotelian element always prevails. True, the philosophical mechanics, or, if one prefers, the logical apparatus of Thomism is Aristotelian through and through. But it is obvious that the significance of Aristotelian theories is greatly modified in their christian setting. And it has been maintained, with some show of plausibility, by M. Picavet that the dominant influence all through the Middle Ages was in fact Neo-Platonism. This view is an exaggeration, but it is a useful corrective of the opposite error, that the philosophy of St. Thomas is a mere reproduction of the philosophy of Aristotle. In the philosophy of St. Thomas the emphasis varies at different points. There are aspects of his philosophy in which the influence of St. Augustine is evidently supreme, as *e.g.*, the explanation of the nature

of evil, the doctrine of the freedom of the will, the theory of relation, and so forth. Aristotle had not discussed the problem of evil. His attitude towards the theory of free-will is ambiguous. On relation he has merely some brief references in the *Metaphysics* and the *Categories*.

At the same time it is essential to realise that the philosophy of St. Thomas was regarded by his contemporaries as a violent breaking-away from tradition. It is clear from some of his writings that, during his lifetime, he encountered opposition, not merely from the Averroists, but from the upholders of the older philosophical tradition.[1] And after his death this opposition expressed itself in the condemnation by the bishop of Paris, Stephen Tempier, in the year 1277,[2] of propositions taken from his writings. This was followed almost immediately by a similar condemnation from a member of his own order, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Kilwardby. Kilwardby's prohibition—for it was not a condemnation as heretical but rather a prohibition to teach—is of peculiar interest. It was issued with the consent of all the Oxford masters, and Kilwardby defended it in a letter to Peter of Conflans, Archbishop of Corinth, who was also a member of the Dominican Order.[3]

This is the historical setting in which the philosophy of Scotus emerges. Opposition to Thomism ceased within the Dominican Order owing to the decision of the general chapter held at Milan in 1278, and the removal from England of Kilwardby, who was made cardinal in the same year.[4] Among the Franciscans the older views found persistent defenders. The greatest of these is Duns Scotus, and his philosophy is intelligible when we

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[1] This fact is hinted at in the letters of Peckham. *Cf.* F. Ehrle: *Beitraege zur Geschichte der mittelalterlichen Scholastik*; in *Archiv. für lit. und kirch. Gesch. des Mittelalters*, Bd. V.

[2] Mr. Harris (Vol. i., p. 115) gives 1270 as the date of the Paris condemnation. See Denifle-Chatelain, *Chart. Univ. Paris*, Vol. i., pp. 543, ff.

[3] Published by Ehrle, *op. cit.*, pp. 614, ff.

[4] Ehrle, *op. cit.*, p. 612.

grasp the fact that he is not wantonly attacking an established philosophy, but rather defending the older Augustinian tradition against the innovations, as they were deemed, of St. Thomas Aquinas. And yet there is a sense in which it is true to say that Duns Scotus is himself a pupil of Aquinas. The older type of speculation was so obviously inferior in method to the well-knit and logically compacted Aristotelianism of St. Thomas—one can see this at once by comparing the treatment of allied problems in St. Bonaventure—that the controversy could no longer be carried on with the ancient weapons. What is peculiar to Scotus is that, like St. Thomas, he has thoroughly assimilated the philosophy of Aristotle, and that he attempts a fusion in which more of the Augustinian tradition is retained.

It will be of interest to examine some characteristic mediaeval theories in order to gauge the value of Mr. Harris's book. It would be tedious merely to tabulate particular inaccuracies or errors. What I propose to do is rather to illustrate, in connection with a few relatively important problems, the general weakness of Mr. Harris's method of treatment. And first I shall consider a problem —the problem of creation—in which, according to Mr. Harris, the superiority of the Scotist doctrine over that of St. Thomas is apparent.

The problem arises from the Aristotelian theory of the eternity of the world *a parte ante*, as Scholastic writers put it. This eternity was proved by Aristotle from a consideration of the nature of movement and of time. Before any movement and any time which might be considered a first, it is inevitable to suppose a prior movement and a prior time out of which it emerges. Hence an absolute beginning of either time or motion seemed to Aristotle contradictory. This Aristotelian theory was accepted by the Averroist philosophers in the University of Paris, of whom Siger of Brabant was a leader. On the other hand, philosophers of the Augus-

tinian tradition, like St. Bonaventure, were of opinion that the creation of the world in time or "with" time, as St. Augustine suggests, could be demonstrated by rational arguments. The arguments they used were based for the most part on an analysis of the notion of infinity. St. Thomas adopts an intermediate position. He is of opinion that neither view can be demonstrated. The Augustinian view, however, is the more probable.[1] This also appears to have been the mature view of Scotus. In his earlier period he defended the Augustinian theory. St. Thomas definitely shows that Aristotle's arguments are fallacious, although it is interesting to notice that he suggests, arguing from a reference to the problem in the *Topics*, that Aristotle himself did not regard them as strictly demonstrative.[2] On the other hand, the arguments in favour of creation in time are likewise inconclusive, and St. Thomas points out that the endeavour to establish the truths of faith by inconclusive arguments merely leads to the mockery of unbelievers. His conclusion is that the creation of the world in time cannot be proved by reason, but is held on faith alone. It would scarcely seem necessary to point out that the problem under discussion is not the problem of creation. St. Thomas has no doubt whatever—neither has Scotus, that the creation of the world by God can be demonstrated, and he gives an elaborate account of the method of demonstration both in the *Summa contra Gentiles* and in the *Summa Theologica*.[3] The present discussion is merely concerned with the subsidiary point whether this creation can be shown by reason to have been either "*ab eterno*" or "*in tempore*."

Unfortunately Mr. Harris, owing to his unfamiliarity

[1] Cp. Mr. Harris, Vol. i., p. 222: "The Averroistic doctrine of the eternity of the world which proved so attractive to the mind of Thomas." Mr. Harris is peculiarly unfortunate in his references to St. Thomas. Cp. Th. Esser, *Die Lehre des hl. Thomas v. Aquino über die Möglichkeit einer anfanglosen Schöpfung*, pp. 2-3.

[2] S. Th. I., Q. 46, A. I. C.

[3] S. c. G. I. 13; S. Th., I. Q. 2, A. 3.

with mediaeval discussions, completely misapprehends the problem. In several places he insinuates that St. Thomas was opposed to what he calls "creationism." Mr. Harris quite fails to distinguish between the general problem of the creation of the world, upon which there was no disagreement, and the particular problem of the creation of the world either from eternity or in time. He tells us :—

> The scholasticism of the thirteenth century had incorporated *en bloc* the Aristotelian theory of form and matter, and Thomas had vainly attempted to digest its naturalistic implications and transform them into wholesome nourishment for the Christian mind. But his endeavour had been unsuccessful, and he had been forced to relinquish as hopeless the task of demonstrating the necessity of creationism. The production of a world in time had been banished from the realm of philosophic certitude to the sphere of theological dogma.[1]

This is a misconception so gross—and it runs through the entire work—that one must be amazed that it escaped the notice of the scholars whom Mr. Harris mentions in his preface. Again, speaking of Scotus, he tells us :—

> In the earlier treatise, with its strongly marked Augustinianism, we have noticed an insistence on the philosophical necessity for creationism which excludes the possibility of a matter co-eternal with God. But when he deals with the same problem in the *Opus Oxoniense*, we find him less decidedly creationist. He argues for and against the philosophical possibility of an eternal universe without finally coming to any conclusion on the question.[2]

This misconception is found side by side with the correct view in one passage in which Mr. Harris is following Scotus more closely. Although even here he falls into an error equally gross when he states :—

> The temporal priority of God's existence over that of the creature is more difficult to prove. . . . In fact, Scotus attempts to prove such a creation from the consideration that the world is contingent, and therefore dependent, on the divine will. Hence we cannot regard it as eternal, and a creation in time is therefore possible.[3]

[1] Vol. ii., p. 75. [2] *Op. cit.*, Vol. ii., p. 88. [3] *Op. cit.*, Vol. ii., p. 227.

It would be difficult to discover in a brief compass such a host of errors. First, it is absurd to speak of "the temporal priority of God's existence over that of the creature." This involves God in the time sequence. If such temporal priority could be supposed, time, itself a creature, must already exist. The relation of God's existence to that of the creature obviously cannot be measured by time. But observe the extraordinary looseness and confusion of the sentences that follow. It is quite clear that Scotus is not attempting to "prove" a creation in time, but merely to show that it is possible, a point in which he quite agrees with St. Thomas. There is all the difference in the world between proving a creation in time and merely showing that it is not impossible.

I pass to the problem of the individual and the universal, to which Mr. Harris devotes considerable space. References to the question abound in both volumes, and I despair of conveying to the reader any adequate idea of the misconceptions and positive errors that meet one on every page. Mr. Harris informs us that, for St. Thomas, the principle of individuation was *materia quantitate signata*, a theory which "made it impossible to give a consistent account of the soul in its state of separation from the body."[1] Now there are two conclusions sometimes drawn from this theory of St. Thomas. Both of them are erroneous, and Mr. Harris draws them both. The first is the supposition that St. Thomas did not regard the soul, when separated from the body, as remaining individual. The second is the common misconception that St. Thomas did not regard the angels, who are pure forms,[2] as being individual. Both these conclusions are quite unwarranted.

The fact is that St. Thomas's theory of individuation

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[1] Vol. i., p. 111.

[2] St. Thomas, of course, held that the angels are pure forms. Mr. Harris, in vol. i., p. 151, asserts that St. Thomas did not believe the angels to be pure forms. Two pages later he quite as definitely states that he did believe them to be pure forms.

is much more complex than Mr. Harris supposes. *Materia signata*, which may be translated "determinate matter," is the principle of individuation in composite entities composed of matter and form. Immaterial subsistent forms like the angels are *per se* individual.[1] They are not adapted to be present in any subject. Quantity, apart from matter, is in certain cases itself a principle of individuation, as, *e.g.*, when we conceive two lines as distinct. Finally, the notion of individuality is applicable in the usual analogical way even to God. By the very purity of His existence He is an existence distinct from every other. Although the angels are individual, the logical distinction of species and individual is not applicable to such pure forms. Each individual angel exhausts the total potentiality of a species. This has misled Mr. Harris and the authorities he follows into the belief that St. Thomas did not regard the angels as being individual.[2] Admittedly the Thomist theory finds its most difficult problem in the disembodied human soul. But even here St. Thomas does not regard the body as the cause but merely as the occasion of the soul's individuation. Hence the existence of the soul always remains individual.[3] The disembodied soul, however, is not, in the Thomist view, either an "hypostasis" or a person.

The knowledge of the particular or singular by the intellect is admittedly a crucial question in the Thomist system. Mr. Harris has much to say about it, but I select one typical passage :—

> It follows from the Thomistic conception of the principle of individuation that the singular as such can never be known directly ; for the *species intelligibilis*, which is the "form" through which the mind knows, is the universal, being "abstracted" from the individuating material conditions. . . . While he admits that the individual is somehow known, his theory of individuation and the purely potential nature of matter prevent him from

[1] S. Th. III., Q. 77, A. 2, c. : Formae immateriales separatae per se subsistentes sunt etiam per seipsas individuae. S. Th. I., Q. 3, A. 3, c. : Ipsae formae per se individuantur. [2] Harris, Vol. ii., p. 121, note. [3] De Ente et Essentia, c. vi.

conceding that it is known directly as such : it is only *per quandam reflexionem* that we can know it. But his statements on this subject are hardly consistent ; in another passage he maintains that the quiddity or essence, as existing in the particular in material things, is the object of a faculty which he calls *ratio particularis.*[1]

This passage is typical of Mr. Harris's inaccuracy. His opening statement that, according to St. Thomas, " the singular as such can never be known directly " is quite false. The mind knows itself and its own ideas directly. It is the material not the singular which is inaccessible to the direct knowledge of our intellects. The second statement that " the *species intelligibilis*, which is the ' form ' through which the mind knows, is the universal " is grotesque. Every *species intelligibilis* is a particular *species* existing in this or that mind. And his final remark, that " in another passage " St. Thomas maintains an inconsistent view rests upon a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of " *ratio particularis.*" It is obvious that, in the context in which it occurs, it refers not to the intellect but to the so-called *vis cogitativa.* Finally, the authenticity of the work—*De Principio Individuationis*—from which Mr. Harris quotes is very doubtful.[2]

Mr. Harris finds the whole scholastic theory of knowledge as expressed in the celebrated doctrine of *species*, difficult to understand. This is not surprising. There is one misconception into which a student who approaches the subject from the side of modern philosophy is likely to fall, and it is quite fatal to any correct grasp of the scholastic theory. To regard the theory of *species* as in any sense a theory of representative knowledge in the modern sense is to make it quite unintelligible. Unfortunately Mr. Harris does so regard it. According to the representative theories there intervenes between

[1] Vol. i., pp. 148-9.

[2] Mandonnet, *op. cit.*, p. 151, is against its authenticity. Grabmann defends it, *op. cit.*, p. 221.

the mind and its object a third entity, an idea or a psychical factor of some kind. What is known first is this idea or psychical entity, and from it the mind proceeds to a knowledge of the object. Now the scholastic theory of *species* is utterly unlike this. It is a theory of direct knowledge. The object—whether sense-object or intelligible-object—is known directly through the *species*. The *species* itself, if known at all, can only be known in a secondary way through a process of reflection. Mr. Harris completely misinterprets the theory, telling us that "what is 'sensed" is not the thing itself, but its *species*";[1] and again, "the object of knowledge is the *species intelligibilis*."[2] The confusion is increased when he stumbles on the correct meaning, and tells us that "the *species* as psychical product is known only by reflection, the first object of knowledge being the quiddity as expressed by the *species*."[3] And after all this he calmly informs us that Scotus's "doctrine of the *species intelligibilis* and the *intellectus agens* is far from clear, and it is scarcely possible to combine all his utterances into one consistent and harmonious theory."[4]

When a scholar has made an earnest effort to grapple with a subject, it is discouraging to find so small a measure of success. The reason is not difficult to discover. Modern scholars, particularly in England, are apt to underestimate the difficulties which mediaeval writings on philosophy present to the untrained. A book of this kind, which comes to us with the imprimatur of two universities, may easily prove a fatal trap to the unwary. There is a revival of interest in the philosophy of Duns Scotus, and no doubt we may expect much fruitful work from the younger generation of scholars. Opinions will differ as to the value of his philosophy. But for students of mediaeval thought it will have a perennial interest as the effort of a profound and subtle thinker to deal with problems which can never lose their interest for the enlightened mind.

[1] Vol. ii., p. 267. [2] Vol. ii., 19. [3] Vol. ii., p. 35. [4] Vol. ii., p. 19.

GONZAGADOM

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J., M.A.

The Gonzaga, Lords of Mantua. By Selwyn Brinton. (Methuen. 1927. 15s. net.).

A MOST opportune contribution to the understanding of St. Aloysius Gonzaga has been made by what looks an accident, but must surely be providential. For it is accepted by all that you cannot understand a man unless you know a great deal about his background and environment. As for the environment of St. Aloysius plenty could be known, but little has hitherto been said. Of course the Italy in which he lived could be easily reconstructed from books like Burckhardt's *Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy*; and in particular the ecclesiastical co-efficient, so to say, could be derived from Tacchi-Venturi's *First Century of the Society of Jesus in Italy*, and so forth. But the inner circle, the material that actually entered into Aloysius from his ancestry and from the world in which he was plunged despite himself, that was more hard to come by.[1] Indeed the actual history of the Gonzagas was none too easy to compile.

[1] When I say "despite himself," the words are true: he did not like being there, but he certainly was there, and his eyes were very wide open to the facts of life. Iozzi's volume of Aloysian letters suffers from the general discredit into which that unhappy editor has fallen: his forgeries were so frequent that you feel a sort of hesitation even when he says what seems reasonable and outside of criticism; but Fr. E. Rosa's edition of the young man's letters ought to be trustworthy, and surely must be so, since the letters are so completely unlike anything we might have expected. There is the pathetic incident of a Belgian priest who knew that the Saint as a small boy had written to tell his father about the Grand Duchess's funeral at Florence. He sighed that the letter had been lost—what perfumes of piety would it not have exhaled! Alas, or thank God, the letter has been found: it is objective in the extreme; and, with an almost gleeful directness of vision and statement, it catalogues the splendours of the funeral procession, the trains the mourners wore, the cap the Grand Duke wore, the weights of the candles. And later on, when Aloysius is seen negotiating his brother's engagement, and saying that Lady X would do very well for him, only she was engaged already, or about to be, but did not want to marry in the south, so that she might be available after all, if everyone agreed—when he is found deep in money matters, in legal disputes, we are quite sure that no one accustomed to the estimates of Aloysius we too often suffer from would have invented any such things.

The Archives of Mantua are still in process of being edited—admirably edited, it is true—and of course much that concerns the Castiglione branch of the family is included in them. However, even of the Mantua archives much was burnt up in the fireworks accident that signalised the coronation of Duke William, the head of the family during the saint's boyhood. Fochessati's book is short, though full of matter; other books that I have been able to find are either quite old, like Volta's compendium of Mantuan history (as from 1807 onwards), or Arrighi's history of Castiglione under the Gonzagas, or Litta's *Famiglie Celebri Italiane*, both in the first half of the last century; or, they concern details, chiefly military, like the famous battle of Fornovo.

But when you read of the attitude taken by Aloysius to games, to dress, to stage-plays, to women, you want very much to know what were the games he would not play, the clothes he would not wear, the theatricals he would not attend, the ladies he was likely to meet. When you read about his downcast eyes, it is just as well to know what sort of pictures covered the walls of his kinsfolk's palaces, especially the peculiarly famous ones, like the Palazzo del Te at Mantua, even though you pursue your investigation no further. When you find him in very friendly intercourse with this ducal cousin or that, it is startling to have to remind yourself that these men were deep in murders and in matrimonial or extra-matrimonial irregularities. These made the theme not only of palace or pot-house jest, but of ribald farces even in those convents which, I confess, were packed with vocationless nuns—unwanted and expensive girls, or embarrassing widows of assassinated husbands. Indeed, more than anything, you require to know the family history of this young man, and what blood poured into his veins, and what were the courts in one after the other of which he lived. In a word—if he "renounced," what exactly did he renounce? If he sought, for what was

he seeking ? Mr. Brinton, without in the least intending to do so, enables us to make a very clear answer to this sort of question, and would that his book had appeared but six months earlier, when it was my task to write some sort of " life " of Aloysius and history of his vocation. But perhaps that would have been the lazy option. I think that the sources of value for the narrower theme were among those tapped by him in favour of his wider history of the Gonzaga clan, whose four black eagles for so long tore with fierce beak and steely talon at the vitals of North Italy and at one another.

Memories of Vergil suffice to make Mantua a name of music and magic : I think it is since Mr. Brinton's book was published—only the other day, in fact—that a statue of the poet, to replace that of which he deplores the destruction by the scrupulous regent, Carlo Malatesta, was erected there. But leaving that very ancient chapter of Italian history and passing through the mistier centuries between, Mantua re-emerges into a manageable world with Countess Matilda, and thereafter the Gonzaga and their Bonacolsi kin keep pace in the records, till the latter, who had made themselves supreme, and had begun the enormous castle still standing, were wiped out, in one hour of blood, by their relatives. Already other names of high romance had been intimately associated with the city—Emperor Frederick, the frightful Ezzelino, and above all, Sordello. But the moment that Gonzaga becomes Captain General, romance, grim or gay, never hesitates. What a day was that when Luigi Gonzaga (1340) married his third wife, so that she, along with the brides of his son and of his grandson all entered triumphantly into Mantua together !

But the seductions, adulteries and fratricides continue without intermission ; and it is in connection with the assassination of Ugolino Gonzaga in 1362 by his two brothers Lodovico and Francesco, that Mr. Brinton makes one small slip in consequence of his but partial familiarity

with Catholic principles. (I may say that no smallest taint of unfairness due to prejudice disfigures this book, which deals with material lending itself to much fierce denunciation). After this murder, the two criminals applied for absolution to the Bishop of Mantua, who, treating the homicide as reserved to the Pope, sought "faculties," as we might say, for the absolution. The Pope granted them; and the two brothers confessed, and were absolved. "The text lies before me," says Mr. Brinton: he quotes some of it, including the phrase testifying to due sacramental confession. "Comment on this document seems needless," he concludes, with just a suggestion of scandalised indignation. Well, if you are not contrite, it is no good going to confession at all: if you are, your crime must be absolved, however grave. Quite possibly the brothers pretended to be contrite: but given the faith and the temperaments of the period, I should think they were quite as likely to be appalled at their own sin; anyhow, no priest sits in final judgment over the interior dispositions of a man: if your penitent professes contrition, you must take his word; rather, as in a court, you must give verdict according to the sworn evidence, if you cannot prove that the witness is perjuring himself. Judges, secular or ecclesiastical, may be driven into a corner. Anyhow, in this case, there is to be found absolution, no doubt, for a crime—but no condonation of a a crime, nor was absolution sold.

The generations continue, till with the Lodovico (this name, with its variants Luigi or Aloysius, is constant in the Gonzaga clan) who became marquis in 1445 the Mantuan age of gold began to dawn. He had been educated by Vittorino da Feltre, brought there by the Malatesta regent who knocked poor Vergil down; and it may be said that he profited to the full by the teaching given by that marvellous man. The Renaissance *uomo universale*, the all-round man, the hundred-per-cent. human, was now to be produced and generalised. Cardinal

Francis Gonzaga brought with him from Bologna the poet Poliziano, who wrote his *Orfeo* in a couple of days to celebrate the entry into Mantua: with them came Alberti, who was to build Sant' Andrea there; Alberti really was that "universal man": skilled in civil and canon law, having mathematics and physics for his favourite study, he yet could jump over a man's head as he stood, tame fierce horses, throw a coin and make it ring against the cathedral roof. And Mantegna came to fresco the castle walls with his best work, and to paint scenery that still survives—at Hampton Court.

Already Mr. Brinton has proved how he can guide us through the tangle of matrimonial alliances between the various prince-despots of Italy and beyond: long since, the Estes of Ferrara and the Gonzagas were many times over cousins. The marriage of Marquis Francesco with Isabella d'Este in 1490 placed full on the Gonzaga stage the brilliant woman who has justly been called the queen of the whole Renaissance. And Mr. Brinton's hand is kept no less firmly on the threads of the military web of those days when France, the Emperor, Spain, the Holy See, the various great Italian cities kept tugging it this way and that. The apex of Gonzaga military glory was of course the battle of Fornovo, on the Taro, 1495. In the troubled times that followed Isabella, a great politician no less than a real artist and a most remarkable woman, not only went to Ferrara on purpose to assist at the marriage of her brother Alfonso d'Este with Lucrezia Borgia, but begged the sinister Cesare to be godfather to her little son, a position that he gladly accepted. Her attitude during the sack of Rome, when she was staying with the Colonnas, her superb courage, her according of protection to 1,200 Roman ladies and 1,000 men, and saving even serfs, are vividly described; and the disgust at first aroused by her maintaining a swarm of pet dwarfs, for whom she built a sort of toy palace, wanes when to our surprise we find that the poor little creatures loved

her and that, during the quite hellish horrors of the sack, the tiny howling Morgantino would never leave her side. Since 1524 Giulio Romano, Raphael's most famous pupil, had been at the Mantuan court, and henceforward his work is its greatest glory (and also, one might say, disgrace) alongside of Mantegna's. Isabella's reward came when the Emperor Charles, in 1530, entered Mantua in triumph and created the first Gonzaga duke. She finally married Duke Federigo to Margherita Paleologa, princess of Monferrato, creating rather fewer political problems than she solved; was painted by Titian; had Ariosto to see the Emperor, who was again at Mantua, and offer him his *Orlando*; and died in 1539, one of the most remarkable figures, we think, in European history.

In 1550 Duke William succeeded, and reigned till 1587; two years after his young kinsman, Aloysius Gonzaga of Castiglione, entered the Roman noviciate of the Society of Jesus. Possibly his weakness and deformity kept him from some of the insaner excesses of his house, and without doubt Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga (who was elected papal legate and president of the Council of Trent) was of high assistance to his earlier years of rule, and for the second time a great churchman acted practically as regent, and acted well. William's reign saw at once the amassing of further and incredible riches for Mantua, and the acceleration of that decline of the Gonzaga power which was due to the constant division of their fiefs and the foundation of rival branches. Mr. Brinton glances aside at these, lingering, naturally, upon that of Sabbioneta and the tragic history of William's cousin, Duke Vespasian, in whom a most vivacious intellect was joined to a temper even more violent than that of the family whose "Gonzaghina" became proverbial. Death after death, shame after shame, tormented his brilliant life: the "little Athens" into which he turned his principality was stripped of its glories not long after the unhappy man had died. It was to him that Aloysius advised his mother

to turn in the recurrent family disputes, and personally I think it was upon him that Ferrante Gonzaga of Castiglione, Aloysius' father, meant to model himself. Of the other fiefs, those of Solferino and Castel Goffredo were to devolve upon Aloysius through lack of nearer male heirs: the more terrific, then, the upheaval when this young prince decided about this time to abdicate. True, he had several brothers—the House of Gonzaga had need to be prolific if it was to survive the assassinations endemic within it—and I daresay he thought that the eldest of them, the ferocious young Rodolfo, would not survive for long, and indeed he did not—perishing soon enough, a murderer, murdered, and excommunicate. But when, for once, a youth of the Gonzagas was seen growing up, self-possessed, level-headed, manifestly born to be a ruler of men, and then throwing his whole future overboard, naturally not only the clan but society up to the Emperor were convulsed.

After not many generations, the Castiglione Gonzagas went down in a reek of blood and fire, and, more ignominiously still, in the dust of flight and lawsuits. Meanwhile, Duke William was foreseeing that not all his imperial connections (he married Eleanor of Austria) would save Mantua from a doom incarnate in his son Vincenzo, the young prince with whom Aloysius carried through his negotiations about Solferino.[1]

[1] I might say that one of the rare comic touches in the history of Aloysius—there are plenty of grimly humorous ones—is supplied by the terror in which Vincent obviously stood of so much as meeting his forceful young kinsman. When Aloysius went to Mantua on his diplomatic mission, Vincent went off to Marmirolo, and never stayed longer than he absolutely had to in any one place, and even when he came to Mantua on inevitable business, raced thither and raced away again, while the young Jesuit wrote desperately to one and to another explaining why things were not going quicker, or imploring that they should be brought to a head. He was longing to get back to his studies in Rome, and to avoid the Lombard winter, and detested the life of palaces into which he was once more plunged. An instance of what I mean by "grim humour" occurred when Vincent suddenly gave in, hands down, to Aloysius, changed right over to his side, insisted that Aloysius and no one else had carried the affair through, consented to see Rodolfo (who arrived, with his hair uncurled, to express his humble gratitude), and then asked Aloysius to come and see a comedy. Aloysius remarked that he was afraid his lay-brother companion might be scandalised by it. . . . And when you reflect that the Paris parliament described the Gonzaga comedies as "high-schools of adultery," you appreciate this *ironia*!

It would be out of the question to relate the history of Vincent's two marriages: to us his interest may lie in the fact that he was the professedly accidental murderer of poor James Crichton, who has deservedly won for himself the nickname "Admirable Crichton." He did better fighting against the Turk; but his second wife, Eleanora de' Medici, with whom Aloysius as a boy had run races in the Florentine gardens, died of apoplexy in 1611, and Vincent, who had ruined his constitution by incredible excesses, died the next year.

We may be forgiven for saying that the interest of this book wanes with the death of Duke Vincent, seeing that Aloysius himself had died in 1591. As has pathetically been said, were you to-day to ask any North Italian peasant who the Gonzagas were, his reply would be: "No doubt they were the parents of San Luigi." So has the name Gonzaga been preserved by the one of all the clan who defied the whole of it, and wrenched himself out of its midst to construct his life upon principles that were the opposite of those by which it lived.

None the less, Mr. Brinton has a perfect right to desert his customary guarded tone and permit to himself a downright rhetoric when he contemplates the "spectre" that now begins to loom over the Gonzagas. The war of the Mantuan and Monferratan succession followed a period of such chaos as to resemble nightmare, the more so as the most hideous intrigue and cynical bloodthirstiness had for its centre the sweet little princess Maria Gonzaga, sole direct heir amid the dead and dying of her fated House. Her kinsmen, however, inherited Mantua, and the direct male line died out in Vincent II, not much more than thirty, falling to pieces with all manner of hateful diseases, among his parrots and that mania of the Gonzagas, fantastic dwarfs, desperately drinking pearls and Indian drugs to cure himself, and dying at last on the Christmas Eve of 1627, leaving only a legacy of debts and misery and panic. Meanwhile

Daniel Nys had been negotiating with Mantua on behalf of Charles Stuart of England; and though Charles could not pay up and Nys disappeared into bankruptcy, the Mantuan collections began to disintegrate, and are now to be found in the museums of every capital of Europe and, probably unrecognisable, in many a private gallery. The story of Mantua ends with her sack by the Imperialists in 1630, when siege, famine, plague, and treachery, and then pillage, bestial lust, and rapacity made once and for all an end of her incredible treasures. True, Princess Maria Gonzaga did something during a brief space to restore the family to credit; but a few shadowy dukes could do nothing but to bring the place, by 1708, into the hands of Austria, and the Gonzagas vanished from the European horizon. From well beneath it they still sent up a few pale and distorted rays, to put anxious phantoms flitting over the ever cloudier sky; but it remains that what now alone can be recalled about them is that they were "no doubt the parents of San Luigi."

Mr. Brinton's book is, then, primarily, a worthy contribution to the history of a period concerning which he has already done good work. He has been to the original sources; he has succeeded in giving a vivid picture without overloading his pages with detail; his guidance through what might have seemed an inextricable labyrinth of marriages, crimes, and glories can be trusted; his judgments are unprejudiced—in fact, he is as prudent as he is charitable. The illustrations are interesting and well-chosen rather than sensational; the tomb of Margaret Malatesta and the Sabioneta ceiling and the well-known Titian portrait of Isabella d'Este Gonzaga, each in its way, make us glad to have the book. We cannot guess why the Gonzagas had to wait till now for even this much of chronicle—for we are sure that Mr. Brinton will agree that the decisive work upon them is yet to be published. It will be a library rather than a volume; and it will have to include not a little upon the eclipsed mem-

bers of the clan—unhappy and terrified girls who in cloisters found not only "consolation" in their ghastly circumstances—nothing is more significant than the frequency with which that word recurs in the correspondence of the period, for instance, in St. Aloysius's own letters—but opportunity for doing substantial work, such as was done by St. Aloysius's nieces, especially Gridonia.

But the book, as we have several times suggested, has a value for the student of hagiography. A fashion existed of relating the history of a saint practically in terms of his virtues—a diagram of his goodness. Even of firsthand documents, like letters, only the "edifying" part would be quoted, with all the "informative part," as Fr. Rosa, who has edited with so much good sense and balanced judgment St. Aloysius's letters confesses—omitted. The result was that a saint came to seem all too much just like any other saint, seeing after all that the saints without exception practised the Christian virtues. But a most remarkable document concerning the beatification of the Ven. Gianelli, which I have quoted at some length in the *Vocation of Aloysius Gonzaga*, insists that Christian heroism is revealed by the practice of virtues not just "anyhow," as Aristotle might have put it, but "thus and thus," that is, in the circumstances of the life of each individual. Aloysius's chastity, charity, penance, courage were developed in circumstances perfectly different from those of the life, say, of Don Bosco or St. Thérèse of Lisieux. It is absolutely necessary to know those circumstances. Here we learn not a little about them.

We understand better than ever before the whole atmosphere that Aloysius breathed. Even if a saint thinks things that are hostile to his world, it is to *his* world that they are hostile. Saints do not live on generalities, nor on abstract theories. Their imagination is made up of what is supplied to them by their environment and training. You are not surprised to find Aloysius "construing" his whole notion of the angels in terms of a grand-ducal court, and comparing this grade or that

of angels to chamberlains and even to private secretaries. You quickly recover from the slight shock received from his reminding his mother that Our Lady is a better example *even* than the Queen of Spain. If the sheer history, let alone perspective, of his Oration to King Philip II leaves you at first aghast, you then ask yourself what else a young man growing up in that court could, after all, have taken as his horizon. You thoroughly understand his desperation when he found that whether or no he had abdicated his titles, no one would let him forget that he was a Gonzaga, and that the very doctor cried aloud at the honour of feeling a pulse which throbbed with the portentous blood, and that not only in the streets men ran to stare at him, but that the corridors of the very Vatican filled with courtiers who lined up to look at this incredible young man.

Take, then, a boy broken in at the earliest possible moment to the sights and talk of camps—and the soldiers, who adored him, put little enough bridle on their tongues, as the drawingrooms of Castiglione realised abruptly when Aloysius went back there and bombed them with his " military " remarks . . . a boy who, in the absence of his father constantly at the wars, was continuously given to understand that he was far and away the most important person in his palace—and remember that in those days court ladies simply threw themselves at the heads of princes before they were in their 'teens ; a boy transplanted to the inmost circles of the greatest dynasties of Europe, Florence and the Medicis, Madrid and Philip, not to mention his own clan's central court of Mantua, nor again Ferrara, Turin, and places like Monferrato or the fashionable baths of Lucca, and then ask yourself what he was likely to become, or what had to be asked of him if he were *not* to become it ! God uses many a human instrument : I like to recall the intimate, tender and unique love that bound Aloysius all his life through to the mother, who adored him, with whom alone

he felt fully at his ease, to whom he wrote as to no one else, not even his brothers in "religion." I like to remember the sane, honourable association of his tutor, del Turco, with his boyhood; I like to remember that his servants worshipped him, especially his body-servant, Ghizoni, and that the young prince who could be so rough with great nobles who interfered with him, won instantly the affection of children, peasants, and the notably unpromising race of coachmen and of grooms. But not all of the better elements of his boyhood's surroundings sufficed to "twist straight" the "crooked iron" that he said he was. Notice—*iron*, and a *twisted* iron, that required to be twisted straight! He knew himself, and what the world had done to him. He required a frightful wrench, and he entered the Society, he confessed, to get it. "I am a piece of twisted iron: I entered religion to get twisted straight." That is a vivid light upon his character!

But after reading of the tumultuous ambitions of this restless clan, and their violent history, you will not expect that even this wish to twist his stubborn nature into straightness will have caused his eye to be bent downwards ever upon self. "*Pro eis sanctifico meipsum.*" Almost from the outset the Missions of the East had flamed on his horizon. To the end he hoped to go to them. Failing India and Japan, he turned his eye to the task nearest to his hand: he taught catechism while still a boy to the children of his vassals; oddly enough, when he tried to do the same to small Roman children, he failed with them, and owned that he hated the job. Had he matured too rapidly? At any rate it was with adults that he worked, preaching from booths and stages in the Roman market-places and marching off at the head of a column of Rome's most truculent hooligans to some church, where he unflinchingly put them into the confessional—spending all the time he could in those prisons which every record conspires to show to us as haunts of

blasphemy and obscenity and misery without compare, and in those hospitals which were little better, and where the sight of blood and the reek made him—vibrantly sensitive, for all the steeliness of his disposition—go white and sick, so that he snatched at the filthied bed-clothes that he could not cope with quietly, but would not leave to others. And the Pope himself has chosen Aloysius's work among the plague-stricken, through doing which he died, as symbol of that Work which he regards as half the Aloysian message to young men of every age. In short, I may venture to recall that when the Holy Father was good enough to speak to me about the Saint, emphasising as he did Aloysius's will-power, he reached a point when he hesitated for a word. "He was not a little nun: he had a good idea of his own powers: he was a *volontaire*—he was a true—a true—"—I said: "A true Gonzaga?" "Ah!" cried the Pope. "That is it! a true Gonzaga! And he had their qualities—La Gonzaghina! They all have it: and he had."

Mr. Brinton has shown us, without any doubt, what the Gonzaga nature was. We are able the better to contemplate the most fascinating of all spectacles—grace laying hold of nature, and making it what it was meant to be. Blasphemy and sacrilege as it were to forget or even minimise the rôle of grace in Aloysius's life, we will not forget nor minimise the truth, that grace works on, in, and through nature, and that none of God's creation is to be disregarded. Hence we can hope the better, and try with happier courage. And the pictures traced for us in the book we have reviewed—Mantua, with its pale red towers over the opalescent waters that reflect them; the gilded and damasked drawing-rooms; the terraces where fountains play among the cypresses; the rose-sweet and olive-misted slopes of Fiesole can be transfigured for us by the radiance of this noble soul, which is to live again in the souls of to-day's young Catholics.

C. C. Martindale.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J., M.A.

IV

THE BODY THE SOUL'S HORSE

The two MSS.—both, however, late and corrupt—in which this poem occurs give Donnchadh Mór Ó Dálaigh as its author.

1. Dona an t-eac-ra fuair m'anam
eac ceatac cruaid gan comhall
do mharb rí ar rodar m'anam
cogad ra-lann í oram.

2. Mairg fá mbí an calann ciontach
dom anam ir í ar coicach
eac bu uaimneach dá marcach
eac roalcach uaibreach oicach.

3. Eac ar caime ir ar claoine
eac ar fainne ir as féine
níor noct rí a roirbe dúinne
'r í ar dúire doirbe déine.

4. Eac fiadta foirfe forrdáin
an doirb-eac niata neimh-mín
ní fámh lé a tort nó a tiomáin
diombáid mé ar rord nó ar pillín.

5. Níor lean riamh an raon díreac
act an riad raob nó ruarac
ir mairg fá mbí an corp cnámhach
trom támhach ir í uallach.

6. Ní liom dom leaṙ lé acᵗ beagán
gé tá m'eac go géaṙ gṙaid-dian
gnáṫ fúm ag ṙoad an ṙoagún
an dṙagún lag dúṙ dṙaid-fiaṙ.

7. Cuiṙid mé i meaṙg mo bioḋḋad
an ċuilleaṙg ċlé eac m'anman
aṙ tí aṙ millte iṙ mé aṙ lonn-gan.
ṙonnṁaṙ lé ginnce iṙ gaḃgaḋ.

8. Gloiṙ duit a Dé na [gloiṙe]
a-noiṙ an ċéim aṙ ċruaide
breiṫ aṙ mo ċlóḋ im ċṙíne
nac lóṙ mine an eiċ uaille.

9. Meiṙe an t-anam doṫ éigneaċ
a ċalann meiṙgeaċ méiṙdṙeaċ
[uċ i mbṙug go boċt] uaigneaċ
ṙuaig-ṙeaṫ [ṙom] oṙṫ go héigneaċ.

10. Mé a ré iṙ ṙeaċtṁoga bliaḋan
dom meaṙugaḋ lé aṙ luagal
ó glinn go glinn ṙan tṙaogal
baogal linn inn gan uaṁan.

11. Leo guide a Muiṙe móṙda
a duime an Ruiṙe ṙíogda
beiṙ ginn aṙ dtoċt mo ċéaṙma
go poṙt néallda an glinn gṙíoḋḋa.

Dona.

Translation

1. Sorry the steed my soul has got, clumsy, hard, unruly; coursing along, it has killed my soul; it means fierce war in me.

2. Woe to him who rests on sinful body; it is my soul's couch; 'tis a steed proud, stubborn, vicious, dangerous to its rider.

3. Most crooked, tricky, decrepit, ill-shaped, rough, obstinate, fierce, it has never showed me any gentleness.

4. Untamed, strong and bolting is this rough, wild, ungentle steed; it likes not to be at rest or to be driven; I am to be pitied at post or on pillion.

5. It has never taken the straight but ever the foolish, despicable course; woe is me on this bony back, heavy, slothful, proud.

6. Little do I profit by it. Though my steed is keen and fierce-rushing, the sorry nag, the lazy, stubborn, crooked-mouthed beast is always stopping under me.

7. This clumsy jade, my soul's horse, brings me, sharp-wounded as I am, among my foes to ruin me; it loves dancing and prancing.

8. Glory to Thee, O God of glory, this is the hardest task, to try to conquer myself in my old age; has there not been enough of gentleness shown the proud steed? (?).

9. I am the soul, cursing thee, drunken, impure body; alas! in a cell poor and lonely an assault has violently destroyed me.

10. For seventy-six years I have been misled in folly by it (my body) from glen to glen; that I feel no fear is, I think, my danger.

11. By thy prayer, noble Mary, nurse of the royal Prince, bring me, when my term is ended, to the cloud-hidden fort of the wondrous valley.

Notes

MSS.: R. I. A. 23 E 14, p. 145 (E); 23 N 33, p. 514 (N).

2*c* uaiṁne NE. 4*b* niata meiṙṁín NE. *c* léiṫe NE; no t. N, ná t. E. *d*. no p. N, ná p E. Exact meaning uncertain. 5*a* an ṙian NE. *b* ṙóo NE; ṙuaṙṫaċ E. *d*. uailleaċ N. 6*b* gṙoo- NE. *c* ṙtagán N, ṙtagúin E. *d* oṙagan N; oéio- E, oaio- N. 7*a* cuiṙe NE; m. na mb. N. *b* manma E. *c* milleaó N; iongán NE. *d* ṙainnce E; ṙaṁa NE. 8*a* ṁia E; guiṫe NE. *bc* Or "Now is the (steed's) cruellest deed, the attempt to ruin me in my old age"? *d* Trans. uncertain. *d* ieoṙ NE; uaillaiġ E, uailliġ N. 9*a* tanam oeiġnaċ NE. *b* m. a ṁ. E. *c* ata go bóċt i mbṙuġ NE. *d*. oṙm E, oṙam N. The suggested reading of *c* enables the line to rime with *d* where ṙom (m=infixed pronoun) seems probable. 10*a* ṙeaċtṁogad NE; bliaṫain E. *b* meaṙuġa E; iuaġuill NE. *d* uaiṁain NE. Or perhaps "a time (spent) therein without fear is dangerous"? 11*c* aṙ t. NE. *d* neaṁṫa NE.

ERASMUS THE MAN

October 28, 1466-July 12, 1536

BY W. J. WILLIAMS, M.A.

Erasmus of Rotterdam. By John Joseph Mangan, A.M., M.D. 2 vols. Pp. xii+404 and vi+427. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 1927. 25*s.* net.

APROPOS of Froude's *Erasmus*, Lord Morley in his *Recollections* remarks: "One ought not to idealise in biography: not over-much at any rate." Dr. Mangan, as his readers will admit, does not idealise; neither does he write in a spirit of satirical realism—the fault Morley finds with Froude's book. Dr. Mangan may claim with just reason that this book is the definitive biography of a man whose character presented something of an enigma to his contemporaries and to those who came after them—indeed a curiously elusive and legendary personage. His two volumes are marked by a careful and even laborious study of all the facts of his period relevant to the life of Erasmus, and they are particularly careful and thorough in their examination of his writings in all their multifarious and voluminous range. The book is written in a thoroughly impartial spirit, neither perverting nor suppressing the facts so as to lead to a predesigned conclusion, extenuating, in general, nothing and setting nothing down in malice. The result is a clearly defined portrait of the man Erasmus; and if the picture does not show an amiable or attractive figure, the fault does not lie with Dr. Mangan, who has only followed where his material led.

It is somewhat difficult to understand the important part often attributed to Erasmus in regard to the religious upheaval of his day. It is a common opinion that the influence he exercised on it was great and far-reaching. In truth, however, it would appear that his influence was

in the main destructive, whether or not so intended, arising from his constant, fulminous, and generally scabrous denunciations of many institutions and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. While it is true that his contemporaries of the opposing camps sought to attach him to their respective sides, this would seem to be due to his general position as a literary dictator, rather than to their conviction that his opinions had any special theological weight. His interests, indeed, in theology were decidedly secondary to his interests in literature: *bonae litterae* is a term that recurs with almost irritating frequency all through his works, and his main grievance against the religious disputants was that they tended to bring disrepute on the cause of humane letters.

And as in his own day, so down to our own time he is constantly claimed as their champion by widely differing parties in the great religious controversy. Upholders of the ancient Church, advocates of the newer creeds, protagonists of free-thought, all have claimed him as a patron. For instance, Cardinal Gasquet, in his very sympathetic and, one may say, extraordinarily lenient study of him in his *Eve of the Reformation*, adduces many passages from his writings to prove his orthodoxy in all essential matters—and this may be done if one chooses to ignore equally salient passages of opposite purport. One may hazard the conjecture that the Cardinal, as a patriotic Englishman, was somewhat influenced in his estimate by the rather unctuous adulation of what one may fairly term a literary adventurer's references to the piety and learning of a country from which he had got substantial benefits, in the hope that his gratitude would increase the spirit of benevolence. Froude, with his pet obsession as to the designs of Rome, can claim him, and on his own testimony, as a militant figure in the great struggle against Popery. But, perhaps, the sceptics may make the strongest claim to his patronage : for certainly he is a precursor of the school which finds its pontiffs in

such men as Rabelais and Voltaire. Of Erasmus, indeed, with more than the usual appositeness, may one use the old tag—*Quot homines, tot sententiae.*

Far different is his position in relation to the other great movement of his time. Here, indeed, he out-tops his contemporaries. In pure erudition, doubtless, some of them were his superiors; but as a man of letters—*le sage monarque de la littérature, le véritable empereur de la latinité à son époque*, as St. Beuve describes him—he had no equal; and it is as such that he is best entitled to the repute that attaches to his name. He was the humanist *par excellence—plus humaniste que chrétien* in Brunetière's apt phrase. To this, perhaps, are due the many unlovely characteristics he shares in common with many of the most famous humanists. The traditional and what indeed is still the conventional view of humanism and its votaries contains so many misconceptions and exaggerations, that it is not out of place to quote a passage from a modern French writer in which a much truer view is suggested. The writer is Abbé Bremond, in whose works one finds exemplified the delicate sensibility and subtle critical spirit so distinctive of the French man of letters. The passage is as follows :—

> Quand on aborde l'étude de la Renaissance, il faut se décider une fois pour toutes à n'attacher qu'une importance secondaire aux enfantillages de tant d'humanistes, à leur pantagruélismes, à leurs outrances de plume et d'attitude—affectations conscientes, voulues, qui ne prouvent rien. La mesure n'était pas la qualité maîtresse des humanistes pris dans leur ensemble. Ils jettent leur gourme, ils montrent les qualités et les défauts, l'enthousiasme, l'ardeur, l'indiscrétion, l'impatience, les bizarreries et les folies de leur âge. Car ce sont des hommes nouveaux ou qui se croient tels —et cela revient au même : magnifiques parvenus, mais qui ont brûlé l'étape, et chez qui s'étale parfois la naïve outre-cuidance, commune aux primaires de tous les temps ; enfants drus et bien nourris qui battent leur nourrice, le Moyen Age . . . . Comme tout homme d'aujourd'hui, je suis leur fils et je m'en fais gloire. Ils ont fait, pour mieux dire, ils ont commencé de grandes choses et qui ne passeront jamais. Mais j'ai d'autres pères, ceux dont il

descendent eux-mêmes. Détail par détail, que trouve-t-on chez eux dont le germe ou la fleur ne se trouve pas déjà dans la Patrologie de Migne . . . La plupart des historiens de la Renaissance irritent fort quiconque n'ignore pas tout à fait la pensée complexe, hardie, vivante du Moyen Age. Quoi qu'il en soit, ne jugez pas les humanistes sur leurs airs de bravoure, ne prenez pas Gargantua pour un géant, Erasme pour un Voltaire. Les meilleurs d'entre eux sont beaucoup plus timides qu'ils ne veulent de paraître."

This is well said, and it needed to be said, though it may contain nothing that is really new. Parvenus the humanists were, at least those who boasted loudest, with all the faults of the parvenu—bad manners, dread lapses from dignity, the swaggering conceit that makes them regard themselves as the salt of the earth, and above all an intellectual Pharisaism that led them to regard their stylistic tricks and rhetorical gymnastics in much the same way as did their religious prototypes their phylacteries and praying bands, as emblems of their superiority to those who either possessed them not or were inclined to regard them as of small account in comparison with other things. This spirit had something to do with the fulminations of Erasmus against monkish ignorance, and led him to depreciate with contumely the intellectual value of the great thinkers of the middle ages. They affected a finical cult of style, in which the thing said mattered little in comparison with the manner in which it was said. This indeed is not true of Erasmus, who was no fanatical stylist —for such people he reserved some of the choicest raillery of which he was master, as is shown in his famous onslaught on the Ciceronians of his time—an onslaught which is not without point even in our own day in reference to certain aspects of classical studies. His common sense saved him from this futility, but nevertheless he can rival the worst of them in many of their worst characteristics as men of letters, *e.g.*, the overbearing spirit of invective that marked him as a controversialist, the malignancy of tone that marks his writings when opposed, his proneness to linguistic " immerdment,"

if one may coin a term from a Latin word that he scruples not to use. In these unlovely characteristics he is not a whit superior to many of his fellows, who as men of letters were unworthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe.

Erasmus the man of letters is to-day no more than a literary curiosity. Our interest centres now on what he was as a man. His portrait by Dürer (prefixed as frontispiece to Dr. Mangan's second volume) bears an inscription in Greek to the effect that his writings will show his image better. This is true, and gratitude is due to Dr. Mangan for the lavish use he has made of them in delineating the features of his character. His letters, of which an enormous number is available, are here of the greatest service. Newman, in a letter to his sister, says : " It has ever been a hobby of mine that the true life of a man is in his letters." And though this is a somewhat exaggerated statement, and untrue of Newman himself —witness his *Apologia*, to name no other of his books— still, with necessary reservations, it is substantially true. And following Dr. Mangan's lead, let us try to discover what manner of man is this Erasmus as his letters show him, making due allowance for the varnish that self-interest or self-deception may at times employ—a caution very necessary to observe in regard to Erasmus, whose letters were often as public documents as the articles in a modern newspaper.

As bearing on the character of Erasmus a most important letter is the famous epistle to Lambert Grunnius. It was written in 1513, when Erasmus was approaching his fiftieth year. It is, therefore, not to be explained away by the intemperate thoughtlessness of youth. It purports to describe the hard plight of a friend who had been allowed to withdraw from a monastery of which he was a member, desiring further relaxations of the monastic rule—the " friend " being Erasmus himself. Who Grunnius was does not matter—Cardinal Ehrle declares he was a wholly mythical person ; whether he

was or not makes no difference in one's judgment of the moral nature of the writer. In its general tone the letter resembles a page from the "Confessions of Maria Monk," being largely made up of calumnious denunciations of the Brethren of the Common Life to whom Erasmus owed his early education, and of the Augustinian Canons, of whom he was a member. It is a tissue of coarse invective whose very violence defeats its purpose.

The Brethren are criminals who kidnap children, the ensnarers of innocent youth: they are incapable as educators—"from nowhere else are young men sent forth worse taught or worse trained"—this of the teachers who had instructed Nicholas of Cusa, Rudolph Agricola, Thomas à Kempis, Langen, Hegius, Dringenberg, and so many others, not to mention Erasmus himself, and whose schools were spread through the whole of Northern Europe from the Scheldt to the Vistula! The Canons Regular fare even worse. With them "study has neither honour nor use": the superiors chosen are the "brothers who are dull, half-witted, illiterate, fonder of their bellies than of their books." His "friend" was fond of study, but in this ignorant and loutish society, "though it was allowable to get drunk openly," study had to be pursued in secret. Then he repeats the fables as to monkish cruelty and crime, telling his reader how recalcitrant members were burned or immured alive. His own brother he describes as a thief who stole his money—"a man of dull mind, but lusty body; selfish and cunning; a thief, a drunkard and a voluptuary." With these qualifications this brother, one is not surprised to learn, is a monk; but one *is* surprised when one reads another letter to this brother written some six years previously: the letter is couched in the most affectionate and flattering terms, and begs the debauched monk to lend a copy of Juvenal's satires for the use of a fellow monk. What this drunkard, dullard, and voluptuary was doing with a Latin classic is, as Dr. Mangan says, a question one may well ask.

In his comments on this letter it would seem that Dr. Mangan, somewhat dazzled by the glamour of Erasmus' name, is somewhat injudicious in the pleas he enters in extenuation of what he terms "the writer's unfortunate tendency to exaggeration in speech and writing" and "the defects of our common humanity which we discern in this truly great man." This certainly is to be to his faults more than a little blind; and one is entitled to say that words cease to bear their ordinary meaning if "truly great" is to be applied to the writer of a letter marked by such malignity and patent falsity. Nor will it serve to palliate its essential baseness to ascribe it to the writer's "congenital neurasthenia," unless indeed one refrains from judging men of genius by the common standards of moral responsibility.

During his residence in the monastery of Steyn it is clear that Erasmus must have had much leisure for study. He was in his twenty-first year when he entered that house, not in his fifteenth, as he suggests in the Grunnius letter. Between the time of his entrance and that of his ordination to the priesthood in 1492, he had begun the study of the Fathers of the Church, and especially of St. Jerome. Monk though he was and in the uncongenial and hostile environment he describes as his, he was able to acquire a wide repute for scholarship among the learned men outside. And in 1492 these unsympathetic monks granted him the freedom he craved for by allowing him to depart from the monastery as secretary to the Bishop of Cambrai. Later, the Bishop agreed to let him go to Paris to study for the doctorate, and helped to defray the expenses incident to this project. Erasmus did not consider the provision made for him to be sufficient, and now begins his correspondence with one who for many years was destined to be his financial agent in his career of "poor scholar." Erasmus was a prince of beggars: he has no feelings of shame such as might make a man of delicate soul shrink from importunate cadging for money.

Letter after letter he writes to his friend, in which requests to send money by hook or crook are wrapped in the most Erasmian complimentary phrase. One feels nauseated as one reads the great scholar's choice Latin that embalms a beggar's whine without the beggar's excuse of absolute need to justify or palliate it.

There are certain letters that passed between Erasmus and Andrew Ammonius, an Italian who had come to England in quest of fortune, and had become Henry VIII.'s Latin secretary. Erasmus and he—*Arcades ambo*—had not little in common. The English people whom they had met had shown them every favour, but the pair of adventurers lay aside the flatterer's mask in their communications to one another. "I am sorry," writes Erasmus, "that your coming to England has not turned out to your liking, but I am glad that your opinions agree with mine in this matter. These people are lascivious bulls and miserly dung-eaters, but they imagine that they alone feed on ambrosia." Ammonius writes to Erasmus of the barbarism of the English, who are "utterly devoid of all refinement," he says, "and many of whom he would like to see hanged." Then there is a notable letter in which Erasmus gives his friend counsel in the art of getting on —one may fancy that he is recording his own practice :—

> Put on a bold front and never be ashamed of anything. Shove yourself into other people's affairs, elbowing others out of your way. Don't go to extremes in either love or hate, and let your own interests be your standard in all things. Use the vanity of the English for your own advantages. Sit on two stools at the same time. Get a number of people to seek favours for you.

Mr. Allen in his monumental edition of the letters says in a note that these are a jester's *Praecepta aulica*. Perhaps they are in keeping with the intrigues of the royal household, but one has too much reason to hold that Erasmus was not in a jesting mood, so consonant is his advice with his own practice. He was the victim of egocentrism ; in comparison with his own interests he was ready to regard

as of no account the ordinary standards by which men of some honour rule their lives. He had the face of brass which he counsels his friend to acquire, and he was an adept at the game of sitting on both sides of the fence. Indeed, he was a prince of trimmers, one who would have delighted the heart of that king of trimmers, the Marquis of Halifax, who declared that "trimmers were the salt of the earth." An unlovely character, indeed, one may well say was Erasmus, in his rule of life a sort of Gil Blas of literature—and it is not without significance that Le Sage's picaresque hero, when he came into possession of his castle of Lirias, found in its library congenial reading in the works of Erasmus.

The part played by Erasmus in the public life of his day is exactly parallel with his standards for the rule of his private life. He sat on both stools until both sides found him out. Luther early enough saw through him—"in him," he writes, "the human prevails over the divine." His esteem for him gradually diminished, though he was naturally enough desirous of drawing whatever advantage he could from the attacks on the "inveterate and stupid ignorance of monks and priests." But when Erasmus would not descend from the fence, his real opinion was no longer disguised. He is a viper whom his will charges his children to "hate and loathe," a slippery snake, a particular enemy of true religion and of Christ, a complete picture of an Epicure, and of Lucian." After studying the part played by Erasmus, one will admit that these judgments, making allowance for their characteristic virulence, are not without their truth.

Writing of the generosity that marked Lacordaire's judgments of men, St. Beuve tells us that he was generous to all who had any real beliefs : he was generous to Luther, while of Erasmus he can only say that he was a master of exquisite literary gifts, in an age when the storm blasts were shaking and shattering Europe and the Church.

St. Beuve objects to this judgment, and claims for Erasmus the glory that belongs to those who are not afraid to refuse to take a side. If, indeed, their neutrality is the child of conviction, and if their conviction does not permit them to range themselves with the extremists of the right or of the left, they deserve all honour for keeping to the middle road. This, however, is not always so, and they too often are those who are " neither hot nor cold," not from conviction but from faintheartedness. They belong to the vacillators whom Dante would condemn to the outer circle of his Hell, and there is no room for doubt as to where Dante would have placed Erasmus had he lived in the age of the great Florentine. As it is, his tomb in the Cathedral of Bâle well typifies his life and character. Dr. Mangan writes :—

> Fate overtook him at Basle, whence all the clergy had been banished, and he was buried in its cold cathedral, whose very altar had been removed, and every single vestige had been eradicated of that Faith which had comforted the hearts and satisfied the spiritual longings of so many countless generations of Christians.

Thus in death Erasmus is as he was in life. It is a sad close to a career which promised such brilliance. It is as an aristocrat of the world of letters that he would have desired his name to be remembered. And though he is no longer read except by curious specialists, he has something of the glory he would have desired. In this respect one may contrast his fame with that of Thomas à Kempis, the humble and saintly monk of Zwolle—one of those very monasteries at which Erasmus launched the keen shafts of his scholar's scorn. The *De Imitatione Christi* has been taken as the guide of life and read and pondered on by countless thousands who have never heard of Erasmus. The proud scholar is unknown, while the humble monk who sought in writing only the service of his God is famous. " The whirligig of time brings in his revenges," and who shall say that the revenge is not just ?

W. J. Williams.

IRELAND AND WALES IN THE HISTORY OF JURISPRUDENCE

BY PROFESSOR EOIN MACNEILL, D.LITT.

Welsh Tribal Law and Custom in the Middle Ages. By T. P. Ellis. Two Vols. (Clarendon Press. 1926. 80/– net).

Part II[1]

THE most striking contrast between Welsh and Irish law is the position assigned in Welsh law to the king. In Wales, "all lands belonged ultimately to the king and must therefore be held of him." If the law to this effect is as old as the codification under Hywel Dha, it is one of the most remarkable pieces of legislation in any time or country—of legislation, for it is hardly possible that such was the law in Wales before his time. Continental Feudalism was as yet in its infancy, and Hywel would thus appear to have anticipated by more than a century the centralised form of Feudalism established in England by William the Conqueror. Nothing even faintly similar is found in Irish law. The authority of an Irish king over the land of his subjects was political not proprietary, and is expressed in the Book of Armagh by the Latin word *regnum*.[2] It seems most unlikely that a king of Wales before A.D. 950, in promulgating a code of laws, would have introduced into it a provision which was at

[1] For Part I, see June issue.

[2] *Celtic Ireland*, p. 149. In this chapter, I have overstated the power of grant belonging to kings and ruling nobles. I there translate *regnum* by "full dominion." On the preceding page, *atrópert flaith ocus aithech inso huile* is translated "lord and tenant granted all this." I was then still under the impression that *aithech* meant a tenant of land belonging to a lord. It is equivalent in meaning to *céle* of the Laws, and the *céle* was a freeholder subject only to the political authority of the *flaith*. The quotation is itself significant enough. If the *flaith* had owned the land, there would have been no need for the *aithech* to concur in granting it. So far as the land of the *aithech* was concerned, what the *flaith* made over was his political authority, corresponding to the *regnum* of a king.

once original, revolutionary, and usurpative. I suggest that the influence of Frankish Feudalism had already reached Wales or, still more likely, that the provision in question was introduced in redaction of later date.

Not less in contrast with the tenor of Irish law is the prominence which Welsh law gives to the Royal court, its personnel, and its ceremonial. If the law relating to the Welsh royal court is in strict relation with the facts of the tenth century, the atmosphere of "Arthurian romance" is much less romantic and more realistic than is commonly imagined. Nothing could be less akin in its kind to the simplicity of royal surroundings reflected in the Irish sagas or the description of a king's court in *Crith Gablach*. The personal attendants on an Irish king and queen during a state function are his legal assessor, his harper, and four of a bodyguard. The king and queen of Wales are accompanied by the "Chief of the Household, Priest of the Household, Steward, Judge of the Court, Falconer, Chief Huntsman, Chief Groom, Page of the Chamber, Steward of the Queen, Priest of the Queen, Bard of the Household, Silentiary, Doorkeeper of the Hall, Doorkeeper of the Chamber, Chambermaid, Groom of the Rein, Candlebearer, Butler, Head Brewer, Server of the Court, Cook, Physician, Footholder, and Groom of the Rein to the Queen."[1]

It is questionable, then, whether Mr. Ellis has not unduly transmitted the impression that the Welsh Code or Codes now extant represent the redaction by Hywel Dha and the state of Welsh law in the first half of the tenth century. The Irish introduction to *Senchus Mór* tells us that "this book" was drawn up by Patrick in conjunction with eight other persons, and that it is Patrick's Law (*Cain Patraic*). When, however, in the actual text of *Senchus Mór* we find Patrick mentioned as a personage of past history and his reform of Irish law

[1] Wade-Evans, *Welsh Medieval Law*, p. 146—the actual text of the law regarding the royal household occupies 36 pages.

as an event of past history, for this reason alone, if there were no other reasons, we have to question whether *Senchus Mór* was compiled in Patrick's time. Precisely the same consideration arises in regard of the Welsh Code. It speaks of Hywel as a personage of past history and of his redaction of Welsh law as a bygone historical event.[1] As in the case of the Irish laws, there may be other reasons of history and philology which we do not find discussed. Most pertinent is the statement by Wade-Evans :—

> All the earliest and best MSS of the Laws of Howel Dha were written at a time when the Normans had long interfered with Welsh affairs and had taken permanent possession of the majority of the patrias of South Wales. It is very important to bear this in mind, inasmuch as the codices, which are confessedly in a state of flux, cannot fail to reflect the political situation in Wales as it was at the time of writing.[2]

Mr. Ellis, to say the least, has not stressed this fact, and the general tenor of his treatment is calculated to leave the reader under the impression that the " Laws of Hywel Dha " faithfully reflect a pristine Celtic order. In view of what I have just quoted from Wade-Evans, it is clear that we cannot regard Hywel Dha as a feudal precursor of William the Conqueror, or his Laws as the source of courtly glamour in the Arthurian literature. The oldest MSS of Welsh law date from a time when the Arthurian legends had already become the favourite theme of French writers.

In order to give the Laws of Wales their proper place in the study of historical jurisprudence, it is obviously necessary to distinguish in them that which is of ancient Cymric tradition from that which represents external influences and late development. We need not start from the assumption of an identical body of Celtic law for Wales and Ireland in the period preceding the Roman conquest of Britain. Nevertheless, considering that the

[1] *Welsh Medieval Law*, p. 145. [2] Ib., Introduction, p. xix.

Celtic regime in Ireland remained undisturbed from that period until the time of writing of the ancient Irish lawtracts, and making allowance for the influence of Christianity on Irish law and the Irish social organisation; considering also that Wales had experienced in turn the effects of Roman domination, the introduction and universal establishment of Christianity, invasion from Ireland, invasion from northern Britain, prolonged if hostile contact with the Anglo-Saxons and the Norsemen, and finally an invasion of Frankish Feudalism; it is evident that a close and careful comparison between Welsh and Irish law must be the principal means by which we can expect to recover from Welsh law a true view of the pre-Roman social order among the Britons and of the changes which that order afterwards underwent.

One cannot fairly find fault with Mr. Ellis if such a comparison forms a relatively small part of his investigation. He has been able to make no fuller critical use of Irish law than of the early laws of various Teutonic and other Continental branches of the Indo-European family. Not for want of material. Outside of Greece and Rome, no European people of antiquity has its laws and institutions recorded in extent and detail nearly so fully as Celtic Ireland. But the laws of Ireland, down to the recent studies of Thurneysen, have not merely not been made intelligible but have rather been obscured and confused by inadequate translations and still more by the prepossessed expositions of a series of wholly incompetent modern editors and commentators, mostly of the primitivist school. Mr. Ellis has made use of the published volumes of the Ancient Laws of Ireland. How far these, with their expansive editorial introductions, have been of assistance to him, may be judged from his statement on a point of primary importance: "There were countries like Ireland, which had developed a system of law, without courts to put it into force" (ii 195); "in Ireland there was no system of

judicature" (ii 240, with much more to that effect); "we find in Ireland a complete absence of curial procedure in the Irish laws, which recognised no courts, and a very advanced system in Wales, where courts had been in existence for centuries" (ii 339).

These bold and sweeping statements are not original on the part of Mr. Ellis. They exhibit the hypnotic effect of similar dogmatic statements made by earlier modern writers. Their sole basis is the fact that the five published volumes of the "Ancient Laws of Ireland" contain no tract devoted to the subject of legal procedure in court.[1] Hence it is assumed that there was no such procedure and no court. In other words, it is assumed that the five volumes contain all that is or ever was to be found of ancient Irish law. Writers who issue dogmatic universal negatives on such a basis show no sense of scientific or historical method, not to say ordinary logic. They cannot even plead in their excuse the dangerous argument from silence. Though the five volumes have no lawtract dealing specially with the subject of curial procedure, they contain innumerable passages which clearly imply the existence of an effective curial procedure, and not a few which are sufficiently explicit. Let us take a single tract, *Crith Gablach*, of which an amended translation by me was published in 1923.[2] It contains frequent reference to the oath, evidence, and judgment in litigation. A king (§19) is to be "a faithful judge" for his *tuath*. He joins with another king in adjudication when the matter at issue extends to another *tuath*. Twice a week (§129) he holds a court: on Monday, "for judgment, for the adjustment of *tuatha*"; on Saturday "for judging

[1] Two ancient tracts on procedure have been printed: one on *Cenéla Airechta*, edited by Kuno Meyer, *Zeitschrift f. Celt. Phil.*, 12, 359, and *Cóic Conara Fuigill*, by Thurneysen, *Abh. Preuss. Akad.*, 1925. Also *Tecosca Cormaic*, Meyer, Todd Lecture Series xv., deals largely with the etiquette of pleading in court.

[2] "Ancient Irish Law: The Law of Status or Franchise," Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy.

(ordinary) cases." Though the king be himself a *brithem* (p. 307), that is to say, though he may have become a professional jurist by qualifying in the study of law, he should have a jurist as legal assessor when he sits in court. The court is described in formal session (§135), with the king's legal assessor seated beside the king and queen. The tract ends with a long list in verse of the kind of cases which usually came up before a king for decision.

The prepossessions of primitivism, which can discern in medieval law the operation of habits of life discarded before the Bronze Age, have not permitted the observation of one fact which was evidently common to Indo-European and Semitic society in ancient times—namely, that the office of ruler united in the same person the functions of civil, military, and judicial authority. These functions are clearly seen united in the Judges and afterwards in the Kings of Israel. I suppose not less than a hundred passages could be cited from the old Testament showing that judgment in litigation was recognised to be a normal function of the ruler of a people. If it is true that, among the Indo-Europeans, the judicial office in early times existed for the conciliation of quarrels and not for the authoritative imposition of public law, this does not set aside the fact that the kings were judges. "Hesiod, in the sixth century B.C., describes the function of kings sitting in judgment as the action of 'middlemen' who conciliate contending parties by persuasive words and induce them to make peace and not to resort to hostilities."[1] I question, however, the historical accuracy of this notion which evolves the rule of law in historical time out of mere conciliation. It ignores a fact which, for the Indo-Europeans, appears to me demonstrable. In the early forms of Indo-European society the king was not an autocrat. He derived his power from the assembled freemen or, when there was not occasion for a full assembly, from the council of elders. The court, *curia*, in which a king normally delivered judgment between

[1] Vinogradoff, I 346.

litigants, was either a full assembly or a select assembly. Instances of both are numerous in early Irish literature. The king's judgment was not final. To carry authority it required the assent of the assembly. In the story of Cormac (*Silva Gadelica* II, 288), the king, MacCon, is deposed by reason of having delivered an unjust judgment. On the other hand, when a king's judgment carried the assent of the assembly, it became something more than a basis of conciliation recommended to the contending parties. It was armed with the public authority, and could not be disobeyed with impunity.

With the abolition of kingship, the judicial office, so far as it was vested in kings, might pass to an assembly as in Athens, or might be continued in magistrates as in Rome. Further developments are the assembly specialised for purely judicial functions and the magistrate similarly limited in function, with the result that the kind of institution comes into existence which we find in modern times, the court of law, segregated from all other kinds of public business. When Mr. Ellis writes of "curial procedure," the phrase reminds us that all this development from judicature forming a part, and only a part, of the business of a public assembly can be traced in the life-history of the word *curia*, *cour*, court. When Feudalism came into England, it still had no courts of law distinct from the *curia regis* or the lesser courts held under feudal lords, assemblies which were not limited to judicial functions. The president of the court was still the political chief of the community. The judicial tribunal consisting only of professional judges appointed by the political ruler is of still later institution. The institution of trial by jury, which limited the powers of such tribunals, was not so much a step forward as a renewal, in a special form, of the more ancient judicature of the assembly.

We can therefore only characterise as wholly deficient in historical perspective the view of those writers whom Mr. Ellis follows when he speaks of the Irish "Brehons,

who acted, not as judges in any sense of the word, but as arbitrators." This is turning the history of jurisprudence upside down, expecting to find in the "brehons" of Irish law the presiding judges in whom the ancient public right of judicature is vested. Not finding them clothed with such authority, it does not occur to the same school of writers to look elsewhere for the power to hear and determine litigation, and the judicial functions of kings and assemblies, including the assembly specialised in the judicial function, the *airecht*, are wholly lost sight of, though visible enough to open eyes not merely in the published volumes of Irish Law but also in a wide range of early Irish literature. The Irish word *brithem*—on the inflected forms of which is based the English version "brehon"—means "jurist," not "judge." A *brithem* might act as a legal expert on behalf of a litigant; or, as we have seen, he might act as legal assessor of a king; or he might give decision in litigation when the parties agreed to seek his decision—that is, he might in a sense arbitrate, but it is to be understood that his arbitration consisted normally in the application of the written law. As a judge in arbitration, naturally he could not exercise the powers of the public authority either in the initiation of proceedings or in the execution of judgment. This is not to say that his awards depended for their effect purely on the consent of the party made liable or, as some have thought, on the pressure of public opinion or social ostracism. Litigation before a *brithem* was preceded by pledges provided by the defendant, in some cases by both parties, to fulfil the award. The tract entitled *Bretha im Fuillema Gell* (A.L.I., vol. v) explains how such pledges operated. The thing given in pledge belonged not to the litigant but to a third party, who should be of equal or higher status, and was usually an article associated with the dignity of its owner. If the pledge became forfeit, the delinquent remained under his previous liability and incurred a new and heavy liability towards the owner of the pledge.

There was then a regular court of law, with a king as president, in every *tuath*. The number of such courts may be estimated from the fact that the present county of Clare contained three *tuatha*.

The judiciary of the Courts of the "Cymwd" was constituted on different lines in North Wales and South Wales. In Gwynedd and Powys the judges were trained men selected for the post by the king or lord, while in South Wales every owner of land, being an "uchelwr," was a judge within his own "cymwd" by virtue of his privilege of land. The latter represented, no doubt, the older system, when courts were tribal and territorial . . . . Every landowner in the "cymwd" in South Wales had the right to sit on the bench. The opinion of a two-third majority prevailed, and that opinion was pronounced by one of their number appointed therefor by the bench. He alone was designated the "judge," but the judgement which he pronounced was the judgement of the court.

The court of the cymwd in South Wales corresponds to the king's airecht in an Irish tuath. There are differences. After the merging of the dynastic lines of South Wales in the northern line of Gwynedd, there were no local kings to preside over courts. If the account quoted be complete, unlike the airecht, the court of the cymwd had no legal assessor to advise it. The landowners who compose the court may be compared to the *soerchéli* ("free clients," *socii*) of the king, the magnates of the tuath, who, with certain professional dignitaries, form the king's court described in *Crith Gablach*. We may note that Gwynedd, to which Powys became united in the ninth century, was the hereditary realm of the line of Cunedda, whose sons displaced the power of the invading Irish, whereas South Wales included the kingdoms of Dyved and Brycheiniog, ruled by lines of Irish origin, which were merged together in the seventh century and were first united to Gwynedd in the rule of Hywel Dha. This may help to explain why South Wales retained a system of judicature closely comparable to the Irish system. The description of the courts of South Wales seems to indicate a more advanced stage of feudalisation

than we might expect in the tenth century. A " bench " of all the landowners in an Irish tuath would mean a full assembly of the tuath ; and this brings us to another dogmatic pronouncement.

" Giraldus Cambrensis remarks on the frequency of encroaching on boundaries prevalent in Wales, but his strictures are rather overdrawn when we remember that the conception of private property in land was foreign to Celtic legal ideas " (ii 261). This very remarkable statement has no basis in memory. Its sole foundation is inference, by no compelling process of logic, from a remotely prehistoric condition of nomadism. We have seen how Sir Henry Maine expected to find the conception of private property foreign to Irish legal ideas, and found to his disappointment what seemed, under the circumstances, " a bias towards private ownership "—as though the ancient jurists were in a conspiracy to defeat the ends of primitivism. According to Irish legal ideas,[1] in the period preceding the Norse invasions, the only land in the territory of a tuath that was not private property was the unappropriated forest and the uninhabited mountain.

While Mr. Ellis shows a number of contrasts between Welsh and Irish law, some of them, as I have shown, imaginary and based on the fictions of a modern school of writers, others the result of the different course of history in the two countries, he shows also many points of resemblance, indicating common origins. On the other hand, notwithstanding the very close relations maintained between Ireland and Wales throughout centuries before the Welsh codification,[2] there is not much evidence of interacting influence between Irish and Welsh jurisprudence. His vocabulary of technical terms of Welsh law shows very slight verbal relation to the Irish terminology. I notice two terms which may indicate direct borrowing from Irish to Welsh. *Sarhad*, *saraad*,

[1] *Celtic Ireland*, chapters ix and x.

[2] See " Ireland and Wales," by Cecile O'Rahilly.

means "insult" or (the liability thereby incurred, namely) "honourprice." *Sárugud*, in Irish law, means violation of a person's dignity, involving liability to pay honourprice in compensation. *Dilysdawd* or *dilysrwydd* means "guaranteed soundness (of title.") The Irish word *díles* (modern *díleas* and *dílis*) is originally a legal technical term. Its primary meaning is "deprived of legal benefit or remedy, *les*." Hence it has apparently in the Laws two opposite meanings, which are really one meaning viewed from opposite sides: it means "forfeit"—*dilsech báis* means an "outlaw" who may be killed with impunity; it also means "owned in complete ownership, *proprius*"; and this meaning seems to be reflected in the Welsh term. The Welsh *mach* "surety" may be the same word that is found in the Irish law-terms *macc nascairi* and *aicc macu*.

No comprehensive review of Irish law, comparable with the work of Mr. Ellis on Welsh law, has yet appeared, and the time for it is not just yet. Those who approach the study of Irish law should not be misled by the notion that the whole material or enough of it to give an adequate view of the general character of Irish law is contained in the five volumes published by the Commission on the Ancient Laws of Ireland. Various tracts not found in that series have since been published, notably by Kuno Meyer and Thurneysen, and the light that they have shed on the material previously published should convince us of the urgent need for the publication of the entire body of unprinted Irish lawtracts, of which the contents and even the general tenor are unknown to any person now living. As far back as 1852, a British Government, at the instance of two Fellows of Trinity College, Dr. Todd and Dr. Graves, provided for the inception of this work. Its completion is a debt which the Irish people owe not to themselves alone but to the world; for Irish law is one of the most European things that can be known, an essential chapter in the history of European civilisation.

EOIN MACNEILL.

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN PORTUGAL

BY MICHAEL P. CLEARY, O.P.

LISBON is the only capital in Western Europe where the sight of a nun in her religious garb would nowadays cause the inhabitants to stand and gaze in open-mouthed astonishment. Since the foundation of the Republic in 1910 Religious Orders have been banished from Portugal, and a new generation has arisen unacquainted with the meaning of a nun's dress or the purpose of her life. Ignorance of the religious history of Portugal and of its past glory as a Catholic country is the predominant sin of the present-day Portuguese, and has been for many years one of the chief causes of the national indifference to the poverty-stricken plight of the Church in their midst.

Religious life in Portugal has swung pendulum-wise from extremes of piety and fervour, through periods of apathetic unconcern, to the opposite pole of undisguised hostility to the Catholic Church. We must remember that not so many centuries ago Portugal was the rival of Spain as a pioneer nation of missionary enterprise. She had reason to be proud of the part played by such sons as Vasco da Gama who breasted unknown seas and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, Magalhaes who has given his name to the Magellan Straits, Tristao de Cunha, Bartholomaeo Diaz and the rest of the heroic band of fearless explorers who carried her flag to newly discovered lands both East and West; but she was prouder still of the fact that the valour of her sailor sons was solidified with the spirit of apostles, who carried the faith as well as the flag to far-flung countries. Yet her glory was meteoric. Even though she succeeded in driving the Spaniards out of Lisbon in 1641 after seventy years of Babylonian Captivity, she had already receded

a sad distance from the zenith of her prestige. Unlike other nations, Portugal seems to have declined in piety as she dwindled in power. The monumental churches of Alcobaça, Mafra, Belem and Bathalha—among the grandest of Southern Europe—still stand as silent sentinels over the grave of the religious fervour of former days.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, under the evil genius of the Marquis of Pombal, there began a persecution of the Church in Portugal as satanic in its conception as it was savage in its execution. Using the mantle of religious piety to cloak the evil designs of his soul, Pombal endeavoured to make himself supreme in Church and State by weaning the people from their allegiance to the Holy See. As is always the case, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, those staunch defenders of the Papacy, were the first to come under his lash. He seized their property, expelled them from the country, and forbade any Portuguese to join the Society. Few characters in history are so complex as that of Pombal. His piety urged him to inscribe his name on the Rosary Register of the Irish Dominican Church of Corpo Santo, yet his anti-papal prejudice led him to finance the Jansenistic campaign in central Europe. His first act after the terrible Lisbon earthquake of 1755 was to erect a temporary church for the celebration of Sunday Mass, yet within a year or two he burned alive whole families or drowned them like rats in the Tower of Belem because they thwarted his political ambitions. But Pombal died a holy death and received the last Sacraments at the hands of those saintly men whom he had during life so ruthlessly persecuted. They retaliated by receiving four of his grandsons into the ranks of the Society.[1]

A still more insidious form of persecution was initiated in 1834, when the newly elected Government, Liberal

[1] It is only fair to remark that the Pombal family has been staunchly Catholic ever since the death of its founder. The present Marquis is one of the most fervent Catholics in Lisbon.

in name but masonic at heart, took steps to deal a death-blow at the Church by expelling the Religious Orders, closing all Catholic schools, and deliberately lowering the status of the secular clergy. The government took upon itself the right to appoint parish priests, to nominate bishops to dioceses, and even to decide clerical vocations. Priests were promoted to pastoral charges not by reason of their sacerdotal virtues, but on account of their political power. It was considered more important to promote the interests of a party than to save souls. The sad result was that whole groups of unworthy persons were ordained *en masse*, at the call of the government.[1]

The indifference and lack of organisation amongst Catholics was then, as it has been for years, the chief cause of the sorrowful condition of the Church in Portugal. Freemasons had their friends appointed to parishes; bishops were either too subservient or too deeply committed to the government to offer any opposition; and in some cases it was with their open connivance that candidates for the episcopate were chosen from the ranks of the Freemasons. So powerful were the members of the masonic government that when Mgr. Mazzella, the Nuncio appointed by Leo XIII, ventured to offer strong resistance to the appointment of two nominees of the government to vacant dioceses, the government sent a deputation to Rome and succeeded for a time in throwing dust in the eyes of the Holy See and eventually brought about the recall of the Nuncio. The first successful opposition to this diabolical intrigue was offered by the present Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who replaced Mazzella. He refused to acknowledge the dictation of the government in the filling of vacant bishoprics.

Meanwhile the irreligious government, so busily engaged in attacking the liberties of the Church, was

[1] Upon one occasion the Archbishop of Braga dismissed four students from his seminary for unbecoming conduct. He was immediately ordered by the Minister of Worship to readmit them to the seminary. He was too weak to offer resistance.

itself the object of an attack as cunning and as deep-rooted as any scheme ever devised for the persecution of religion. The movement, which was financed by Freemasons and openly extolled by several leading papers of Lisbon, had for its object the destruction of the Monarchy and the establishment of a Republic. The way for the overthrow of the Monarchy was paved by the establishment in 1894 of the Lodge Portugal, whose members were exclusively officers, and in course of time there grew up an army within an army, a secret army of conspirators within the ranks of the regular army.

From a military point of view the *coup d'état* that ended the Monarchy and established the present Portuguese Republic on October 5, 1910, was little more than a glorified hold-up by a handful of armed men, who were more surprised than anyone else when they found themselves masters of the situation and the city of Lisbon in their hands. Nothing more than the shadow of an attempt was made to defend the waning power of the Monarchy or to protect the boy-king Manuel. The civil leaders betrayed their trust wholesale. The soldiers, almost without exception, were unfaithful to their oath of allegiance. Anarchy gained a bloodless victory.

Politically, the overthrow of the Monarchy was the natural outcome of years of maladministration. Bribery had been practised without restraint, sedition had been openly preached in the army and publicly taught in the forty-five schools financed by republican money. Above all, the success of the republican cause was chiefly due to the wide-spread net of masonic influence that held within its meshes well-paid officers of the army, highly-placed officials of the government, important dignitaries of the Court, and—be it confessed—not a few apostate members of the Catholic clergy.

From a religious standpoint the revolution of 1910 was a definite revolt of the State against the Church. The Monarchists had never openly broken with the

Church, but their expulsion of most of the Religious Orders, the tantalizing regulations concerning Church services,[1] the promotion of unworthy candidates to the priesthood —all these were deeds that belied the lip-service paid by Monarchists to the cause of Catholicism.

The Republican regime of 1910 was so openly hostile to everything Catholic that, for a time, it sought to abolish the Christian calendar in the country.[2] It was equally inimical and defiant in its attitude towards the Church. The first victims of the fanatical followers of the new regime were two Vincentian Fathers, who were brutally murdered in the streets of Lisbon. As the republican rabble had no monarchist enemies to attack, they started to sack the few convents still remaining in the capital. With a want of common-sense begotten of anti-clerical fanaticism the republican army bombarded the empty Jesuit college for two whole nights. Once in power the Republican party gave way to wild excesses such as we see verified in present-day Mexico.[3] The few nuns still left in Lisbon were dragged from their convents and imprisoned in the arsenal on the Tagus, where they became the object of the obscene jest and loathsome conduct of the half-drunken sailors put to guard them. Ecclesiastical property was confiscated without the semblance of legal formality, cloisters were violated and churches pillaged. The venerable Patriarch of Lisbon had his house seized and his private property confiscated; even the chalice given him by his mother as an ordination present was stolen.

At the same time a law of separation of Church and State was introduced. Its avowed object was to shake

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[1] For instance, if a parish priest wished to have a Benediction service in his church, he had first to ask the permission of the Minister of Public Worship.

[2] In Figueira da Foz it was ordered that deaths should be celebrated with feasts, banquets and dancing.

[3] Priests were imprisoned without trial: one at least, Canon Correia, was poisoned in prison, and some were condemned to perpetual confinement in solitary underground cells.

off the "clerical incubus," as Affonso Costa, its chief sponsor, called the Church,[1] but it was really planned to hasten the work of de-christianizing Portugal. This infamous enactment was stigmatized by Rabbi Moses Netter as "a gross piece of work which offends common sense, decency and tradition, a law which ought to arouse protests not only from the Catholic Church but from all fair-minded men who desire to safeguard the inalienable rights of conscience." [2]

It was eagerly expected by the deluded followers of Affonso Costa, the Combes of Portugal, that the sale of the confiscated property of the Church would result in a great addition to the Portuguese Treasury. Time has proved how delusive were all such hopes. The only persons who profited by the spoliation were the friends of the Government and Jewish dealers in Lisbon and Oporto. Church buildings were put to most ignominious uses. A beautiful stone-carved confessional in the church of the Jeronymos near Lisbon is now used as a tomb for the body of Theophilo Braga, a Portuguese poet who died about three years ago, and whose chief claim to notoriety is the obscene and irreligious character of his writings. On the way to Santa Appollonia, in the Moorish district of Lisbon, there is to be seen a tiny chapel, a perfect specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, which is now used as a drinking saloon. It is no exaggeration to say that every military barracks in Lisbon was formerly an ecclesiastical institution. The magnificent Jesuit college crowning the heights of Campolide is now the headquarters of the cavalry. S. Vicente, the palace of the Cardinal Patriarch, is still used as a registry office, and the house in which St. Anthony of Padua (known in

[1] Already in 1909 under the Monarchist Government, Costa brought in a Bill prohibiting all teaching by Religious Orders and dissolving the *Apostleship of Prayer* and other Jesuitical associations ! ! (Keating S. J. *The Press, the Church and Portugal.* C. T. S. Pamphlet).

[2] *Univers Israelite* (quoted by Fr. Torrend, S.J., *The Church in Portugal,* C.T.S. Pamphlet).

Portugal as St. Anthony of Lisbon) was born, was until recently used for a purpose as sacrilegious as it was ignominious.

By the Law of Separation all ecclesiastical property was vested in the State. The Church could not either own or inherit property, whilst the State undertook the care of the buildings it so unjustly appropriated. Anyone who has visited those Portuguese shrines of world-wide fame can bear witness to the scandalous manner in which they are being treated. The poor peasant placed in charge of the wonderful library of Mafra tried to impress visitors by asking them to bend in two the binding of the tomes committed to his care. In the beautiful church of Santa Clara in Coimbra the ancient vestments were until recently in the care of an old woman who bundled them into the drawers in the same way as you would throw wearing apparel into a soiled clothes basket. The manuscripts of the monasteries which were dissolved in 1834 are still heaped together in the Torre del Tombo, where it would be easier to find the proverbial needle than the manuscript you are seeking.

All these excesses were held up by Affonso Costa and his fellow Masons as high and holy acts performed in the sacred names of Humanity, Progress and Liberty. For a time the supporters of the new régime were so busy with the sport of priest-baiting and church-pillaging that they were utterly blind to its short-comings. Yet national disillusionment quickly followed; the cry of " hunt the priest " was speedily worn out, and the masonic rulers had no other slogan to offer their deluded followers. Nemesis quickly supervened in a series of financial crises and a succession of political revolutions. The graft, bribery and corruption so openly tolerated and practised by the government led inevitably to the decadence of the national character and to the steady growth of anarchy. Armed uprisings became the order of the day. It was jestingly remarked that revolutions in Portugal were like

the measles—you never knew why, when or where they were going to break out. Under the conditions that prevailed it was tragically true, even though truly grotesque, that a few hundred men could engineer a revolt with every prospect of success. Punishment for revolt never amounted to anything more than an empty threat or at most a few weeks' imprisonment, generally spent on parole in the cafés of Lisbon in preparation for further outbreak. Murderers, if wealthy, had no fear of imprisonment as a masonic sign to a judge or a money-bribe to a corrupt gaoler was always a sure passport to freedom. Sidonio Paes, the only President of the Republic under whom Portugal tasted the sweets of good government, was brutally murdered in December, 1918. For more than eight years his assassin was allowed to go free, enjoying a lucrative government post in Oporto until General Carmona ordered his arrest last year.

In the face of all this bribery and corruption the Government did nothing to alleviate the situation. From the fall of the Monarchy until quite recently no Government in Portugal could hope to remain in power [1] unless it derived its support from secret societies, was sanctioned by the *Grand Orient*, and pandered to the milling magnates who held the industry of the whole country in a vice-like grip. Elections became a mockery, and the candidate finally appointed rarely represented the votes recorded. It was government by faction in the interests of a party. No such thing as a constructive policy was ever attempted. The great difficulty in Portuguese public life has ever been that, as soon as any pressing problem relating to internal administration or external policy came up for consideration, it was generally found that the person best qualified to deal with it had political antecedents of a tarnished nature. The immediate result was that the question at issue always developed into a personal

[1] Since 1910 there have been 44 different cabinets and over 400 Government Ministers.

conflict or a public crisis, in the course of which the main problem was speedily forgotten.

The Portuguese are nothing if not pretentious. Grandiose projects of a luxurious nature are solemnly debated in a country that has always lived on the verge of national ruin. Parliament discussed plans for the ornamentation of the city of Lisbon at a time when a third of its inhabitants were barefooted. The problem of the roads —the worst in Western Europe—was solemnly debated three years ago at a congress that sat for a week in Lisbon. The congress was divided into ten sections, held four banquets and did nothing practical. Plans for an underground railway in Lisbon that is to cost several millions of pounds were duly considered by a government that had to sell its silver-plate and currency to Messrs. Baring Bros. of London in order to keep out the bailiffs. The Republican Government has all along given an example, true to the letter, of the man who started to build and did not count the cost. At Lisbon in the Avenida Cinq Outubre there is a new maternity hospital, to all outward appearances a finished fabric. Nevertheless, it has stood idle since its completion in 1918 as there is not enough money to run it. Lisbon is a city of good resolutions, paved with half finished monuments. One to the Marquis of Pombal, at the top of the Avenida de Liberdade, was commenced more than thirty years ago and has not yet reached the street-level. Close by is the Parque Edouardo Septimo which is supposed to commemorate the visit of that monarch, but it resembles a mud-heap more than a monument to a king.

No other city in Europe presents such extremes of wealth and poverty. It is a heart-rending sight to see scores of bare-footed children and old men searching the dust-bins every morning for bits of paper and rags to sell and morsels of bread to eat. On the other hand, there is no satisfactory explanation for that extravagant display of wealth which obtrudes itself on the streets of

the city. For years commerce has been steadily declining, and the export trade has dwindled away almost to extinction. Scarcely a week passed in Lisbon without the suicide of one or two business men unable to meet the exorbitant demands of state taxation. The only people outside government circles who were making money were the vendors of jerry-built houses, which crumbled to pieces as soon as they were occupied. In February, 1925, twelve persons were buried in the ruins of one of these houses, and nobody has yet been held accountable for such a holocaust of human life.

The sad consequences of all this national demoralisation are plainly visible. The people have gradually grown sick of political truculence and government corruption. At the same time they manifest no desire for a discussion of realities. For an illiterate people like the inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula the parliamentary system both in Spain and Portugal is productive of more harm than benefit. The real truth now being frankly faced for the first time is that the majority of the Portuguese people do not want a parliament. The peasants of Portugal have no interest in the system as their political education has not yet begun. With almost seventy-five per cent. of the population unable to read or write, no parliament can ever represent a people where illiteracy causes a voter to be disfranchised. Hitherto, catch-cries, barren formulas and red revolution have ruled Portugal. New taxation could be always enforced by special decree which did not require the sanction of parliament. The Government has thus always exerted such a strangle-hold on the people that any progress, social or industrial, was rendered impossible.

Recourse to arms was the only means left to the people for the purpose of opposing such tyranny. Portugal's panacea for all her ills has ever been a revolution. Tired of parliamentary agitation and political intrigue she has always looked about for a saviour who would deliver

her from the oppression of the small clique that held her in thraldom since the fall of the monarchy. The twenty-three revolutions [1] that have occurred since 1910 were in most instances the expression of a discontented people who regarded these violent methods as the only possible means of escape from a reign of terror.

The military *coup d'état* by General Gomes da Costa in May, 1926, and the establishment of a semi-military government under General Carmona would seem to be the first movement in Portugal since the coming of the Republic that really represents the wishes of the people and at the same time gives hope of permanent success. The advent of General Carmona to power has been an unalloyed blessing for Portugal. A man of few words, he has already shown a spirit of determination in his actions that has impressed the people more than all the speeches of his predecessors. He forbade officers of the army to take part in politics, introduced legislation to repress exorbitant profits by the millionaires of the milling industry, and put a stop to the intrigues of the politicians by banishing several of them to the Azores. His dismissal of hundreds of highly placed, worthless officials of the Civil Service has won the hearty applause of the people. His commercial reforms have made for financial stability, whilst his arrangements for liquidating the war debt to Great Britain and for a large loan on the London Market [2] show that his government commands the confidence of foreign powers.

Carmona's greatest victory so far has been the defeat of the heavily-financed masonic revolution of last February. Unlike previous upheavals, which generally caused more annoyance than alarm, this was a carefully-prepared conspiracy to undo the good work of Carmona. His unforgivable sin, in the eyes of the Freemasons, is

[1] The total number of uprisings is much larger. In 1925 there were six such disturbances, but they cannot be dignified with the name of revolution.

[2] The *Times* says this loan is as high as £12,000,000.

the friendly attitude he has displayed towards the Church since his advent to power. At the opening of the National Synod of the Church which was held in Lisbon last year and at which four members of Carmona's Cabinet were officially present, the Cardinal Patriarch stated that the ecclesiastical authorities desired to place on record their appreciation of the friendly relations existing with, and the help they had received from, General Carmona's Government. This friendly spirit has been shown in several ways. Almost the first step taken by Carmona was to grant to the Church certain rights as a corporation of which she had been deprived since 1910. He also suppressed the sale of certain ecclesiastical properties and the transfer of churches to lay uses. Moreover, he abolished the "lay missions" established in the Portuguese colonies by Affonso Costa for the purpose of teaching the natives of Angola and Mozambique to reverence the Republic and hate the Catholic Church.

Antagonism to actions such as these welded together the heterogeneous elements of Masonry and Bolshevism in the revolution which began in Oporto last February. It was directed from masonic headquarters in Paris, as is evidenced by the fact that the rebel manifesto published in Oporto was signed by Affonso Costa who was at the time safely sheltered in the French Capital. Carmona's victory at Oporto and his final defeat of the rebels at Lisbon prevented the setting up of a Red outpost in the extreme West of Europe. Had this masonic revolution been successful, the Church would once again have had to return to the catacomb-like existence she was forced to lead during the years that followed the foundation of the Republic.[1] The religious rights of the people would once more have become a meaningless term, and the outrages now being perpetrated in Mexico under the

[1] In 1924, for instance, a company of the Republican Guard besieged the little village of Vila Nova de Oliverinha for a week to prevent the ringing of the *De Profundis* bell, which was regarded as a violation of the Law of Separation.

name of liberty and progress would have found an echo in the renewed tyranny of Masonic Costa and his Communist satellites.

Under the sensible régime of Carmona, people are beginning to see the importance of the Church for the welfare of the nation. The sequestration of church property was one of the iniquitous consequences of the Law of Separation. General Carmona has already given proof of his intention to undo this evil by handing back the church and house of St. Anthony to their rightful owners. An enthusiastic congregation sang a *Te Deum* when the church was re-opened in October 1926, after having been closed for thirteen years. Negotiations are on foot for having the nuns brought back to the hospitals, and religious instruction is once again permitted in private schools, although still rigorously excluded from the State schools.

The Law of Separation, which was designed for the persecution of the Church, has in reality contributed in great measure towards its purification. The Holy See is now free to appoint her prelates without government intervention. Bishops are no longer compelled, as they were at times under the monarchy, to promote unsuitable candidates to the priesthood or to obey the behests of state officials in the appointment of parish priests. The seminaries, although extremely poor, are filled with a much better type of student. For years after the disestablishment of the Church there was scarcely a student ordained in Portugal. Now the Dioceses of Braga, Oporto and Portalegre have each two seminaries supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful—a striking innovation in Portugal.

The iniquities of the former rulers put genuine Catholics upon their mettle and induced many indifferent members to rally to the cause of the persecuted Church. The result is to be seen to-day in a spirit of co-operation between clergy and laity heretofore unknown in Portugal.

Men are no longer ashamed to salute church or crucifix in public. They take pride in their religion and are glad to proclaim it openly. In former times men went rarely to Holy Communion, and when they did, it was always in secret, behind closed doors. Now there are men's sodalities in several of the churches, with the ordinary round of meetings, missions and monthly Communion. The external activities of the Church bear striking witness to the spiritual regeneration of the people. In the Primatial city of Braga a Eucharistic Congress was held in 1925 and a Marian Congress last year. Both of these drew immense crowds of fervent Catholics from all over Portugal. Fatima, the Lourdes of Portugal, has become the centre of attraction for hundreds of thousands, who have made it a place of pilgrimage and prayer and have received in return innumerable favours through the intercession of her who is the Patroness of Catholic Portugal. Enthusiasm for the cause of the Church is replacing the former shyness of the faithful; a fighting spirit has ousted that indifference which, under the monarchy, was the great obstacle to the progress of religion. The Catholic newspapers in Braga, Oporto and Lisbon are well supported. *As Novidades*, the newspaper founded by the hierarchy, is now admitted to be one of Lisbon's leading dailies, and its policy is having a marked effect on public opinion even in matters of purely secular import.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign of the Catholic renaissance in Portugal is the fervour of its youth. The young men of the cities and the towns are returning instinctively to the living Faith of their forefathers. It is a hopeful sign of the times to see almost every young man in Lisbon salute the church as he passes by. In the newly formed diocese of Villa Real in the extreme north the young men gave forcible proof of their vibrant faith when they hustled a Protestant tract distributor out of the town and

burned his anti-Catholic literature in front of the Cathedral. The university students of Coimbra and Lisbon have joined in a holy pact to promote religion and repress freemasonry. Quite recently two thousand of them appeared before Carmona with a united demand for the abolition of masonic societies throughout Portugal.

Only one thing remains to be accomplished in order to make the Church the most powerful instrument for the welfare of the nation—union among Catholics. The problem is the same as in France. The educated, wealthier portion of the Catholic community are monarchists. For thirteen years they have been content to criticise the bishops for recognising the Republic and have blamed them for trying to better the conditions of the people under the Republic. Still clinging to the fetish of a speedy return of the King, the monarchists have refused to heed the advice of the bishops who have asked them to separate religion from politics and to throw in their lot with the new Catholic centre party, which aims at the purification of national life and the promotion of Catholic interests. If the monarchists would only throw themselves into public life, they could do much to alleviate those evils from which the Church and the nation still suffer. The chief evil in Portugal at the present time is the defective system of education and the complete absence of religious instruction in the State schools. Until that problem is definitely settled there can be no hope for social and religious progress.

M. P. Cleary, O.P.

THE POOR LAW REPORT

BY JOSEPH E. CANAVAN, S.J.

THE Commission set up to inquire into the relief of the sick and destitute poor has just published its Report. The Commissioners, on p. 18, quote the noble words of President Cosgrave written in a preface to the first annual report of the County Galway Board of Health : " It has been well and truly said that kindly care for the poor is the best sign of true civilisation ; and, again, that the condition of a nation's poor indicated the character of the national mind. With the coming of freedom the people of County Galway were quick to realise that at last it was in their power to end for ever the contemptuous treatment of the poor resulting from the workhouse system, and they set about inaugurating a new system with energy and zeal. I have great hope that in County Galway and throughout the Free State the new schemes established for the better relief of the poor and the better care of the sick will be administered prudently and humanely, and that these schemes will win for themselves the confidence of the people. Let us hope that true kindly charity may spring from the good fortune on which, we believe, our country is entering."

The Report all through has been modelled carefully upon these sentiments, and, precisely as a Poor Law Report, is a document of which the country may be proud. As a series of propositions and recommendations touching upon the relief of the poor as beneficiaries under a Poor Law, the Report is admirable—generous, humane, prudent. In other words, the Commission has done its work well within its terms of reference. But we may ask the question of this as of every other Poor Law, whether the problem of poverty in a country is dealt with sufficiently by the humane administration of a Poor Law,

whether any such law, however admirably conceived, can be regarded as anything more than a temporary expedient; —whether, in short, the principles on which it operates are the final and decisive expression of that "true charity" of which the President speaks and to which we may appeal as a wider term of reference.

The virtue which prompts us to be benevolent towards our fellows is called charity in our times, whereas to St. Thomas charity meant exclusively the love of God—it was the virtue which united us to God. Much of what passes under the name of charity now St. Thomas placed under love, benevolence and mercy. Love and benevolence have not the same range and depth as friendship, which is the highest expression of mutual love. St. Thomas in the *Summa* (2, 2, q. 25, a 7, c.) quotes with approval from Aristotle the five characteristic marks of friendship: "*Each one, in the first place, wishes his friend to be alive; secondly, he wishes for him good things; thirdly, he works that his friend may acquire and enjoy benefits; fourthly, it is his delight to be in his friend's society; fifthly, he agrees with his friend, and measures success and failure by the same standards.*" If a person feels sorrow at another's misery and seeks to assuage or remove it, without, however, feeling or seeking for the intimate pleasure of his companionship, he exercises, in St. Thomas's analysis, a benevolent mercy. This mercy may show itself towards the unfortunate in greater or lesser degree, according as it stops short at the first characteristic of friendship or embraces the second and third notes as well. And nowadays social workers are fully alive to the fact that that charity is inadequate which gives sufficient assistance to keep the destitute alive, and nothing more, just as they are aware of another truth stated by St. Thomas, that charity should not be haphazard. "Mercy," he writes, "can be regulated by reason, and, because of that, may be regarded as a virtue." (2, 2, q. 30, a.3, c.).

Every act elicited from the motive of mercy or charity

has a twofold bearing—the first towards the person to be benefited, the second towards the good we desire for him. If one or other term of the act falls short of what right reason demands, the act, as an act of charity, is defective. With these principles as my guide, I propose to criticise the Poor Law Report both as a Poor Law Report and as a solution of the more general problem of pauperism.

The persons into whose misery the Commissioners were instructed to inquire, for the purpose of devising a system of Poor Law relief, were the sick and destitute poor, especially widows and their children, orphan and deserted children, unmarried mothers and their children, and mental defectives provided for in public institutions. No one will deny that these classes stand in special need of public assistance, given that they exist, and are unable to provide for themselves. And it is particularly creditable to the Government that in framing the terms of reference they attached so much importance to the care of children, of the sick, and of women in difficult circumstances. It is entirely proper that the State, at all events in the last resort, should provide for these classes by a Poor Law if no better remedy is at hand; and the Commission has shown all through the Report a generous and sympathetic interest in these unfortunate people.

There is, however, another class far more difficult to deal with—the able-bodied who may be legally entitled to relief as destitute persons, since, in all the schemes drawn up by counties at the instance of the Local Government Department of Dáil Eireann in 1921, a person eligible for relief is one who is unable by his own industry or other lawful means to provide for himself and his dependants the necessaries of life or necessary medical or surgical treatment. As the able-bodied poor may not be admitted to County Homes, the only relief to which they are entitled and which the County Council may legally dispense, is Outdoor Relief or Home Assistance.

By this provision the schemes sought to "end for ever the contemptuous treatment of the poor resulting from the workhouse system," and resorted to the expedient which proved so costly to the English tax- and ratepayer previous to 1834. Subsequent to 1834 the able-bodied could be assisted under English law only in the workhouse; and in order to prevent the workhouse becoming an almshouse where idle persons could enjoy accommodation at the public expense, the law imposed on the able-bodied residents the "workhouse test," which was that the able-bodied should be put to work in conditions less eligible than those of the independent labourer of the lowest class. The Commission in its Report approves of the method of relieving the able-bodied poor in their own homes, subject to two important qualifications, to be found under paragraphs 162 and 163 :—

> With a view to economy and on the whole, we see no reason for imposing the old absolute restrictions, though, as stated before, we think it is perhaps a mistake not to leave those in control a discretionary power as to whether the assistance shall be given at an institution or at home.
>
> The Board of Health are not without power to test able-bodied persons seeking home assistance. Under the County Boards of Health (Assistance) Order, 1924, they can require the performance of such suitable task or work as the Board may determine so long as home assistance continues. It should be possible, with the assistance of the County Surveyor, in the case of the able-bodied, to devise a scheme of work for such which might be as effective a test of their need as the workhouse was intended to be.

It appears from this paragraph that the able-bodied should receive no relief other than Home Assistance, and that the Commission recommends the imposition of a "work-test," which, though not the "workhouse test," will be just as searching. How can it be just as effective unless the recipient is set to work in conditions less favourable than those of the labourer of the lowest class? Is his wage for this work to be less than the standard

wage, in fact nothing more than the dole paid to him under the Poor Law? And if this is what the Report suggests, how does it end "the contemptuous treatment of the poor resulting from the workhouse system"? And how can the County Surveyor devise schemes of useful and productive work for which the county does not pay the standard living wage? It would seem that if the surveyor could set afoot work which was worth doing, he could and should pay for it, and so withdraw the workers from the administration of the Poor Law. Until these questions are answered, we confess that this portion of the Report is unsatisfactory.

Furthermore, though Home Assistance is the best method of relief from the social point of view, there is grave danger that it is open to abuse, that it is apt to be extravagant and unduly costly, and it undoubtedly requires careful supervision if the taxpayer is to be protected. The Report refers to this danger in paragraphs 158 and 163:—

> To avoid abuse in the administration of Home Assistance, without being able to fall back upon a test such as "the workhouse test," requires careful scrutiny of each applicant's case and courage and determination to resist undue pressure to afford relief under circumstances that may not altogether warrant its being given.

> We recognise that Home Assistance is the form of relief most open to abuse, and that, therefore, it requires most careful administration and supervision, and should only be afforded as a matter of urgency, after most careful investigation of all the circumstances of the applicant.

The Commission puts forward certain suggestions, in order to secure that the administration of Outdoor Relief will be managed on the most economical lines. Their chief proposal is that the Boards of Health should be abolished and a paid official appointed in their stead, who should be responsible to the County Council for the entire administration of the Poor Law. This official should have under him other officials resident at con-

venient points in the county, who, on the receipt of applications for relief, should examine carefully into the circumstances of the applicants.

It is undoubtedly necessary to secure that public money is not squandered on undeserving cases; but it is hardly in accordance with "true kindly charity" to subject the poor to the inquisitive prying of public officials into their affairs, if information about them can be obtained in a more humane way. It is, therefore, surprising that when the Commission came to consider this aspect of Home Assistance it did not thoroughly investigate the Elberfeld System, to which their attention was drawn. In the Elberfeld System the duty of investigation and relief is undertaken by voluntary assistants, who, just because they live in the same parish or area as the applicants, are bound to be better informed about them, without being annoyingly inquisitive, than any official. That system has been working for some time in Germany and has met with considerable success there. The judgment of this system in the Report is as follows: "In practice the Elberfeld System is workable only in large urban areas and towns or districts that are very thickly populated. . . . We would hesitate to recommend its application definitely in the Saorstát without studying more closely than has been possible the conditions under which it is worked in Germany." (§ 184). One wonders how the Commission found it impossible to study the Elberfeld System at close quarters, considering the anxiety displayed all through its Report for effective and economic administration of public money in the most humane manner for the relief of the poor. Granting that the system is best suited to densely populated districts; granting also that the Commission's reluctance to disburse public funds through voluntary agencies is a prudent reluctance, nevertheless the Commission might have been able, if it had studied the German system at first hand, to adapt its leading principles to the special needs and

circumstances of our own country. If it had done so, the Commission would have made a very valuable contribution to the kindly administration of poor relief.

The rest of the Report merits unqualified approval. The Commission is fully aware of the necessity of restorative and remedial action in poor relief, and therefore recommends that no children be kept in the County Homes, that as many as possible of them should be boarded out, and that the residue who cannot be provided for otherwise should be sent to Industrial Schools. By utilising both the system of boarding out and the Industrial Schools, the Report provides well for the children of the destitute poor who are not entitled to Home Assistance, for thus an effort is made to educate these children to domestic ties, to personal resource and to a trade, and thus a fair prospect is opened up of rescuing them from a state of permanent pauperism. The remark under § 255 is particularly valuable and far-seeing: "In visiting the Industrial Schools we were informed that it is sometimes a matter of difficulty to place boys, on discharge from the School, in the way of becoming fully qualified tradesmen. We think an effective means should exist of enabling every boy who shows aptitude in a particular trade and who wishes to take it up as a means of livelihood, with the approval of the authorities, to be apprenticed on discharge from the School, and provision should be made for his maintenance during the period of apprenticeship." Constructive relief on the part of the State could hardly go further than this, because it means that it is part of the system of relief to provide suitable recipients with the opportunity of recovering their economic independence by their own exertions.

We may, however, ask what should be the reasonable prejudice of the public and the Government towards a Poor Law, towards even so excellent a Poor Law as the one outlined in the Report. And to answer this question we must first decide what the normal functions of a Government are.

The citizens of a commonwealth are bound, in virtue of general or legal justice, to work together for a common end, which is nothing else than the civic peace and prosperity of the community to be achieved by the co-operation of every member of the community. This duty lies upon individuals prior to the act of government by just authority, whose normal function, based upon the antecedent obligation to co-operate on the part of individuals, is to define what is for the common good in particular policies, to give by law a unity of end to many disparate wills, and by sanctions to restrain recalcitrant subjects from disturbing this unity. The unifying act of authority is necessary, because without it individuals fail to agree on common policies and are deficient in the force required to keep them moving as a body towards an appointed end. Very frequently there is no definite obligation, apart from the direction of the State, to promote the general good in this way rather than in that; and in regulating conduct in matters of this kind the Legislature is acting within its own province and along the lines of its proper jurisdiction. The State is said to *intervene* when it acts in matters which are not exclusively its concern, but in which it has a title to interfere. Thus it intervenes when it protects its nationals abroad, and when it adjusts the relation of commutative justice between man and man.

Does this mean that the State may intervene to the extent of prescribing all virtuous acts and prohibiting all vices on the plea that virtue necessarily promotes and vice inevitably retards the public good? Some sociologists hold the opinion that it may do so, but this is an exaggerated view of the State's duties. Though it is true that the observance of the natural law is necessary for the continued and stable well-being of the individual and the community, it does not follow that the State may or should intervene by adding the sanctions of positive law to every natural precept and prohibition. In general, the State

should not normally exert its powers in regard to the performance of those acts to whose exercise incentives, prior to those supplied by the State, are or ought to be sufficient. It is impossible to lay down general rules which govern the State's powers of intervention, and to mark out its limits in every case, in every set of circumstances. Much must be left to prudence, to common sense; and an essential element of common sense is the recognition on the part of public authority that the citizen must be accorded certain liberty of action, not in the sense that he is free of the obligation to prefer the general to his private advantage, but in the sense that the invasion and curtailment of his liberty by the coercive force of civil law is likely often to do a greater injury to the public well-being than the omission of the law.

We admit that the State, in modern times, may and should intervene in the administration of alms, because poverty is so widespread and its cure so complex that private and parochial benevolence cannot satisfy adequately the wants of the poor. Though it is true that the works of charity do not normally pertain to the State, still public peace and order do; and if the number of the poor is so large as to threaten the commonweal, the State may intervene for their relief in the name of legal justice, and impose a tax on the wealthier citizens for the upkeep of the poor. However, the State should not regard this interference as its normal function, but as a temporary expedient until conditions change; and, moreover, it should be a paramount interest of the State to bring about such changes as will remove the need of public assistance. The Government indulges a false complacency if it regards any poor law as its final solution of pauperism. Such a law is, at best, nothing more than a palliative.

Moreover, the dole, of itself, produces poverty by destroying initiative and the manly desire for independence. It demands no effort from the recipient; it does not encourage thrift and foresight; it is easily got and

easily gone. This vast *eleemosyna civica*, like the old *annona civica*, perpetuates pauperism and throws the aged and infirm inevitably upon the rates. It should be regarded as a desperate expedient to keep the destitute alive until other and better plans are devised on sounder social and economic principles. That Government is governing well which strives to dispense with a poor law ; and it has not struck at the roots of pauperism until it has addressed itself to frame a system of relief which demands an effort from the recipients and encourages a spirit of thrifty independence.

If industry could pay a full living wage, the problem would be greatly simplified. And by a living wage is meant something more, a great deal more, than what is necessary to keep the worker alive. A *Code Social*, drawn up recently by certain Catholic sociologists,[1] states boldly : " Le salaire vital, comprenant la subsistance du travailleur et de sa famille, l'assurance contre les risques d'accident, de maladie, de vieillesse et de chômage, est le salaire minimum dû par l'employeur en justice." This is the opinion of many Catholic moralists and sociologists to-day, and seems to be fairly on the way to become the *sententia communis*. If industry in a country cannot afford a full living wage to all the able-bodied willing to work, the country is to that extent insolvent. A government's first duty is to deal with the problem of unemployment. Unfortunately no government has yet discovered a satisfactory solution of this the greatest of modern problems.

J. E. Canavan.

[1] *Code Social. Esquisse d'une Synthèse sociale catholique.* (Editions Spes, 1927).

APOSTLES OF THE CONGO

BY HELENA CONCANNON, M.A.

L'Apôtre du Congo : Mgr. Augouard. Par G. G. Beslier. (Editions de la Vraie France. 1926. 12 fr.).

Monseigneur Augouard. Par Georges Goyau. (Plon. 1926. 10 fr.).

Sous le Zéro équatorial : Études et Scènes africaines. Par Maurice Briault. (Bloud & Gay. 1927. 12 fr. 60).

IN the year 1873, when France, hardly emerged from the disasters of '71, was considering the exchange of her fortified station on the estuary of the Gaboon for that of Bathurst in British Gambia, the two Holy Ghost Fathers in charge of the Gaboon Mission, Mgr. Bessieux and Mgr. Le Berre, received a visit from the Admiral commanding the French Atlantic Squadron, du Quilo, and a young naval officer of Italian origin in the same service, Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza. Their errand was to announce the contemplated abandonment of Gaboon, and to offer their services for the transfer of the missionaries to some other region. They were met by a refusal couched by Mgr. Bessieux in words which have become historic : " Here we have been led by Providence, and here we will remain, to hold the post—alone if need be—for the Catholic Church and for our dear France. We stand here at a gate ; any year, now, it may open on an immense continent. We will stay." Such an impression did these words make on the Admiral that he succeeded in getting annulled the arrangement for the abandonment of the *Comptoir* ; and when, within four years of that memorable interview, " the gate opened "—showing, behind the emerging figure of Stanley and the ragged survivors of his Expedition, the long-hidden regions

of Central Africa—France, in the person of her heroic missionaries, was ready to pass through. "Were it not for our missionaries," says Mgr. Le Roy, "there might be to-day no French Congo."[1]

To do France justice, she has not failed to recognise her debt to her missionaries, and has more than once expressed that recognition. Thirty-three years ago, when, before a distinguished audience in the Sorbonne, Jules Simon placed on the brow of Mgr. Augouard the "Couronne Civique" voted to the Bishop of Upper Congo by the *Société d'Encouragement au Bien*, he made himself his country's mouthpiece in appreciating the *rôle* of the great missionary prelate. "Preceding, for the most part, our explorers, advancing into the barbarous regions of Africa, with the crucifix in one hand and the flag of France in the other, he has won for civilisation and for France a territory three times as extensive as that of the mother country: and we may truly acclaim him a great Frenchman, since he has never divorced the two supreme cults—God and Country."

The work done for God and France by Mgr. Augouard during his forty-three years of missionary labours in Central Africa has been long familiar to his countrymen. Before the outbreak of the World War, when the "Congo Question" (in which, through Sir Roger Casement, Ireland was directly interested) occupied the attention of Europe, the Baron Jehan de Witte contributed to the international discussion his notable book, *Les Deux Congo*, the first part of which was devoted to an account of the "conquests" of Mgr. Augouard. After the death of the Archbishop, the Baron wrote his *Life*—and that in so complete and masterly a manner that the last word on the subject might seem to have been said.

Such, however, has not proved the case—as is testified by the recent, almost simultaneous, appearance of two books: M. Georges Goyau's *Monseigneur Augouard* and

[1] *Les Missions Catholiques Françaises au XIXe siècle*, Vol. V, p. 227.

Madame Beslier's *L'Apôtre du Congo*—to the latter of which Mgr. Le Roy has acted as sponsor.

One imagines, indeed, that Mgr. Le Roy has done more—that it was he himself who indicated, to occupy a literary gift of rare and delicate distinction (born, or at least first fully revealed, in the struggle for expression of a mother's anguish over the grave of her exquisite little daughter),[1] a subject worthy of it, and helped Madame Beslier's talent to " find itself " in the cultivation of a field which bears richly, amongst its other growths, " the herb of healing."

Healing not for individual hurts alone ! The inclusion of *L'Apôtre du Congo* in the Series, *Editions de la Vraie France*, has a special significance. It is at once a recognition of freeman's rights in the aristocratic *Civitas* of French Letters, won for the new Literature of the Missions by such masterpieces as M. Goyau's *Origines religieuses du Canada*, and an admission that this literature ranks high among those forces of regeneration and reconstruction through which France must work out her salvation.

Writing in the closest touch with the Rue Lhomond, and drawing her materials directly from the missionary annals and archives (of the Holy Ghost Fathers) preserved there, Madame Beslier has brought out in her portrait of Mgr. Augouard the features of the great Missionary still more than of the " Grand Français " of Jules Simon's eulogium. Therein lies indeed the chief appeal of her book—its chief justification, apart from its own beauty—since the other aspects of Augouard's work have been more emphasised by the Baron de Witte and, to some extent, even by M. Goyau.

M. Goyau's book—a reprint of a series of articles published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and based on the three volumes of Augouard's *Correspondance* and the two books of the Baron de Witte, is the work of a brilliant *conférencier*, an adept of the higher journalism. Like

[1] *Une Lumière passe : Vie de Elizabeth Beslier* (1900-1919), Paris, 1925.

every product of M. Goyau's workshop it bears the master's hall-mark—guarantee of good workmanship and good metal—and like most of them it has a definite purpose in view, a definite thesis to establish. In this case it is to prove to the sceptics, by direct demonstration, the part played by her Missions in the establishment of France as a great colonial power, and the successes they have won for her in her *rôle* of Civiliser.

Father Maurice Briault's "Studies and Scenes" of African life, as sketched from the viewpoint of a missionary of fifteen years' experience, rank high in literature as well as being very good missionary propaganda. Clean of colour, and very pure and steady in line, they show us with great vividness the scenes and places in which the African missionary carries out his work, and the people to whom he carries his message. It is a good book to take up—as at least one reader can testify—after such a volume as Ernest Psichari's *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil*—to heal the vague *malaise* left by contact with the wistful and troubled soul of the Centurion, and his still unanswered questionings. Into our hearts, when they have been riven by the almost intolerable pathos of an episode like the death of Sama, Psicheri's little Baya "bearer"—and Psichari's helplessness before it—what a sense of appeasement steals from the story of such another little "Bearer," suggested in *Les Porteurs*—a priestly vocation, the first spark of which was kindled in the flame of the missionary's bivouac fire, that lights up the black curtain of the forest and trembles above the darkling river!

II

How came it that when the gate swung on its hinges at last, pushed on the one side by Stanley and on the other by Brazza—to reveal the long-guarded secrets of Central Africa and the impressive riches of the Basin of the Upper Congo—the French missionaries were posted beside it ready to pass through and stake out their

country's claims ? The answer to that question invokes the memory of the two Irish priests, for whom (though their own countrymen have let their names and story be largely forgotten) a great claim may be made. It is no less than the initiation of the whole stupendous missionary movement for the conversion of Africa which marks our own time—the resumption of the Catholic Missions, to which the " freethinker " statesmen of the eighteenth century had dealt what seemed for a time the death blow.

In 1817 there was founded at Washington, mainly by the efforts of Elias Caldwell, a body called the American Colonization Society, the main object of which was to found in Africa a colony for liberated negro slaves. From 1820 to 1823 various groups of such colonists embarked for Africa, and after an unsuccessful attempt to establish themselves on the Island of Sherbro to the south of Sierra Leone, they finally settled at a point of Cape Mesurado, to which they gave the name of Monrovia[1] in honour of President Monroe, an enthusiastic protector of the movement of which it was the outcome. The care of this colony, as well as that of a later one called Mississippi, was confided to Methodist ministers—and no provision was made either for the religious needs of the stray Catholics who might have been included among the colonists, or to combat the proselytising efforts of the Methodists among the native populations on the African Continent. How tremendous these were destined to be an extract from Fr. Goeppert's *Life of Father Libermann* will show :—

> In less than fifty years the different evangelical societies established, along the West African Coast, over fifty institutions, the principal of which were at Sierra Leone and Liberia, a twofold asylum opened, the former by England and the latter by America, for emancipated negroes. Sierra Leone rapidly attained a population of 40,000 souls and Liberia double that number, by gathering together blacks belonging to nearly all the African tribes. These

[1] Now the capital of the Republic of Liberia, whose declaration of Independence dates from 26th July, 1847.

were great centres whence Protestantism might easily spread along the coast and penetrate into the interior of Africa. In 1847 there were in Sierra Leone twenty-four houses of worship belonging to nineteen different sects, and sixty Protestant ministers disposed of £200,000 for heretic propaganda.

A little after the establishment of Monrovia the Catholics of Maryland established a similar colony at Cape Palmas, and thereupon the question of providing Catholic missionaries became acute. Our great countryman, Bishop England of Charlestown, had already called the attention of Propaganda to the situation, and the matter was referred to the Second Provincial Synod of Baltimore (1833), which petitioned the Holy See to entrust the Mission to the Jesuits.

For some reason this was not found possible; and finally, in 1840, Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia and Bishop Hughes of New York decided to send out two of their own priests, who offered themselves for the arduous mission. Both of them were Irish. Father Edward Barron was a Waterford man, a brother of Sir Henry Winton Barron of that county. His ecclesiastical studies were made at Propaganda, Rome, whence, with the degree of D.D., he returned to Ireland to work for a few years on the Irish Mission. He then volunteered for the diocese of Philadelphia, where he became in turn pastor of St. Mary's Church, President of St. Charles Borromeo's Theological College, and finally Vicar-General of the diocese—a post he resigned when he offered himself for the hard and thankless task of missionary to the Blacks of Cape Palmas.

His *confrère*, Father John Kelly,[1] was a Tyrone man, brother of the famous New York banker, the late Mr.

[1] Father Kelly was born in Trillick, Co. Tyrone, in 1805. He came to America in his teens, and entered St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, where he was ordained in 1833. He first ministered in St. Patrick's, New York; then in Saratoga and other "up-state" Missions. In 1837 he was made Pastor of the newly erected parish of Albany, and it was in Albany that the call to the African Mission found him. He was closely connected with Archbishop Hughes of New York, as his brother Eugene was married to the Archbishop's sister.

Eugene Kelly, and uncle of Mr. Thomas Hughes Kelly of New York and Paris, whom most of us in Ireland have reason to know very well, by name at least, for his generous interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the land of his fathers.

Accompanied by a young lad of eighteen from Fermoy, Co. Cork, Denis Pindar, who had offered himself in the capacity of catechist, the two missionaries set out in December, 1841, for Monrovia, which they reached after an uneventful voyage. Finding only a few Catholics at Monrovia, they went on to Cape Palmas, where on Feast of St. Brigid, 1842, Father Barron said his first Mass—" in that land where the Gospel had not been preached since the early days of the seventeenth century."

Leaving Father John Kelly and Denis Pindar to continue the work he had thus inaugurated, Father Barron returned, after a short time, to Europe, to give Propaganda an account of the mission, to realise his ancestral estate in Ireland to help to finance it, and to enlist the aid of other missionaries. At Rome he was nominated Vicar-Apostolic of the Two Guineas and Sierra Leone—a diocese that left nothing to be desired from the point of view of size, for it took in some 2,000 leagues of coast line and as much of the interior of Africa as he might feel disposed to claim ! The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, then recently established at Lyons, gave him some financial assistance, and the Minister-General of the Capuchins promised him the help of some of his Spanish Friars—one of whom was even named Prefect Apostolic. Unexpected difficulties, however, arose, and the arrangements with the Capuchins fell through.

Then Bishop Barron turned for help to Our Lady of Victories, and she came to his aid in her own royal manner.

The Blessed Francis Mary Paul Libermann had recently founded, from among the students of Saint Sulpice, a society called " Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Mary," whose special object was the evangelisation of the Blacks.

Through various causes the missionary fields in which they had laboured—Hayti, Mauritius and Bourbon—were suddenly closed to them, and Père Libermann, the Superior of Missionaries without a Mission, came to the feet of Our Lady of Victories to tell his trouble to her—and to be brought face to face in her gracious presence with her other client, whose need was an inversion of his own—that of the Head of a Mission without Missionaries.

Through the instrumentality of M. Desgenettes, the saintly Curé of Notre Dame des Victoires, Barron and Libermann were brought together, and before they separated the Bishop obtained from the Founder of the "Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Mary" a promise of seven of the Fathers of that Society to help him in his African mission field. Their names were: Pères Bessieux, de Régnier, Roussel, Maurice, Bouchet, Audebert and Laval. They were subsequently joined by three lay brothers: John Fabé, Gregory and Andrew; and thirteen in number, as the old Irish missionaries loved to be, in memory of Christ and the twelve Apostles, they sailed from Bordeaux on 13 September, 1843, and landed at Cape Palmas on the 30th November, the Feast of St. Andrew.

Three days later, on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, they solemnly inaugurated their Mission by a Procession (during which they chanted the Psalms *Exsurgat Deus* and the *Magnificat*) and a sermon preached by Father Bessieux, through an interpreter, to the blacks of a neighbouring village.

For about a fortnight all went well, and the missionaries attacked with great zest their first task, the study of the difficult Grebo tongue, under the tuition of the local king's brother. But ignorant of the necessary measures to preserve their health in that deadly climate, most of them were soon attacked by the terrible African fever, which carried off Father de Régnier exactly a month after his arrival (31st December). The following day,

New Year's Day, 1844, poor Denis Pindar, who had helped Father John Kelly to nurse them all with the greatest devotion as he had previously nursed Father Kelly himself, fell dead of sunstroke. Three weeks later Father Roussel was carried off by brain fever.

In the meantime Bishop Barron was at sea. Joined in London by four young Irish clerics who had offered themselves for his Mission, he had sailed from Gravesend on November 1st, and it was not until February, 1844, that he reached Cape Palmas. On discovering the appalling condition of things there he determined to bring his missionaries away from that fatal spot, and to locate them at the French trading stations at Assinie and the Great Bassam. Father Bessieux, however, was left behind for a time at Cape Palmas, from which, according to arrangement, he was to be taken off later by a French man-of-war. The French man-of-war forgot all about him, and there he was left—with consequences that were to prove momentous both for France and the Missions.

Alas! death was not yet satisfied with the harvest he had already reaped among Bishop Barron's devoted little company. Father Bouchet and the young Irish deacon, John Kelly, died at sea; Father Audebert at the Great Bassam (6th July); Father Laval at Assinie (31st July); Father Maurice and Brothers Andrew and John Fabé returned to Europe, and Brother Gregory would have gone with them had he not been lying so ill at Assinie that his death was momentarily expected.

Heart-broken at the loss of his missionaries, poor Bishop Barron determined to report in person to Rome, and then resign his Mission. Father John Kelly held out for a little longer, and then he too abandoned the field. They both returned to the United States, and their subsequent story may be here briefly told. Dr. Barron, whose health had been gravely affected by his experiences, and who had never fully recovered from an attack of the African fever, nevertheless laboured with great devotion in Phila-

delphia, St. Louis and Florida. In 1854 he was in Savannah during a terrible epidemic of yellow fever, to which he succumbed. As he lay dying in the house of Bishop Gartland, where he had been received, an appalling hurricane unroofed the edifice, thus hastening his death, which took place on 12 September, 1854. Father Kelly became, after his return to the States, first pastor of Jersey City, where he laboured with truly apostolic zeal until his death in 1866. Gilmary Shea, who knew him intimately, got from him the particulars of the African Mission, which he has gathered into his *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*. Another old worker in the same Mission also gave Gilmary Shea additional facts. This was Father Maurice, who, after his return from Africa, sailed for Canada, where he spent many years in the diocese of Toronto. He subsequently became pastor of St. Peter's, Buffalo.

All this time, like the man-of-war, the *Eglantine*, which forgot to call for Father Bessieux, we have left that poor missionary abandoned at Cape Palmas. At last, after months of weary waiting, he was taken off by another frigate, the *Zebra*, which landed him at Assinie, where he hoped to find his Bishop and his fellow labourers. He found they were all dead or departed—except Brother Gregory, who had come back from the very gates of the tomb, and was eking out a miserable existence as servant to a local slave dealer at the munificent wages of half a franc a month.

The *Zebra*, with Father Bessieux and Brother Gregory on board, touched at Prince's Island, where, finding an octogenarian Portuguese priest, Padre José, the two missionaries took the opportunity of going to Confession. As the padre had apparently not many penitents, he made the most of the occasion, and ordered his chapel bell to be rung to assemble the population. Then he solemnly enthroned himself in a big armchair in the sanctuary, directed his penitents to kneel down—and

there and then, in the midst of his duly impressed flock, began to hear their confessions.

From Prince's Island the *Zebra* set sail for Gaboon, where a small fort had been set up by the French navy to keep a look-out for vessels engaged in the slave trade. The Commandant of the fort welcomed the missionaries warmly, and the day after their arrival, the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, 1844, Father Bessieux said his first Mass in this region, which he was destined to make such a radiant centre of missionary activity. The " chapel " was a tiny store, the altar was made of a few rough boards; but surely never, in the grandest cathedrals, did He Who is both High Priest and Victim in the great Sacrifice find a more rapturous welcoming than that which rose to meet Him that morning from the hearts of the two derelict missionaries, who had starved for Him so long!

As no news had reached Father Libermann of Father Bessieux during eighteen months, it was assumed that both he and Brother Gregory were dead, and their names were duly inscribed in the *Necrology* of their Society, and they were prayed for each day. At last letters from Bessieux himself came to the hands of his Superior, telling his wonderful story; and as, in the meantime, Dr. Barron's resignation had been accepted by the Holy See, and the Mission entrusted to Libermann's Society, two priests, Fathers Le Berre and Briot de la Maillerie, together with a lay brother, Frère Pierre, were sent out to Gaboon.

A letter of Father Le Berre describes how the new-comers found their long lost colleague when they reached their destination at noon on the Feast of the Assumption, 1846 :—

Father Bessieux came out himself in a pirogue (canoe) to take us off the *Caïman*. He was so worn and pale as to be hardly recognisable. On landing, our first visit was to the Chapel, which occupied the centre of a miserable wooden hut. An empty gin-box, lined with white calico, and with a stone slab to cover the aperture, served as the tabernacle. An old herring barrel

covered with muslin formed a pedestal for a poor little statue of the Blessed Virgin. Three or four children, who already knew a few words of French and some of their Catechism, formed the whole hope of the Mission. The "treasury" was empty except for a few lengths of cheap muslin, some leaf tobacco, and a ha'penny—a wretched little ha'penny that would hurt you to look at, so lonesome did it appear.

Two years later (1848), Father Libermann's Society was incorporated with that of the Holy Ghost Fathers, and a new impetus was given to its missionary aspirations. Père Bessieux, recalled for a short visit to Europe, returned to his station as Vicar Apostolic of the Two Guineas, and brought back some additional missionaries and a little company of nuns, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception—among them the famous Sister Saint Charles, whose wonderful story of more than half a century of missionary work at the Equator has been told with great charm by Father Maurice Briault in his *Une Soeur Missionaire.*

Fathers and Sisters were soon provided with new objects for their missionary efforts. The frigate *Penelope* captured in 1849 a slave dhow with forty-six Congo negroes and negresses on board. They were landed at Gaboon, and on a clearing made on a plateau about a mile from the Fort a little town of huts was erected for them, to which was given the impressive name of Libreville, while Father Le Berre was officially named their "Professor of Morals." The [illegible] did not last long—its constituents either dying off [illegible] migrating. After their departure the *personnel* of [illegible] Fort was moved to the abandoned site on the plateau, which, retaining its name of Libreville, soon saw the beginnings of the town destined to become the present capital of French Congo. The Fort, in its turn turned over to the Mission, became the headquarters of Mgr. Bessieux and his confrères; and its title, *Sainte Marie du Gabon*, was destined to be written in capital letters in the missionary history of Africa.

HELENA CONCANNON

(*To be continued*).

IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS?

BY J. A. LLOYD, F.R.A.S.

THE problem of life on other worlds is a very fascinating one, and one that is moreover continually cropping up. The close approaches of Mars to the earth every two years or so never fail to give a certain popular stimulus to it. People who, in the ordinary way, never bother their heads about the astronomer and his doings, are more than willing at those periods to lend an ear to what the star-gazer has to say about this perennially vital question.

Certain markings on Mars, popularly called canals, have led many people, including some well-known astronomers, to the conclusion that Mars is inhabited by a race of very intelligent beings. How far this belief is justified will become evident presently.

Nor is the daily press backward in fostering this popular interest. Knowing the wide popular appeal the question makes, it takes care to provide its readers with all the sensation they crave for. Consequently one is not surprised to see the papers full of accounts of how attempts are being made to communicate with Mars, and how the Martians are also just as busy endeavouring to signal to us.

Of course, there is no need to stress the fact that all this is just so much nonsense; but it goes to prove that the subject is a vitally interesting one to millions of people who are not, in any sense of the term, astronomers.

We do not know who started this question of life on other worlds; but it has been exploited with good effect by novelists and romance writers. H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, and others have made effective use of the theme; but as their books are admittedly fiction, they merely

entertain without deceiving us. It has, unfortunately, been otherwise.

In the year 1835 an American newspaper reporter concocted a shameful story which hoaxed an entire continent, and which, for sheer audacity, has never been beaten. Even now it is often referred to as the "Great Lunar Hoax." The story appeared in a New York paper, *The Sun*, and so great was the sensation it evoked that it was found necessary to issue a special pamphlet edition of 60,000 copies, an enormous circulation in those days, and which was sold out in less than a month.

The article described how Sir John Herschel had constructed a huge telescope with an object-glass measuring twenty-four feet in diameter and weighing seven tons. The instrument magnified 42,000 times ; an impossible telescope and an utterly impossible power.

When this fantastic telescope was turned to the moon, the discoveries that were immediately made were astounding, and we can well imagine it ! All sorts of curious creatures were discovered, and their ways, and also the ways and customs of the intelligent inhabitants of the moon, were minutely described.

Now the weak point of the story is this. The moon is at a distance of 240,000 miles from the earth. Even supposing that we could apply a magnifying power of 42,000 on any telescope, the moon would still appear to be over $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, and one cannot see much of the habits of men and animals when they are more than five miles off.

But the highest power that can be applied with any advantage to the moon and planets with any telescope is about 1,000, and with this power the moon would appear at a distance of 240 miles. Of course, in theory, we could use any magnifying power we pleased, up to the limit of separating power of the telescope, but in practice things do not work out quite like that ; for the unsteadiness of our atmosphere renders the use of very high

magnification impossible. When we pass a certain limit, we do not see more and more detail as we should expect, but less, for the image in the telescope becomes woolly and blurred.

This then is the point that must be driven home at the very beginning, that the telescope cannot furnish us with a direct and decisive answer to the problem of extra-terrestrial life. It is only by indirect methods that we can hope to reach a solution, if ever we do.

But the moon is not the only body that comes under the astronomer's scrutiny. In the heavens there is a great variety of objects which it behoves us to examine, endeavouring to reason from what we see whether they can by any possibility be the abodes of life.

First there are the nebulae. We begin with these, because it is well for us to clear away the impossibles first of all, in order to devote more space to the possibles and probables.

Let us, for our purpose, select one nebula only, and one that is familiar to all, the Great Nebula in Orion. This object is the finest example of the class of gaseous nebulae, and is the most magnificent and impressive nebula in the whole heavens. It is inconceivably remote, and its size is correspondingly vast. It is found by astronomers to be exactly what we should expect from its appearance, namely a vast expanse of glowing gas.

It may naturally be asked how it is possible for us to ascertain the nature of an object like this, situated at such an unthinkable distance from us. The answer is that the secret of its composition is contained in the light it gives out, and we can analyse that light, or take it to pieces, by means of an instrument called a spectroscope.

Everyone knows, I suppose, that white light, as we call it, is not a simple thing. It is a mixture of light of all colours. But we do not see the different colours because they all pass into the eye together, and the result we call white light.

In order to see the various colours and hues contained in sunlight, we have to break up a beam by passing it through a three-cornered piece of glass called a prism. In this way we can sort out the various colours into a rainbow-like ribbon which we call a spectrum, violet at one end and red at the other, with every imaginable shade and tint between. Indeed the rainbow in the sky is caused by raindrops breaking up sunlight in this way.

Of course, before we can satisfactorily analyse the light from the sun or any other body, we must arrange our prism of glass in a special way in the instrument referred to, the spectroscope. Some spectroscopes employ several prisms, or it may be a piece of speculum metal ruled with an enormous number of fine parallel lines; but in all cases the ultimate motive, as we may say, is the same, to take light to pieces.

Now when the sun is examined with such an instrument, we find the spectrum is crossed with an enormous number of fine dark lines. They are called "Fraunhofer's lines," after the famous German physicist, but we need not worry about that. What is important to us is that these lines inform us of the presence of definite elements in the sun.

Now when the spectroscope is applied to the Great Nebula in Orion, it tells us that we are gazing on a vast expanse of glowing gas, and further, that this gas is for the most part hydrogen gas.

We cannot imagine any kind of life, and much less intelligent life, upon what is merely a kind of thin fog, far thinner really than any mist we get on earth; more like a vacuum than anything else. So we are constrained to exclude the whole class of gaseous nebulae, of which the Great Nebula in Orion is a type, from our list of possible abodes of life.

However, there are other nebulae besides gaseous ones. There are, for instance, the spiral nebulae, of which the best known is the beautiful "Whirlpool" nebula

in Canes Venatici. There are thousands of these objects known to astronomers; indeed the majority of nebulae in the heavens are of this type.

Now, when the spectroscope is applied to the spiral nebulae, we get a totally different spectrum from that of the gaseous nebulae. The spectrum is not unlike that of the sun, consisting of dark lines on a continuous background, with, here and there, a few bright lines thrown in.

Astronomers are not agreed as to what is the precise meaning of such a spectrum in the case of the spiral nebulae. Some consider that the light comes from a great number of stars packed so closely together that the telescope cannot separate them, while others regard them as a mixture of stars, gas and cosmic dust, shining partly by radiation and partly by reflected light. We may possibly regard the spirals as separate universes at tremendous distances. One particular specimen, exhaustively studied by Dr. Hubble, is found to be so far off that light, travelling at 186,000 miles a second, would take 800,000 years to reach us from the nebula.

But as far as habitability goes, we must, I fear, reject the whole class of nebulae—spiral, gaseous, planetary, and others—for the simple reason that they are known to be not in a fit condition to support life in any form whatsoever.

Well then, to pass on, what about the stars? It has been estimated that on photographs taken with some of the large modern telescopes, there are visible something like 1,500,000,000 stars. If we had to review each one of these by itself, we should be confronted with a formidable task. But we do not have to.

Astronomers are agreed that the best way to study the stars is to make a thorough study of a sample star that happens to lie nearer to us than any other. This sample star is, of course, the sun. If we can get to understand the sun, we can, in a large measure, understand

what is going on in the stars; for what is true of the sun is, in a general way, true of every other star throughout the heavens.

As most people know, the sun is a vast globe, measuring some 864,000 miles in diameter, and its distance from us is about 93,000,000 miles. Further, at various times, the disc of the sun is seen to be studded with some wonderful things called sunspots, some of which are big enough to be seen with the naked eye, if we examine the sun through a bit of smoked glass or when it is going down in a fog. That is practically all that was known about the sun prior to the year 1610.

But in that year our ideas of things celestial underwent a profound change. For in 1610 the telescope, which had just been invented, was employed, for the first time in history, for the purposes of astronomy. The man who laid the foundations of telescopic astronomy was Galileo. His telescopes were very small and crude affairs, imperfect in many ways, but nevertheless they were the true forerunners of the magnificent instruments used so effectively by our modern observers.

Now if we look at the sun through a telescope what we see will be a disc showing a granulated surface, dotted here and there with curious features known as sunspots. The visible surface of the sun is known as the "photosphere" or light-sphere, because most of the sun's light comes from that part, and moreover certain regions of the photosphere, closely associated with sunspots, are brighter than the remainder, and these regions are known as "faculae."

Let us take a close look at one of these sunspots. It consists of two principal parts, a dark central portion and a lighter area surrounding it. Most sunspots exhibit a very complex structure when viewed through a powerful telescope.

Astronomers regard sunspots as seats of terrific disturbance in the hot metallic vapours and gases of which

the photosphere is composed, a kind of cyclone, compared with which our mightiest storms are as nothing. A sunspot is a vast cavity or vortex into which the vapours of the photosphere are sucked, and the darkest part of a sunspot is much brighter than the most brilliant light that can be produced on earth. It only appears dark in contrast with the brighter photosphere.

Sunspots are not permanent features of the solar disc. Some of the largest may persist for a few weeks, but the majority last only a few days, after which they fade away. They are of all sizes, ranging from tiny pores to immense patches measuring many thousands of miles in diameter.

But sunspots are not the only features we can see in the sun. Strange as it may seem, the moon actually helps us to find out a good deal about the sun, by passing between it and us, which is what happens during an eclipse of the sun. At those times we become aware of an extensive region outside the photosphere. It is mainly to observe these outer regions of the sun that astronomers spend so much time and money in fitting out expeditions to remote parts of the world in order to observe eclipses.

The chief feature observed during a total eclipse of the sun is a halo of light surrounding the sun. Astronomers call it the corona, and they believe it is composed of gases and fine dust—waste material driven off by the pressure of the sun's radiation—and shines partly by its own light and partly by reflecting the light of the sun.

Certain tooth-like projections called prominences are also seen darting out from the sun. These are actual flames of hydrogen and helium, and rise to heights of 40,000 or 50,000 miles above the sun's surface. They tell us of the tremendous activity going on in the sun.

Now a word as to the sun's heat. Astronomers can calculate the actual temperature of the sun, and we know that the temperature of the solar surface or photosphere is about 6,000 degrees Centigrade. Think what that means and compare it with the temperatures that obtain

at a modern steelworks, for instance. Iron melts at 1,500 degrees Centigrade, whereas the highest temperature of the best electric furnace is about 3,000 degrees Centigrade.

This means that all the iron in the sun (and all other elements as well) must be in a state of vapour, and when it condenses in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere, it must descend on the photosphere in torrents of molten metal. When it comes in contact with the hotter vapours of the photosphere, it is again vaporised and ascends, only to repeat the process over and over again. Can such an inferno be inhabited? We can only conclude that such a thing is unthinkable.

We are now about to direct our attention to a group of bodies which, unlike the stars and the sun, do not shine by their own light, but are made visible to us by reflecting the light they receive from the sun. These bodies are known as planets. The planets, together with certain bodies called comets, moons and shooting-stars, make up a family known as the Solar System. The planets, eight in number, all go round the sun in company with the earth.

Mercury, which is the nearest body to the sun, is a comparatively small body, only some 2,950 miles in diameter, and its distance from the sun is about 36,000,000 miles. Mercury must therefore be a fairly warm place, as it receives more than six times the amount of heat and light we get from the sun, and any inhabitants would therefore find it uncomfortably hot.

Now, what does the telescope reveal to us about the conditions on Mercury? Very little, we must admit. Except for the fact that it exhibits phases like the moon, the telescope teaches nothing definite about Mercury.

So little do we know concerning Mercury, that the length of its day is not known with certainty. Some astronomers believe that its day and its year are the same length—about 88 days. There is one thing, however,

we can say about Mercury with some confidence, there is no air on the planet, and that in itself is fatal to any idea of habitability.

Occasionally Mercury happens to pass between us and the sun, and at those times it appears as a little black dot on the brilliant face of the sun. If the planet possessed any kind of atmosphere, it would be visible then as a bright ring surrounding the planet, but no such appearance has ever been seen. Thus it is quite impossible for Mercury to be inhabited, for we cannot conceive of life in the absence of air.

The next planet after Mercury is Venus, and this is the brightest planet of all. In spite, however, of its brilliancy, or rather because of it, we do not know very much more about it than we do about Mercury. The distance of Venus from the sun is about 67,000,000 miles, and it takes 225 days to go once round the sun. Since the distance of Venus from the sun is about two thirds of the earth's distance, it follows that Venus must receive more than twice the amount of light and heat that we get. When the thermometer here stands at 100° F., it would stand at about 212° F., on Venus, or just about the boiling point of water.

However, that would hardly matter, because we know that Venus is surrounded by a dense atmosphere, and this would act as a very efficient screen to shield the inhabitants from the direct rays of the sun, so we may confidently hope that it would not be at all bad to live on Venus.

All the markings ever seen on Venus are in the form of uncertain diffuse shadings, which are probably temporary openings in the cloudy envelope surrounding the planet. But there is, however, one feature that may be regarded as permanent, or at any rate definite, and that is a cap of ice at the planet's poles, similar to the ice-caps at the earth's poles.

There has been a good deal of controversy regarding the length of the day on Venus. Schiaparelli con-

sidered that the day of Venus is equal in length to its year, or 225 days, and that Venus, therefore, always turns the same face to the sun. Schrocter believed, on the other hand, that the day of Venus is nearly equal in length to our own, that is, about twenty-four hours. Within recent years Professor Pickering, at the Harvard Astronomical Station in Jamaica, observed certain markings whose motion led him to conclude that Venus turned on its axis in sixty-eight hours. This is also the conclusion reached independently by McEwen.

Amid this conflict of opinion it is difficult to pronounce definitely for or against any of these views. But it does certainly seem as if the existence of polar snow-caps on Venus should furnish us with some evidence of a pretty strong nature against Schiaparelli's 225 day rotation-period. For, if Schiaparelli were right, there would be a constant circulation of air from the dark towards the light side of Venus, and since one side would be heated by the sun's rays while the other remained always exposed to the cold of space, all the moisture in the atmosphere of Venus would long ago have been deposited as a sheet of ice all over the dark half of the planet, and we should not find a polar cap.

Let us see what sort of a case we can make out for Venus as the abode of life. Venus is almost exactly the same size as the earth. It has an atmosphere of considerable density. It has water, for the polar cap indicates the presence of water-vapour in the planet's atmosphere, and the thickness of that atmosphere serves to reduce the intensity of the sun's heat, which would otherwise be decidedly uncomfortable. Then, added to these necessary conditions we have to remember that life is very adaptable, and men can live at the North Pole as well as at the equator, so that there is nothing absurd in the idea of Venus being inhabited.

Passing from Venus we next come to the moon. Let us see what the telescope teaches us about it. The moon,

as most people know, is a comparatively small body, some 2,160 miles in diameter, or about a quarter of the earth's diameter. It is also the nearest heavenly body to us, and consequently we can study it in somewhat greater detail than we can other objects. On the whole, observers have not done so badly, and we know much more about the visible surface of the moon than we do about some regions of the earth.

Let us glance at a photograph of the full moon. The dark areas are what make up the "face in the moon" when we look at the moon without optical aid, and they are called "maria," which is the Latin name for seas, because in the early days of the telescope the old astronomers really thought they were seas. But we know now that they are mere desert plains.

A photograph of the moon at the quarters reveals another state of affairs, for the principal characteristic is an enormous number of ring-shaped mountains of all sizes from minute pits to enormous structures more than a hundred miles in diameter. They are palpably of volcanic origin. Bright rays are also seen radiating from some of the lunar craters; these are most conspicuous at full moon.

Is there life on the moon? There is no water in the lunar "seas," neither is there any air, to speak of, in the moon. This is known by watching the moon as it passes in front of a star. On such occasions the star vanishes abruptly the moment the edge of the moon eclipses it. This it would not do if the lunar atmosphere were of appreciable density, but would hover on the verge of disappearance for a few seconds before actually disappearing. And since there is neither air nor water on the moon, we cannot imagine life on it.

But all astronomers do not agree that the moon is quite dead. Traces of snow have been observed with large telescopes, lurking in the crevices of the lunar mountains, and this certainly points to an atmosphere

of a kind and a certain amount of moisture. Then again, systematic examination of the moon's surface with powerful instruments has revealed the fact that certain areas undergo periodic changes of form and colour, and this is believed to be due to vegetation growing there. But if there is life on the moon it must be of a low order, and certainly there can be no intelligent life there now, whatever there may have been in the past.

Leaving the moon we come to Mars, and to most people this planet is intimately associated with such questions as we are now discussing.

Mars is a comparatively small body, its diameter being only 4,200 miles. Its mean distance from the sun is about 140,000,000 miles. But it approaches the earth much more closely at times, when in opposition. At its closest it is about 34,000,000 miles distant, and it is hardly surprising that our views of Mars are, in consequence, more mystifying than elucidating.

With Mars, however, we leave behind us the tantalising vagueness that is the impression we get from Mercury and Venus. What we do see, we see with certainty, at any rate as regards its broader features, and the markings are sufficiently definite to have been charted and named for reference.

The dark areas are the oceans of Mars, though it is doubted whether they contain much water, but they still retain the name of "seas." The lighter orange portions are the continents, and it is to be noted that the proportion of land to water is greater on Mars than on the earth, where we have about three times as much water as land. This, of course, proves that Mars is in a much drier state than the earth, a fact which will have a considerable significance when we come to examine its possibilities as the abode of life.

The continents, seas and polar caps were all that could be seen on Mars prior to the year 1877, but in that year Schiaparelli discovered certain markings on Mars that

he took to be channels for water, and which he accordingly called "canali," the Italian for channels. But certain stupid people translated the word as "canals," and the term has stuck to them ever since, thereby implying that they are artificially constructed, which is more than Schiaparelli ever intended to convey.

Some years later, Schiaparelli went a step further, and announced that some of the canals he had previously seen had become double. This was confirmed by other observers, and at the present time it is very unusual to see a drawing of Mars that does not exhibit these double canals, like railway lines, almost.

Schiaparelli drew down on himself a storm of criticism and even ridicule. Even now many astronomers of the first rank are frankly sceptical. But gradually more and more astronomers have come to believe in the reality of the Martian canals as definite features of the planet, and not as mere optical illusions as some have declared them to be.

In order to find out the truth about Mars, the late Professor Lowell built a magnificent observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, where for over 30 years Mars has been systematically studied. Lowell gathered round him a brilliant little band of workers, and some wonderful results have been secured. His conclusions, regarding the seas of Mars, are that they are areas of vegetation, while the orange-coloured continents he regarded as deserts pure and simple, and he showed how different is Mars from the earth in regard to physical conditions. For instance, Mars has a very thin atmosphere, about one-sixth as dense as ours, so that the mercury in a barometer on Mars would only stand at about five inches instead of thirty inches, even supposing that the gravitational pull of Mars were equal to that of the earth, which is not the case.

Lowell pointed out that practically all the water that is available on Mars is contained in the polar snow-

caps, and from this point he went on to build up a beautiful though pathetic romance. Mars, as Lowell saw it, is drying up, and the inhabitants are fighting, inch by inch, a losing battle against thirst. And so, in order to make the most of their scanty water-supply, they have cut this gigantic system of canals to lead the water from the melting snow-caps to irrigate the rest of the planet.

Lowell does not suppose that we actually see the canals themselves, but only the vegetation growing along their banks, and it is a singular confirmation of his ideas that, during the Martian spring, the canals and the dark areas on Mars gradually get darker and darker, owing presumably to the increased plant growth.

But is the story true? There, of course, we are helpless. We cannot prove that there are intelligent beings on Mars; we can only say that there are apparently grounds for thinking so. Further than that we are not warranted in going.

Leaving Mars we come to Jupiter, and this is the largest of all the planets. It is nearly 82,000 miles in diameter. When we observe Jupiter through a telescope, the first thing that strikes us is its enormous polar flattening, so that the planet appears distinctly oval. The earth is slightly flattened in this way, but not nearly to the same extent as Jupiter.

But why is Jupiter compressed so enormously? It is due to its vast size coupled with its rapid rotation—the day of Jupiter is only about ten hours long.

The markings on Jupiter are in the form of belts of a dark chocolate colour, which are drawn out parallel to the planet's equator. These features are anything but permanent. They vary greatly from time to time, so that when we look at Jupiter to-night, we shall not be sure that a week hence it will present anything like the same appearance.

Further observation reveals the fact that Jupiter does not rotate in one solid lump, but that the equatorial

regions travel fastest, the rest of the surface seeming to lag behind as we approach the poles.

This leads us to the question of the nature of the belts. In fact, they are belts of cloud, and they indicate the presence on Jupiter of a very deep and dense atmosphere, so dense that we do not actually see the planet itself but only this atmospheric envelope.

As to the conditions on Jupiter, astronomers have succeeded in weighing the planet, and the result shows that for such a tremendous body as Jupiter the mass is very small, so that the density, or the quantity of matter per unit volume, is only 1·4, as against 5·5 for the earth.

There can be only one logical conclusion, and that is, that Jupiter is not solid like the earth, but is more or less in a gaseous state. And a further conclusion is that Jupiter must be very hot, in fact, we cannot be sure that it does not give out some light of its own in addition to what it reflects to us from the sun. So that on this view we must exclude Jupiter from our list of habitable worlds.

The next planet we shall encounter is Saturn, and here again we are dealing with a mighty globe, though not quite so huge as Jupiter, the diameter of Saturn being about 76,000 miles. But the really distinctive feature of Saturn which makes it absolutely unique, so far as we know, is the wonderful system of rings which surround the planet without actually touching it at any point—a kind of floating girdle, and a wonderful picture they make in a powerful telescope.

We do not see the rings posed in the same way every time we look at Saturn ; their aspect depends on how the planet is placed in space with respect to the earth. Sometimes they appear edge on, when they appear as a fine line of light stretching out on each side of the planet. It is now known that the rings are composed of a vast number of small meteorites whirling rapidly round the planet, under the influence of its gravitational attraction.

A determination of the mass of Saturn reveals a density

of less than unity, which means that the planet is so light that it would float on water. This points to a gaseous state, indeed it is generally believed that Saturn is, if anything, hotter than Jupiter. Besides this it is known that Saturn is not solid from surface to centre, but that it is composed of a series of concentric shells, the inner ones spinning faster than the outer ones. We may, therefore, say with confidence that Saturn cannot possibly be inhabited.

Still pursuing our journey, the next planet is Uranus, situated at the tremendous distance of 1,800,000,000 miles from the sun. That in itself would make a considerable difference in the lives of its inhabitants, as they would only receive about one-four-hundredth of the light and heat we get from the sun.

Now, in the telescope, Uranus is a very disappointing object on account of its distance, and very little detail has ever been made out on its surface. What is called its "albedo," that is, the number expressing the ratio of its light-reflecting power to the total amount of light it receives is ·6, which is very high, and indicates a highly reflective surface, such as we should expect from an atmosphere heavily laden with clouds. That there are clouds on Uranus is certain, for when conditions are good the telescope reveals a bright equatorial belt bordered by dusky bands, and that is really about all that has ever been seen of the planet's physical features.

The absence of distinct markings on its surface has made it impossible to determine the length of the day of Uranus. But by spectroscopic methods it has been shown that Uranus spins on its axis once every $10\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Its density is about the same as that of Jupiter, which shows that it is largely gaseous and probably quite hot. So that it is very unlikely that Uranus can be inhabited.

The last planet is Neptune, and its distance from the sun, 2,800,000,000 miles, makes it even more difficult to observe than Uranus. So we need not be surprised to find that nothing definite has ever been seen on the sur-

face of Neptune, even though the most powerful telescopes in the world have been applied to the problem. Fortunately, it has one satellite, or moon, travelling round it, and that has made it possible to find the mass of Neptune, and from that its density, which works out at something very nearly equal to that of Uranus, and the conditions on Neptune would therefore be very similar to those obtaining on that planet. Therefore Neptune can scarcely be inhabited.

But planets are not the only members of the Solar System. We have a number of comets, which belong to the sun's family as truly as do the earth and the other planets. There are all kinds of comets ; naked-eye comets, telescopic comets, comets with tails, and comets that can hardly be distinguished from stars, except by their motion.

Speaking generally, we may say that, when a comet is first observed, it is very faint and far away from the sun ; in the telescope it appears as a hazy, insignificant patch of light. But as the comet gradually approaches the sun, its appearance changes, and it generally shoots out a long tail, which may attain a length of many millions of miles. The way in which the tail develops is very interesting.

If the head of a comet is examined in a powerful telescope, the tail first appears to shoot forward from the head and then to sweep round to the rear. For when a comet comes very close to the sun, a violent action commences, and jets of gas begin to spurt out from the head towards the sun, and these are instantly driven back on their tracks, just as the steam from a locomotive is driven backwards as it rushes through the air, though in a comet the cause is different. It is the pressure of the sun's radiation that drives the tail backwards. The tail of a comet is constantly forming in front and being dissipated away into space behind ; in fact, a comet's tail is continually being renewed, and that means that the comet itself is gradually wasting away, since the tail represents waste material from the head.

But in spite of their huge size, comets are very feathery objects. It has been shown that their masses are quite insignificant and that, in fact, a comet's head consists of a swarm of meteoric stones whirling about among themselves and banging and jostling one against the other. The dust and gases resulting from this process is what constitutes the tail, and the spectroscope shows that the tail of a comet is not self-luminous, but shines by reflected sunlight. Added to this there is an indication of an electrical radiation which gives a spectrum typical of certain carbon compounds, notably cyanogen. Therefore it must be obvious that comets cannot possibly support life in any form.

Summing up, therefore, what we have been dealing with. Firstly, it has been shown that it is impossible to obtain evidence of life on other worlds with any telescope, no matter how powerful. Secondly, we have seen that the nebulae cannot be inhabited, because they consist merely of luminous gases in a very rarefied condition. Thirdly, stars are suns, and to understand what is happening in the stars we must make a careful study of the sun, because it is the nearest star, and the sun cannot be inhabited, principally on account of its terrific temperature; so it follows that the stars cannot be inhabited. Fourthly, we reviewed the planets, and found strong grounds for supposing that Venus and Mars *might* be inhabited. Finally, we looked at the comets and showed how, being merely swarms of stones, they must obviously be uninhabited.

Can we go further? I think we can. Circling round those myriads of stars in space, there may be, indeed must be, planets similar to those which wheel around our sun. It may be that some of these distant planets, which we shall never see, are the bearers of life, even intelligent life, but we are here entering into the realms of conjecture, and the verdict must ever remain—not proven.

J. A. Lloyd.

CHRONICLE

I.—Cardinal O'Donnell at Louvain

BY PROFESSOR T. CORCORAN, S.J., D.LITT.

JUST four months before God's final call was to come to him, His Eminence Cardinal O'Donnell, Archbishop of Armagh, left Ireland for what was to be his last journey beyond the homeland. That brief visit to Belgium was, in more than one of its purposes, a public and a religious duty. Its twelve days made considerable demands on his physical strength: and this fact must be read in connection with duties at Maynooth in the preceding week, at Armagh in the following week, all leading up to the very great strain of the National Synod, occupying the first half of August. For all his seventy years and more, for all his erect and alert figure, the Cardinal of Armagh was, as we now know, already beset by a grave malady affecting the heart. These continuous demands on his strength were met with unfailing enthusiasm, with cordial interest in all that he saw, in those whom he met. This was nowhere so evident as in his visit to Louvain, for the double occasion of the fifth centenary of the Catholic University and the solemn opening of the restored and historic chapel of Saint Antony, in the College of the Irish Franciscans on the Place St. Antoine.

For the Cardinal both of these functions had a very special and even personal interest: or rather they presented, in one felicitous combination and within three days, a great variety of interests. The Irishman, the Professor, the Celtic Scholar, the son of Tirconnaill, the Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, all these aspects of personal service and experience found ample attraction in Louvain. Always a student, even in the midst of many public cares, he had prepared himself carefully for what he was to see there. The extent of that historical preparation was to some extent indicated in the fine sermon he delivered at the College of St. Antony of Padua, during the High Mass which he sung on that memorable last day of June, 1927. But its thoroughness, its bearings in his mind on the problems and policies of the past, the present, the future of his own people and of God's Church working among them, were even more fully shown in conversations all too brief, extending over those four days which followed his arrival at Louvain on the afternoon of Monday, June 27. From notes made at the time, from documents used, and from the record of the Centenary celebrations, it has been possible to bring together this fragmentary and inadequate summary of the late Cardinal's interests and impressions in the old University town of the Flanders plain.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, June 28, Cardinal O'Donnell was present, in the full robes of his ecclesiastical rank, at the reception of academic delegates held in the oldest part of the University buildings. The Halles were built in 1317, and were taken over by the new University in the autumn of 1426. The three Cardinals who were to close the procession through the city, an hour later, stood under the ancient arches to receive the accredited visitors in their order of precedence by date of foundation, fully stated by Professor Van der Essen for each in turn. The historical aspect of this initial ceremony appealed greatly to Cardinal O'Donnell. "My predecessor at Armagh," he said to the writer as the long procession of academic bodies neared its close, "Archbishop Lombard, must have been here: I remember that he headed the list in 1575." This was at the promotion to degrees in the autumn of that year: Peter Lombard of Waterford was *Primus in Artibus* among 96 successful candidates; the honour was all the higher, since it was the unanimous judgment of the examiners, *omnium votis*. Such a decision was rare. It did not fall to even Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards Pope Adrian VI, who was first in 1478, nor to Leonard Lessius, who took that place in 1572, nor to that vigorous disputant, John Shinnick of Cork, who was placed first in 1625, among 236 graduates of that year.

"Lombard," said the Cardinal later, "did us great credit in many places in Europe. He was an acute theologian, who under the Popes of the counter-Reformation took a leading part in the long Roman discussions on Grace; he represented the University of Louvain in Rome, a signal honour in itself; he was Dean of the Chapter at Cambrai, and he presented the case of Ireland a sovereign state, in clear Latin, to Rome and to the Catholic Powers. He got his opening, not by influence or by high birth, but by a distinction won in this very place, in open competition." Just a year before, in July 1926, the writer had sent to Cardinal O'Donnell the details of the brilliant records of Irish students, graduates of the National University of Ireland, who were pursuing advanced philosophical studies at the great Institute founded by Cardinal Mercier at Louvain. The news of so many Irish rewards, "avec la plus grande distinction," was acknowledged in a letter promptly sent from Armagh: the success of Lombard long before was cited.

Before the close of that Tuesday, the first day of the Louvain celebrations, Cardinal O'Donnell more than once reverted to the importance of bringing young Irish university students, clerical and secular, into living contact with workers speculative or

practical in Catholic academic centres over Europe. Louvain appeared to him to afford exceptional opportunities. He was greatly struck by the way in which College buildings of the Old University had been utilised by the New. The Royal College of Philip the Second now serves as an Institute of Zoology. The Collège de Villers of 1660 has become the Institut Carnoy, and houses Biology. The Norbertine College of 1571 is devoted to Experimental Physics; that of Maria Teresa, 1778, with the adjoining buildings of the old Jesuit College, provides for Engineering, Architecture, Electricity, and a School of Mines. Higher up on the Rue de Namur the College of Aulne, founded in 1629, has been transformed into the American College, founded in 1857.

Time did not permit his Eminence to see all the new Institutes of the University by going from street to street, but some he did see and admire, in their brand-new buildings: the Institut d'Arenberg for Chemistry; the schools of Physiology, Bacteriology, Pathology, Electro-mechanics. One, near the American College, I think, he took special note of: the men of science who had worked in that one science at Louvain had each a simple and striking commemoration on the street front—name and dates only. The new School of Agriculture drew his praise: he had long been an active member of the Congested Districts Board for the Western shores of Ireland, and he had spent a life's work in the struggle for the right of the Irish small farmer to live on the land. He asked particularly if the Louvain school served the cause of the small farm, and pointed out that Irish students of Agriculture, after studies at Dublin and Cork, could well be sent to such Continental schools as Louvain. That the School of Agriculture there should have closely associated with it a school of the Science of Brewing did not at all disconcert him.

The great academic ceremony, which lasted from 10.30 a.m. to 2 p.m., on the 28th of June, Cardinal O'Donnell found highly interesting, for all its length. On the dais he was in his due place among the seven most important persons before whom the representatives of two hundred Universities and Academies appeared. The King, the Queen, the Duke of Brabant were with three Cardinals and the Nuncio. The fully Catholic character of that ceremony made a deep impression on him; he recalled, later that day, how the Catholic University of Ireland, at which he was educated (1873 to 1875) under the direct care of an Ulster Jesuit, Matthew Russell, was directed by Pope Pius IX to model itself on the University of Louvain.

Before quitting Louvain, Cardinal O'Donnell looked over the Irish names in the honour lists of the Faculty of Arts, for the closing period, 1751 to the forcible expulsions by the French, 1794-1797. Southern names were more numerous : they included several who were later to be bishops, as Charles Sugrue of Kerry, placed high in 1781 ; James Power of Waterford, higher still in 1783 ; John Power, also of Waterford, who was fourth in 1787. But there were northerners, too, in that good company : Patrick O'Quin of Armagh, in 1787, and half-a-dozen others of the Armagh Province, from 1791 to 1793, ending with Patrick O'Callan of Clogher. There was no promotion in Arts in 1794, since, as the lists printed at Mechlin in 1824 pithily expressed it, " mense Junio, 1794, ad ingressum Gallorum in Belgium, omnes Philosophi diffugerunt." The Cardinal observed, too, that in 1788 and 1789 there was no admission to degrees at Louvain. " I suppose," he said, " that was due to Joseph II and Josephism. There was no trace of Josephism, or of State Control of university work, at that ceremony to-day. What the Nuncio, the Cardinal Legate, the Rector said and read made it very clear that Louvain was and now more than ever is a Catholic University. A fine position." He appreciated, too, the significance of the ample Flemish speech made by Cardinal van Roey and of the applause that at once greeted the announcement it contained, as to a forward policy in the use of the Flemish tongue for University teaching in all Faculties. " A lesson for Irishmen, too," he aded.

The Hotel de Ville of Louvain, with its elaborately decorated external attractiveness, was visited by the Cardinal of Armagh for a few minutes only, in the early afternoon of June 28. In accordance with his constant practice during those days, he asked if the building had much of academic and of Irish interest, and learned that if it had little of either, that little centered on an Ulster Irish professor, Hugh Brady of Ballybay, a canonist, Professor of the College of Saint Anne, and Rector Magnificus of the University. Some of the urban records for 1662-1669 made mention of him, for the town paid the Professor of Canon Law his salary of 80 livres a year. Just before August, 1914, half a dozen entries in Flemish were published about Hugh Brady, whose engraved portrait is the one illustration in the National Gallery of Ireland that illustrates the long and noble record of our national connection with the University of Flanders. Later that day, the Cardinal read over one of these entries : " Betaelt heer ende meester Hugo Bradij jersten proffesseur jndie geestlijcke rechten voor syne ordinarisse lesse voor noen jn iure canonico,

11e xl l," for 1663-64. He had little need of help with this business entry, and expressed his intention of inspecting the Brady portrait when he should have some leisure in Dublin. That was not to be.

Recollections of the years spent at St. Patrick's House, 87 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, as a resident student of the Catholic University of Ireland, led the Cardinal to make special inquiries as to the provision made for residence at the University of Louvain. It is well known that only a small proportion of the total student body live under complete academic rule. In this Louvain has followed the standard Continental practice, as developed since the Revolutionary Wars. The historic buildings of the College of Adrian VI interested the Cardinal very specially : they were seen on the first day of the centenary celebrations. Time did not permit of a visit to the modern establishment, comparable to the large University Halls of modern Ireland and of modern Italy, which bears the honoured name of Justus Lipsius. The news that the venerable Abbey of St. Gertrude, dating from 1228, was being transformed into a residence for women students, under the direction of Professor Thiéry—whom the Cardinal met at St. Anthony's—led to the reflection that it must have been visited often by the ladies of the illustrious group of Irish exiles of 1607-8. A visit to it was not practicable, even though the Cardinal specially wanted to see a new window to St. Anselm, for which his old friend Abbot Marmion of Maredsous had been taken as a " model." But he did see the modernised Collège d'Arras on the Rue de Namur, dating from 1509 ; it is now an excellent " Pédagogie pour étudiantes " : and his marked interest in this side of university development is doubtless reflected in the express terms of the section of the Synodal Letter of October, 1927, to the Irish Church, dealing with the main issues of university training for Irish Catholic students.

Very much more complete was his concern with, and his preparation for seeing, the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, and the Abbey and Church of St. Gertrude, dating from 1423 and 1228. Cardinal O'Donnell had read up and practically memorised before he left Armagh a record of these noble buildings, which, it is safe to say, neither Van Even nor Reusens nor their successors in the study of Louvain had ever heard of. This is the full account given by Tadhg O Cianáin, historian of the Maguires of Fermanagh, as an eye-witness and sharer in " the proceedings of Ó Néill from the time that he left Ireland," begun " A n-ainm Dhé," in 1607. The main fragment that we possess was published less than fifteen years ago, by Professor Paul Walsh of Maynooth, from the

Merchants' Quay library of the Irish Franciscans at Dublin. O'Neill and O'Donnell and all their noble company were at Louvain for the three months of the severe winter of 1607-8, keeping Christmas there, in the neighbourhood of St. Gertrude's, not far from the "Emperor's house," on the Kaiserberg. The Cardinal was bent on locating for himself the place where "the small streamlet enters the small branch of the river (Dyle), flowing from a garden between the two palaces" occupied by the Ulster chiefs and their kinsfolk. There, when the thaw came on February 8, 1608—

> A certain man of the Earl's people, going on some message to the palace where Ó Néill was, saw a very large salmon through a small hole in a plank over the stream. He drew a weapon at once and killed the salmon. He brought it to the Earl, and came then to Ó Néill's presence. All the nobles of the city, who were near them, came to see the salmon. They were surprised at his size, and that he was got where he was found. They said they never saw during their lives, and never heard from those that lived before them, that a salmon was ever before got on the river of Louvain, or on that particular branch of it.

Good sportsman as he was, the Cardinal, with the memories of Assaroe and many another scene in Tirconnaill, wanted to see the place. He had O Cianan's words by heart concerning that "bradan ro-mhor": he avowed that the "certain man" must be the historian himself, a model of sporting modesty. Time failed him to make that visit to the lower town; but he got pointed out to him the Mechlin road, along which, on Thursday, 28 February 1608, the princes of Tirconnaill andTirowen set forth for Italy, with their retinue, numbering 32 riders, the ladies having a coach. Heavy were their hearts, the Cardinal reflected, for they were leaving behind young Brian O'Niall and young Hugh, the son of Cathbarr; and O'Donnell, at Louvain, in June, 1927, recalled O Cianain's words once again, to tell of their fate, and of how on the shore at Rathmullen in Donegal that infant of his name, scarce two years old, was at the last moment recovered from untoward fosterage by the Baron of Dungannon and by Cathbarr himself, and restored to his mother, Rosa O'Doherty, daughter of the Chief of Inisowen, grand-daughter of Shane O'Neill. Her first-born son sleeps with her within the sanctuary at St. Anthony's.

Next day, June 29, 1927, the Cardinal of Armagh took his due place at the ceremonies within St. Peter's. Again he recalled, that afternoon, O'Cianain's pithy phrases, for they were admirably exemplified. The Cardinal of Malines, Legate for this solemn occasion, just returned from his entrance into the Sacred College at Rome a few days before, crowned solemnly, in the presence of university representatives from Europe and America, the vener-

able and famous statue of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom, patroness of the University since its foundation. "The Church of Saint Peter"—again the Cardinal of Armagh could cite the historian's Irish text—"is in the centre of the city, well built and decorated, with an excellent white statue of the Virgin Mary, and fifty splendid altars with painted pictures, and divine service continually at each altar." So it was in 1607-8: it was otherwise since 1914, for it was on that Feast of the Apostles that the venerable church was once again the scene of a solemn ceremony, after thirteen years. The noble side chapels were still unreleased from the work of repair after disaster, but the central areas were clear, and the religious ceremony brought out all its stately beauty.

The third and closing day saw the Cardinal among his own. The audience that heard his truly spiritual discourse on what that day meant to us all, will not easily let pass from their memories the heartfelt sentences that he gave us, standing beside the tomb of Rosa O'Doherty and her son Hugh O'Donnell. Beside the High Altar of the restored chapel, where he sang High Mass that last day of June, 1927, rest Nuala and Brigid O'Donnell, and young Brian, son of the great O'Neill. Of them, of the lessons of their day, of the true spirit of thanksgiving for all that God had done and was now doing for the children of the Gael at Louvain, he spoke in memorable sentences, interlacing his historic chain of names and places with the words of Holy Wisdom itself. The Cardinal of Armagh had an audience Irish and American in the main, for America was well represented by its three bishops, students and doctors of the University, and by the American and Irish students who sang the Mass for the Irish Franciscans. Of the Primate's gracious words later, to students, to guests, to all who were bidden to that special gathering of the Gael, there is no need to say more than that they were worthy in fullest measure of what in God's Providence was to be his last meeting with the Irish of the dispersion. More fitting place, more appropriate occasion our Cardinal could not have found. T. Corcoran.

II.—On Revisiting Paris

(19th French Congress of Medicine, 1927)

BY WILLIAM DOOLIN, M.B., F.R.C.S.

Forty has been dubbed the dangerous year. To revisit the scenes of some of the happiest days of one's irresponsible, care-free youth has undoubtedly its dangers; they are dangers of the

spirit, however, rather than of the flesh. How many of the old faces will one find gone? How many illusions scattered? The very streets, the bookshops where one had spent many an idle hour peeping between uncut leaves, the cafés where one had talked and sung interminably—all rise up to accuse one: *C'est toi qui as vieilli; nous ne changeons jamais!*

For that is the lure of Paris—her eternal youth. Therein lies her fascination, her mysterious charm. During the centuries since the first Roman legionary tramped, footsore and weary, into the Lutetia Parisiorum, writers of all countries and of all ages have vied with one another in singing the praises of this city —*le paradis de l'univers*—of her broad boulevards and noble avenues, flanked by splendid palaces and *instituts*, with their threefold story of Kingdom, Empire and Republic. And yet, for all her storied stone, she never grows old nor palls. To one like myself, who have seen *la ville Lumière* perhaps a score of times, each visit shows something new, some fresh facet of her many-sided character. London is John Bull, massive in his prosperity, oppressive with petrol and fog; Berlin is utilitarian, tastleless in its efficiency; Vienna, a gentle old lady who has seen better days. But of Paris one can never tire; one leaves her with regret, one returns to her with anticipation. Have they not a proverb: *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*?

Our first schoolboy knowledge of France was, for many of us at least, gained from Caesar's Commentaries. All Gaul, that grim diarist has told us, is divided into three parts. Curious how that numeral keeps cropping up once one sets foot on French soil! France has had three forms of government—Monarchy, Empire and Republic. She has had three Napoléons, and we are to-day in the Third Republic. At her theatres, still for the most part under the domination of the classical unities, three functionaries must inspect your ticket before you may proceed to your comfortable fauteuil, there to await the three knocks which announce the rise of the curtain. Her stage, like her government, has passed through three phases, from the rigid classicism of Racine and Corneille, through the romanticism of Victor Hugo and de Musset, to the realism of Dumas *fils* and Henri Becque, with their brutal successors, Bataille and Brieux, of to-day. And who that walks the narrow streets which converge on the École de Médecine but is irresistibly reminded of the Three Musketeers, the echo of whose swords and steeds once filled their courts with palpitating life?

It was a not inappropriate chance, therefore, whereby the Dublin School of Medicine should have sent three "musketeers

of the bedside" to represent her at the 19th French Congress of Medicine held at Paris last October. The Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland was represented by Professor O'Carroll, the University of Dublin by its Regius Professor, Dr. Moorhead, and the National University by your humble scribe and reporter.

Before leaving Dublin, I had made arrangements to travel by air. I left London on the Sunday, floating serenely out of the Croydon aerodrome into a blazing sun. Those who expect a tale of thrills will be disappointed. The journey was uneventful, almost to the point of monotony, well nigh devoid of interest save for the reflections which it engendered. Nowhere can one appreciate so well as from the air the beauty—and the truth—of Michelet's coloured phrasing where he describes the Church as having "covered France with the white robe of cathedrals." In the aeroplane, as in no other conveyance, is borne in upon the traveller the contribution of Rome to French civilisation. Our pilot, most recent product of twenty centuries of progress, as he droned his pathless way through the air, was guided by the long, straight roads first tramped into existence by the legionaries of pagan Rome, and looked for his guide-posts to the tapering spires raised by the reverent and artistic hands of her Christian monks. To see France from the air is a revelation in history.

The Paris of my affection is "the *Quartier*." I confess to a holy horror of jazzbands and *hôtels de luxe*, whose gorgeous footmen always make me feel a worm. Though I shall touch on the technical side of the Congress, I would rather seek to convey in this sketch an *impression*—in the French acceptation of the word—of an old student revisiting Paris.

How many, I wonder, who so glibly use the term "the Latin Quarter" ever pause to think of its significance? Not far from the Sorbonne there is a small, dirty street, the rue du Fouarre, or "street of straw." Centuries ago François Villon and his rackety *copains* sat here in the schools, not as our students do, on benches, but on bundles of straw—whence the name. The "Vico degli Strami" is alluded to by Dante in his *Paradiso*, and the Quarter derives its name from the University, where all the lectures, be it remembered, were delivered in Latin. Not far from this same street of straw, at the junction of the rue de la Bucherie and the rue des Rats, is an ugly, round building—La Rotonde—which houses to-day the University Students' Union, but which was used as the school of medicine from 1483 to 1775. The older part of the building, known to-day as the Salle des

Fêtes, dates from a reconstruction in 1641, when the ogival window and its flanking pillars were installed to light what then served as the anatomy theatre. Beneath this room is a dungeon-like structure, which probably served in those days as the cadaver room.

The medical section of the *Quartier* lies roughly within a triangle bounded on its base by the Boulevard St. Germain, running parallel with the river, and on its sides by the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard St. Michel. As we approach the school of medicine from our hotel near the Opéra, we must cross the river, and pass along the principal artery of traffic, the Boulevard St. Germain. It is here, as we cross the river, that we observe the first small change.

He who would know old Paris must follow the Seine. The Quais, and particularly those of the left, the unfashionable side, have a life and a population all their own. Where else but in Paris would one expect to find such patient fishermen in the heart of a great city? I have watched them scores of times, but am bound to admit that never yet have I seen a fish hooked. Yet there the fishermen sit, as immobile and as permanent as the *chimères* on Notre Dame. Here, too, we find the *bouquinistes*, the bookworms, who hunt unceasingly for literary treasures in the large flat trays of second-hand books. I have myself fished in these waters, with however but modest success.

But of the older inhabitants, we miss two to-day. On the riverside used to be found two kinds of barber. You had the noisy fellow who took up his stand under the bridge, razor in hand, napkin on wrist, and who called to you as you passed: *Entrez, m'sieu! Entrez donc!* Why *Entrez* I never knew, for he shaved you in the open air. His more humble brother, the *tondeur*, is also gone. He was a riverside character of happier pre-war days, whose job it was to shave the fashionable poodles from the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. To-day the poodle is no longer seen, his place having been taken by the more attractive Alsatian, emblem of lost territories regained.

For generations the students, the most turbulent element in Paris life, have rubbed shoulders with the most exclusive society in Europe, the *noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Halfway down the Boulevard stands the church of St. Germain des Prés. As the name implies, it once stood in the fields without the city walls. This district obtains its name from the once all-powerful Abbaye de St. Germain, dating from the sixth century. Until the end of the seventeenth century these aristocratic inhabitants

lived outside the fortifications; whence the term *Faubourg*. St. Germain des Prés is not to be confused with his namesake, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, behind whose church, as it faces the Louvre, was once the hostelry of the *Belle Étoile*, the lodging of d'Artagnan, most famous of Musketeers.

To the casual visitor, all Paris lies to the right of the river; for him the left bank has but few attractions. To the student, however, here is the true Paris, whose heart is the Sorbonne, and whose aorta is the "Boul' Miche," pulsating with youth and enthusiasm.

These great boulevards, the St. Germain and the St. Michel, are not of old Paris. They are the gifts of Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine under Napoleon III, to the Paris of the Third Empire. It is the shabby-looking streets that intersect them that, for the antiquarian, are full of interest. For all their narrow insanitary appearance, they breathe the very air of intrigue and romance. To tread their pavements is to conjure up again the magic pages of Dumas and his Musketeers. Hidden behind their blank walls are the courtyards of many mansions of the old French noblesse, and scarce a stone here but is stained with the blood of the Revolution. Like the "Lang Mile" that leads from Holyrood Palace to the Castle at Edinburgh, these streets are soaked in history.

The hotel where we stopped was in the rue *Thérèse*, off the Avenue de l'Opéra, a district rich in memories of Molière, whose statue was but a mashie-shot away—and of the gentle essayist, Elia. St. Germain, too, has literary associations of a parallel nature, Balzac having burnt out his massive frame there. In the Faubourg, too, once lived Sterne, who thought that "they ordered these things better in France."

But the streets we walk on our way to the School have bloodier memories than these. As we approach the School our eye is caught by the dominating statue of Danton, the Titan of the Revolution. We may turn to the right, up to the Place de l'Odéon, over whose bookshops Camille Desmoulins was arrested on the same day as his terrible master. In a little alleyway, the Passage du Commerce, which emerges on the boulevard close to Masson's, the publishers to the Congress, Dr. Guillotin once practised cutting off sheeps' heads with his "philanthropic beheading machine." What became of this shining light of the Paris medical school we know not. Cynics have it that he suffered death on his own machine. The kindlier say that he died of grief and horror at the infamous uses to which his instrument was put. In Durel's bookshop Marat, surely the most ferocious physician in history,

used to correct the proofs of his bloody journal, *L'Ami du Peuple*. We shall meet him again, and within the walls of the Faculty.

But we are dawdling, and must hasten on to the École de Médicine. This handsome block was rebuilt nearly fifty years ago, the older School having been partially destroyed by fire. The older part of the School, with its Court of Honour, dates from the eighteenth century. In the Court, facing us as we enter, is a very fine lifesize bronze statue of Bichat, the anatomist. An enterprising photographer had secured it as his perch, and drove a roaring trade for the three days of the Congress in persuading members—mostly provincial, I should hazard—to pose beneath its shadow. The monument to poor Brouardel, the medical jurist, was left in comparative neglect. Outside the grounds of the School is another fine bronze statue, of Broca, the surgeon and anatomist, whose eponymous fame rests in the lower frontal convolutions. Across the street is the École Pratique, a modern building, in which are the laboratories and dissecting rooms.

Our first meeting took place in the Large Amphitheatre of the School, which has seating accommodation for 1,400 students. Decorated for the occasion with the flags of all the countries who had sent delegates, the theatre is adorned by a very fine mural painting of an allegorical nature, portraying the evolution of the teaching of medicine through the schools from Cos and Alexandria to Cordova, and from Salerno through Padua and Montpellier to the foundation of the medical faculty of Paris in 1215 A.D. Here, in the Elysian Fields—or is it in the Garden of Epicurus ?—stroll Hippocrates, Galen, Roger of Salerno, Vesalius, Gui de Chauliac and Ambroise Paré, in conversation with their descendants. In the Salle des Thèses—where is decided the fate of anxious candidates for the *doctorat*—there is another striking mural decoration depicting the *foyer* of the Comédie Française converted into a hospital during the terrible winter of 1870-71.

The French Congress of Medicine embraces at one and the same time a smaller field of subjects and a larger field of adherents than does the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association. In France they hold separate Congresses for each individual branch of medical science, not necessarily at the same time nor in the same place, so that there does not appear to be any common meeting-ground for men of different specialities. The net is more widely cast, however, in the matter of individual membership. The full title of the Congress runs : *Le Congrès de l'Association des médecins de langue française*. This Association has been in existence for thirty-three years. At first a strictly national institution, whose

meetings alternated between the capital and the provincial university towns, the number of foreign students who manifested a desire to participate in its functions led to its taking on a certain international character, while remaining entirely French in spirit, outlook and administration. Thus, before the War, biennial meetings had taken place at Liège and Geneva. For the autumn of 1914 Brussels had been the seat of election, and the 1916 meeting was to have been held in Canada.

The years of the War, which saw every French doctor of military age with the armies, left the hospitals of Paris and the southern cities practically denuded of their junior staffs. A wholesale invasion of South American medical men then took place, all eager to secure the advantages of working as *internes* within the cliniques of Paris, Lyons, etc. The Association has thereby broadened its field of activity by the inclusion of many Argentine, Brazilian and Chilian members. The whole spirit of medical teaching in the South American universities to-day is entirely French in outlook.

Three days are given over to the scientific work of the Congress. The subjects for discussion are settled in advance, and a series of *rapports* are called for. The *rapporteurs* are chosen by the Bureau of the Association. They spend many months in working up their reports, which are printed at the expense of the Association and circulated to members in advance of the meeting of the Congress. These reports are exhaustive and valuable, containing as they do a critical *résumé* of the world's literature on the subject chosen for discussion. Members who desire to speak must notify the organising committee not less than six weeks before the Congress. Twenty minutes are allowed to each *rapporteur*, and ten to each member who has been granted permission to take part in the discussion. Members of the Congress speaking to the subjects must hand in a typed copy of their observations at the end of the session. These are collected, printed at the expense of the Association, and published afterwards as a supplementary volume to those which had already appeared before the meeting of Congress.

The Congress held its scientific meetings in the two amphitheatres of the École de Médecine. At the opening session, which was presided over by M. Fallières, Minister of Public Works and son of the former President of the Republic, the large theatre was packed to its fullest capacity ; the seats reserved for the foreign delegates were occupied by the representatives of some thirty countries, and with high officials of the medical corps of the

French Army and Marine. The inaugural address of the President of the Association, Professor Teissier, was an illuminating summary of the international problems of public health administration. Professor Teissier is a genial, dignified man of about sixty years, who for long has been looked upon as the leading authority in the French School on infectious diseases. He is also, with Widal, part-author of the standard French work on diseases of the blood.

The reading of the reports took place on the afternoons of the Tuesday and Wednesday and on the morning and afternoon of the Thursday. The Friday had been allotted to an all-day excursion to the battlefields of the Aisne. In this expedition I did not take part, but devoted the afternoon to a visit to the "A.D.R.M." This is a body (*Association pour le Développement des Relations médicales*) that could be extremely useful to Irish doctors seeking postgraduate work in Paris. It has grown out of the fellowship that existed between the army medical corps of the Allied Forces during the War. Dr. Mathé, a French doctor who has practised in Mexico, is its permanent secretary. He does not speak English, but has an exceedingly capable lady secretary, who speaks fluently. Their headquarters are in the Salle Béclard in the École de Médecine. I have been a corresponding member of the A.D.R.M. since 1925, and can vouch for its efficiency as a clearinghouse for foreign students who desire to be posted as to the various postgraduate courses which may be obtainable at any time of the year in Paris. The President is M. Hartmann, senior surgeon to the Hotel Dieu. And here I should like to offer a word of counsel to such of our younger confrères as may be contemplating a *Wanderjahr*. In the days of Graves and Stokes, many Dublin students were sent to walk the wards in Paris with Louis and Trousseau. I have had the good fortune to have worked in London, in Edinburgh, in Paris and in Berlin ; there is good work to be had in all these centres, but the work in Paris is better far than appears to be realised, and French teachers carry a clarity and conviction into their teaching that is particularly attractive. One can get certain work in Paris that one cannot get as well elsewhere, and I would suggest that the students of our own Dublin school can afford to be a little liberal in their eclecticism.

The rest of that afternoon I spent in the Musée Dupuytren. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, when the site of the École Pratique was occupied by a monastery, the worthy monks built them a refectory. Here it stood, and for three centuries served as the scene of many a kindly repast, till in the early days

of the Revolution it was taken over by the noisiest of the Clubs, the Cordeliers. Here the body of Marat was taken to lie in state after Charlotte Corday, the Judith of the Revolution, had stabbed him in his bath. To-day it houses two museums ; on the ground floor is the Dupuytren, and above, reached by a narrow winding stair, the Broca. The collection housed in the Musée Dupuytren is the life-work of Lannelongue, sometime Professor of Surgery in the University of Paris. He is but recently dead, and the Lannelongue gold medal in surgery is one of the most coveted prizes in the gift of the Faculty. Here is case after case packed with mounted specimens of diseases of bone. Whole skeletons of scoliotic subjects, faultlessly mounted, evoke a grim comparison with the armoured figures in the Wallace Collection in London !

But enough of this surgical Madame Tussaud's. Out into the air again, and a two minutes' walk brings us to what must be one of the oldest landmarks in Paris. We are peeping through the entrance to the Cluny, a treasure-house of mediæval French art, at the remains of the baths built for Julian the Apostate in 360 A.D. More than fifteen centuries have passed over its walls, and on the path where we stand began the old Roman road, which still runs out through the Porte d'Italie straight south to the Apennines.

I had often wondered why Paris, an inland city, should have the prow of a ship as her coat of arms. I found the reason on this visit. In the baths are certain huge blocks of stone, known as the " Altar of the Boatmen." This altar originally stood on the very spot where Notre Dame was afterwards built, and was rediscovered centuries after the erection of the cathedral. On March 16, 1776, some workmen who were opening a vault to prepare a burial-place for a recently dead archbishop discovered, in the foundations of a very old wall, nine enormous blocks of stone covered with inscriptions. They were recognised as being Celtic altars of great antiquity, one of which bore the following inscription :—

TIB. CAESARE AVG. JOVI OPTVMO MAXSVMO NAVTAE PARISIACI PVBLICE POSIERVNT.

The altar was removed to the Roman baths in the Cluny. These baths were originally filled from the great Roman aqueduct which ran from Auteuil. They were adorned at the angles of the vaulted roof with prows of boats, symbolising the prosperity of the city, for which reason the prow of a ship has remained for more than 1,500 years the emblem of Paris.

Saturday morning (October 15th) was the occasion of a visit to the Cité Universitaire, or hostel for foreign students. In the Lombard universities of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, so great was the influx of foreign students that these turbulent visitors had to be grouped in "nations." This new Cité in Paris is a modern version of the old Italian code. Here students from foreign lands may find house-room in hostels grouped according to their nationality under the direction of the Rector of the University. While the administration is an excellent one from the disciplinary standpoint of the University authorities, it seems to me that were Irish students to be sent to Paris, I would prefer to see them *en pension* in a good French family.

With this visit the proceedings of the Congress came to a close.

A rapid run from the hotel to Le Bourget, and one heard again the hum of the starting plane. The return journey promised to be as rapid and as uneventful as the journey over. The sun shone. I had secured the best seat on the machine, just below the pilot, and had two hours and more in which to eat my way into a new book, purchased a few minutes before departure. Over Abbéville I found my feet getting strangely cold, and on looking out of the window, for one agonising fraction of a second, could see nothing but—smoke! Another glance showed me the wings pointing upwards, and not down in a horrid *chute* to Mother Earth. The dials, fixed in front of me, indicated that we were at 5,800 feet, and still climbing. A few minutes later, at 7,000 feet, we were out in the blue sky, over the clouds, bathed in the most glorious sun. Right and left, as far as the eye could reach, were mountains of cloud, glinting like Alpine summits and glaciers in the sun. Every now and then we would jump a hole in the clouds, through which we could see black earth, with its tiny roads and toy farms, deprived of the sun in which we were bathed. It was, I admit, an exultant moment:

> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air.

One short hour later, a swift descent to Croydon, and the Haymarket on a foggy Saturday afternoon. Down to earth again with a vengeance, to face the tedium of the night journey by Holyhead. When shall we have an air service to London?

William Doolin.

REVIEWS

Biography

SAINT AMAND: Apôtre de la Belgique et du Nord de la France. Par Edouard de Moreau, S.J. Louvain: Editions du Museum Lessianum. 1927. 25 fr.

Of great interest to Irish readers, in this elaborate and critical life of St. Amand, is the connection of the Belgian apostle with Columban foundations in Merovingian Gaul. Amand was born in the old province of Aquitaine, educated at Yeu, in the Vendée country, and received into the ranks of the clergy at Tours before he came in touch with Columban's disciples at Luxeuil. So marked, however, was the influence of these upon his life that his career henceforth might easily be mistaken for that of a Gaelic pioneer of Christianity.

As a young man he chafed to be up and doing, but he was wise enough to restrain his impatience and seek self-command in exercises of severe self-repression. Thus he prepared himself for the hard labours of the apostolate by no less than fifteen years of rigorous life as a recluse in a tiny prison-cell at Bourges. If legend is to be trusted, the scene of his missionary labours was determined in dramatic fashion during a visit to Rome. He endeavoured, so the story runs, to elude the sacristans who went around ejecting tardy worshippers from St. Peter's when the time came to lock the doors. But at the last moment he was discovered and assisted out with what was evidently more than ordinary despatch. As he sat on the stone steps, rubbing his bruised limbs and reflecting gloomily on the sad lot of humanity, the Prince of the Apostles himself deigned to come and console him. This task successfully accomplished, St. Peter ordered him to return to Gaul and preach to its heathen peoples. This Amand duly did. Very remarkable is the fact that he received the episcopal order without corresponding jurisdiction, an arrangement obviously due to Columban influence, for nothing of the kind had hitherto been seen in the Frankish lands.

Progress in Belgium not being as rapid as he had expected, Amand grew impatient and set off southwards to convert the Slavs—an old project of Columban's, which that saint had abandoned with regret on his way to Bobbio. Of Columban's intention Amand would have learned from Jonas, Columban's biographer, who spent three years (639-42) with the Belgian saint in his monastery at Elnone. The mission to the Slavs seems to have been shortlived, as was another to the Basques undertaken many years later. Each time Amand returned to the field of his earlier

labours in Belgium and Northern France, so that these regions, more than all others, derived lasting benefit from his missionary zeal. Little is known of the saint's helpers, but we may be quite sure that, as in the case of St. Columban, they were monks and in goodly number. To such men Father de Moreau pays the fine tribute: "L'on ne dira jamais assez combien de reconnaissance nos pays chrétiens doivent à ces vieux moines du VIIe et du VIIIe siècle qui, par la prédication, et plus encore par l'exemple quotidien des vertus chrétiennes, ont inoculé dans les âmes de nos ancêtres, non point seulement les préceptes les plus graves de la loi, mais l'esprit même de Jésus-Christ, esprit de détachement, esprit d'amour."

When we learn, too, that never were saints so numerous in Gaul as in Merovingian times, especially in the seventh and early eighth centuries, we can hardly look elsewhere for the cause than to St. Columban and his disciples. It is not the least of Father de Moreau's merits, from the historical as well from the Irish standpoint, that he emphasises so strongly all through his book the abiding character of Columban's teaching and work. Amand, he tells us, was but following in the footsteps of the great saint of Bangor when he travelled to distant lands for Christ's love, when he preached the Gospel to the heathen wherever opportunity offered, when he gave monasticism a place in the life of the Church which it enjoyed nowhere outside of Ireland, when he appealed familiarly to the Supreme Pontiff for counsel and direction, when he placed his churches under the patronage of St. Peter, as Columban had placed his at Bobbio and Luxeuil. Nor is it without significance that when Amand came to die he should will the poor remnant of his humanity to his first and best loved monastery at Elnone, invoking in true Irish fashion the vengeance of the *Most Holy Trinity* on those who should seek to transport his body elsewhere. Many further testimonies to the greatness of our pioneer missionaries will reward Irish readers of this scholarly work. J. R.

JACQUES COEUR, MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By A. B. Kerr. London: Scribner. 1927. 15s. net.

This is a fascinating biography, which throws a flood of light on the condition of society in the fourteenth century. Jacques Coeur was the mediaeval forerunner of our commercial magnates of to-day. Of comparatively humble origin, he worked himself up to a position when he was flattered and sought after by kings on account of his great wealth. On the productive side he owned

silk factories, paper mills and mines; and on the distributive side he controlled a large fleet of ships, which freed French trade from its dependence on Italian shipowners. Hundreds of factors represented him at ports in every part of the Mediterranean. The widespread field of his activities enabled him to derive a profit from the differences between the monetary systems of various countries; one of the principal sources of his fortune was the advantage which he took of the different relative values of gold and silver in Eastern and Western estimation.

Unhappily for himself, Jacques Coeur, like many other rich men since, became entangled in the meshes of political life. Quite early in life he had been appointed director of the Mint at Bourges, where he served his royal master by debasing the currency. Some years later he was appointed director of the Paris Mint; but this time he devoted his great financial talent to restoring and stabilizing the currency, which he found in a condition of chaotic debasement. His next appointment was to the post of *argentier* or chief financial official to King Charles VII. If he had confined himself to the duties of his office, all would no doubt have been well; but unfortunately he attempted to combine the two irreconcilable rôles of financial official and creditor by advancing large sums out of his private fortune in order to balance the royal budget. He thus paved the way to his downfall by giving his powerful debtor an interest in his destruction. A series of charges against him was fabricated, and, in spite of the intervention of the Pope, he was condemned to banishment and to have his property confiscated.

The life of Jacques Coeur is interesting not only in itself, but because it illustrates vividly the commercial condition of the middle ages. The prohibition of usury did not prevent public borrowing on a large scale, and private trading was conducted on the basis of partnership or *societas*, which was completely outside the scope of the usury code. Then, as now, the conduct of princes depended largely on the controllers of *la haute finance*; and, then as now, princes and rulers were not conspicuous for gratitude or good faith to those who had served them well in their hour of need. G. O'B.

LA TRES CURIEUSE VIE DE LAW. By Georges Oudard. Paris: Plon. 1927.

The life of John Law well deserves to be termed curious. A fugitive from justice in England, where he had killed a man in a duel, Law spent some years in Amsterdam. There he studied the methods of the famous Bank whose operations had succeeded

in making Holland the wealthiest country in Europe. Returning to his native Scotland, he attempted unsuccessfully to persuade the government to adopt some of his commercial and financial ideas. For several years he wandered round Europe from capital to capital, vainly trying to get his theories put into practice. At length he arrived in Paris and succeeded in gaining the favour of the Duke of Orleans, who became regent on the death of Louis XIV. The Duke, who was impressed by Law's proposals, authorized him to found a bank.

This was in 1716. The next five years witnessed the most remarkable financial adventure that has ever taken place. Law combined a colossal scheme of note issue with an equally ambitious project of colonial development. He obtained complete control of the finances of France. People said at the time that he was more powerful than Richelieu had ever been. He resembled Napoleon: both were foreigners who made a complete conquest of the French people. It is quite possible that Law's "system" would have fulfilled its author's expectations had not the Duke of Orleans, on the one hand, abused the powers of the bank by over-issuing notes, and had not the public, on the other hand, over-speculated in the shares of the company. As it was, the "system" collapsed in the midst of a panic which beggared half the investing public. Law had to flee from France.

What verdict are we to pass on this remarkable man? In the first place he was a financial genius. Professor Nicholson says that "he discovered with wonderful foresight the way in which, in the modern world, credit would become the life breath of industry." During his administration of French finances he anticipated most of the reforms afterwards achieved by Turgot. In spite of great suffering by individual investors, France as a whole benefited by Law's famous "system." On the moral question there is no reason for condemning John Law. He was always quite frank and open about his schemes, and he died a poor man. Imprudence, and not lack of good faith, was his defect. Perfectly sound theories were rushed into practice without sufficient regard to all the surrounding circumstances. M. Oudard probably gets near the truth when he describes Law as "aventurier honnête homme."

This new French biography is written in the now fashionable dramatic style. More emphasis is laid on the picturesque incidents of Law's career than on the importance of his financial theories. The dedication, which refers to him as "quelque peu aventurier mais plein de génie," is probably as near a correct verdict as we shall ever arrive at on this remarkable man. G. O'B.

GENIUS AND CHARACTER. By Emil Ludwig. London: Jonathan Cape. 1927. 12s. 6d. net.

Herr Ludwig's many readers who have made his acquaintance as a full-dress biographer now meet him in a capacity that is still the biographer's, but with a difference. His latest book is made up of a series of literary pastels, in which he aims at psychological portraiture in the manner of Plutarch, whom he rightly places at the head of literary portrait makers. None of his readers will deny that as a writer he is abundantly equipped with skill and cleverness. But one thinks that despite his gifts—perhaps because of them—there is a wide gap between the imitator and his model as judged by their products.

The new book offers the portraits of some nineteen men whom the author, despite the diversity of their conditions and endowments, regards as bound together by the common tie of genius. He aims at presenting his readers with their real portraits by a sort of psycho-analytic process. He starts with a concept of character and uses the ordinary biographical material to fit in with his concept, in a fashion that at times has results as doubtful as the Freudian method on which it is modelled.

One may easily imagine any one of the subjects of his pastels stepping out of his frame and confronting him with the challenging words of Hamlet to Guildenstern :—" You would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck the heart out of my mystery ; you would sound me from the lowest note to the top of my compass ; 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? " And the reader, as umpire, will have to decide that the Ludwigian way does not pluck the heart out of the mystery of human personality.

The portraits are of varying degress of success. In our opinion the worst is that of Frederick the Great, who would never have won his cognomen had he been the anæmic, dessicated ghost that Ludwig's method makes him out to be. Voltaire's presentment is more successful, but then one feels that this portrait has been done before. The most recent biography of Voltaire—that by André Bellesort, 1926—has nothing to lose in comparison with the study of Herr Ludwig, who seems to have actually used it for the material of his dramatic tableaux, many of which read like paraphrases or an actual transcript of its pages. The studies of Wilson and of Lenin are vivid pieces of writing, done with a sympathetic pen. Lenin seems the truer portrait, probably because so little is known to the general reader of the real man. Wilson's portrait is made after an idealised concept of his

character; and if the reader does not start with the concept ready-made, he will not accept the resulting picture. The Keynes concept of Wilson—"a Nonconformist minister, perhaps a Presbyterian"—results in another presentation; many will think it a far truer one.

Perhaps, on the whole, Ludwig's method gives the best result in the portrait of Stanley, who, if something of a charlatan, had indubitably elements of genius. Of him Ludwig gives a picture that is actual and convincing. The same thing may be said of the study of Balzac, who lives in Herr Ludwig's vivid pages. One of the Frenchman's remarks, as reported by the portraitist, will interest Irish readers—"Four men will have exerted the greatest influence in this first half of the century: Napoleon, Cuvier, and O'Connell, and I should like to be the fourth. The first inoculated whole armies with his virus, the second chose the earth as his life companion, the third embodied a people." This is interesting testimony to the greatness of O'Connell, who has often been a favourite target for the belittling sneers of later patriots—of men whose essential littleness of soul has blinded them to his greatness.

Herr Ludwig gives his readers good fare; he is vivid and dramatic, and a provoker of thought. His publishers have served him well as regards the format of the volume; and his translator has done his work well, for the volume does not read like a translation—and one cannot well give a translator higher praise.

W. J. W.

Celtica

URLABHRAIDHEACHT. Tomás Ó Máille do sgríobh é. Baile Átha Cliath: Comhlucht Oideachais na hÉireann. 1927. 7s. 6d.

Bhí cúis gearáin aguinn ar na Connachtaig go dtí so, is a rá nár tugadh iarracht ar bith gur bh'fhiú í áireamh ar lorgaireacht sgolártha a dhéanamh ar fhuaimeana Gaelge Chonnacht, lasmuich don leabhar do sgríbh an Gearmáineach, Finck, ar chanúint Árann deich mbliana fichead ó shin. Ní féidir an gearán san a dhéanamh feasta; agus maran féidir, is ar an Ollamh Tomás Ó Máille atá a bhaochas.

San leabhar nua so, *Urlabhraidheacht*, tá eólas beacht le fáil fé dheire ar fhuaimeana na Gaelge mar atá sí á labhairt i gConnachta. Tugan an t-údar léiriú cruinn ar na cunsainí agus ar na gutaí i ndia chéile, agus annsan tráchtan sé ar chumasg (nó sandhi), ar an aiceann, ar na focail is treise aiceann "sa leagan cainte,"

agus ar " fhonn na cainte " nó an chuma go mbíon aoirde an ghutha ag atharrú ó shiulla go siulla. I dteannta an méid sin eólais, cuirean sé síos, mar mhatha leis na sgoláirí óga, cnámh-shuim na hurlabhraíochta ginearálta, maille le tuairisg ar orgáin an urlabhra agus ar na córacha do ceapadh go déanach chun fuaimeana cainte do thomhas agus do mheas. Obair dheacair í sin go léir, go mór mór nuair a b'éigin í dhéanamh as Gaelge; agus is mór an chreidiúnt don Mháilleach a fheabhas d'éirig leis ar gach aon slí. Is oth linn, ámh, gur fhág sé máchail ar an leabhar, is gan clár focal a chur leis; níl aon ní is mó go bhfuil gá leis ina leithéid de leabhar ná clár iumlán. Tá an chlódóireacht ar fheabhas an domhain; agus marga ceart isea an leabhar ar seacht is reul.

Isí canúint " láir Chonnachta " is fundaimint don leabhar, ach tá mórán eólais ann ar chanúintí eile don Chúige sin chô math. I ndeire an leabhair tá flúirse " liachtana " 'na bhfuil giotaí Gaelge as gach aon chuntae i gConnachta,—an fuaim-leitriú agus an gnáth-leitriú ar aghaig a chéile. Níl de locht ar na giotaí seo ach gur dréachtaí filíochta a bhfurmhór; ní hannamh fuirmeacha agus fuaimeana nea-choitianta san bhfilíocht, agus fágan san nách iuntaoibh i gcônaí í i gcúrsaí urlabhraíochta. Cé go bhfuil dhá dtrian Chu. na Gaillimhe ar an dtaobh thoir de Loch Oirbsean, níl ach aon ghiota amháin ag an údar ón ndúthaig fhairsing sin, —amhrán a fuair sé ó fhear siúil do tógadh i nGleann-na-madadh. Dar lium féin, isé an t-easnamh is mó san leabhar gan tuairisg ar bith a bheith ann ar an nGaelge atá le clos fós timpal Chinn-mhara agus an Ghuirt agus Bhaile-locha-riach; níl le rá ag an údar i dtaobh Gaelge an cheanntair sin ach ná fuil " aon túr déanta ar an gcanamhain sin fós ! " Beárna mhór í sin; agus tá súil agum go ndéanfaig an Máilleach, nó duine éigin eile go bhfuil an chaothú-lacht aige air, an bheárna san do líona dhúinn gan mhoill.

Ní fheadar an dtugan an Máilleach a ceart do Ghaelge Chona-mara agus Árann i gcônaí. Cuir i gcás, i dtaobh *-ibh* nó *-imh* (neamh-aiceanta) níl le rá aige ach gur *-í* nó *-iv* adeirtear (§§ 169, 170). Ach i gcuid mhath de Chu. na Gaillimhe is *Gaille* adeirtear le *Gaillimh*, agus *dá-ríre* le *dá-ríribh* (cé gur " dá-rírí " a sgríon an Máilleach féin), agus mar sin dóibh; sin mar do chuala féin na focail sin i n-aice leis an gClochán, agus i gCionn-mhara, agus i nÁrainn Mhóir.

Is deacair leabhar mar é seo do chur le chéile gan lúb ar lár thall 's a-bhus ann. Mar dheimhniú air sin b'fhéidir nách misde beagán samplaí do chur síos annso. Níl in *doithcheall* (§ 168) ach dro-leitriú gan údarthás; is de *ch* a dhin *f* san bhfocal so, fé mar

a dhin *cluife* de *cluiche*. Níl baint ar bith ag *iondamhail* le h-*iomadamhail*, ná ag *frae* le *fri* na Seanghaelge (173, 397). Ní *chúcha* adeirtear i gCúige Mûn, ach *chúha* (395). Ní fíor a rá go raibh *duit*, *fút*, agus a leithéidí 'na n-iarmbéarlaí riamh (424). Níl an ceart aige nuair adeir sé (425) gur ar an *-acht* a bhíon an t-aiceann i gCúige Ula i bhfoclaibh mar *imeacht*; agus is deacair a chreidiúint gur mar sin atá i nOileán Acla ach chô beag. Is *gh*, agus ní *ch*, atá titithe ar lár i bhfoclaibh mar *d'innseochadh* (56). Is dóil lium go dtéun sé a-mú beagáinín san ghnáth-leitriú ar lch. 173; do chuirfinn-se *cungnaigh* (.i. tabhair cúnamh) i n-inead *comhnuigh* (l. 4), agus *go dtéighe* i n-inead *cad é* (l. 5).

Na dearúdana san adúrt, agus dearúdana nách iad, ní féidir a rá go mbainid puinn ó mhathas an leabhair. Is math agus is ionmholta an leabhar é, agus tá ar mbaochas tuillte ag an Dr. Ó Máille dá bharr. Tá súil aguinn go mbeig glaoch chô math san ar an leabhar go gcuirfe sé fonn ar an údar tuille eólais a sholáthar dúinn ar Ghaelge Chonnacht "amach annseo." T. Ó R.

MEASGRA DÁNTA: Miscellaneous Irish Poems. Edited by Thomas F. O'Rahilly, M.A., Professor of Irish in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Educational Co. of Ireland. Cork: University Press. 1927. 7s. 6d.

A good Anthology is perhaps the kind of book which brings home least forcibly to its readers the amount of labour which has gone to its making. What has been read is a thousand times greater in extent than what has been picked out. To choose out things not merely remarkable for their own sake but representative of many types requires great expenditure of time and care. This is especially true of Irish poetry, in which an almost American system of mass-production has left us an immense proportion of matter poor in quality or lacking a latter-day interest. With this in mind, one cannot but admire this Anthology of Professor O'Rahilly. How wide is his reading of our unpublished MSS. those who have *Gadelica* and others of his works know already, and have a fresh proof of it here. They will see too that his astonishing extent of reading has in no wise lessened his grasp on—or fatigued his alertness for—grammatical forms and historical events; it has not weakened his power of collecting facts or drawing convincing conclusions; nor has it dulled his fine perception of the various qualities of thought and feeling that have characterised Irish poets from the twelfth to the eighteenth century.

As in *Dánta Grádha*, Professor O'Rahilly has avoided the official productions of the bardic profession and has succeeded in

bringing together a delightful number of purely lyrical poems, touching many chords of human feeling: patriotism, love of familiar places and things, friendship, hatred, condolence, complaint, sarcasm, etc. His book will make fascinating reading for those who wish to know the minds and hearts of old-time Ireland; it will also be a treasure, ever kept at hand, by those whose interest is in the development of the language and the forms of its poetry. L. McK.

AN EARLY IRISH READER. By N. Kershaw Chadwick. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1927. 6s. net.

THE story of Mac Da Thó's pig is neither heroic nor romantic, but it is one of the best told of the Early Irish sagas. The pig in question is passive—slaughtered to furnish a feast for two armies. It has been fed for nine years on the milk of sixty cows, but, as the narrator remarks, it must have been fed on poison, so that the men of Ireland might be slaughtered because of it. The best champion has the right to carve it, and most of the tale is made up of claims and counterclaims from the champions of Ulster and Connacht. From such tales one might compile a handbook of Middle Irish conversation. As the late Dr. Quiggin wrote in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "the dialogues in the sagas are remarkably brilliant and clever, and it is a matter of surprise that this gifted race never developed a drama of its own." The boasting ends in a battle and a rout of the Connacht forces. The whole tale is full of grotesque humour, frankly pagan and barbaric, and, as Mrs. Chadwick says, it is a story about men for men.

Several versions of the text have appeared, and translations into English, French and German. Mrs. Chadwick has studied them all, and has certainly not spared time or trouble. Of 75 pages the text fills only 7; the rest is made up of introduction, notes, vocabulary and indexes. According to the wrapper, "the Notes and Vocabulary are designed especially to help those who are learning Early Irish without a teacher."

One cannot, however, admit that the editress, with all her enthusiasm, has enough experience of the subject to act as a safe guide for beginners. The text adopted is that of the Book of Leinster, generally printed as in Windisch's edition, and the vocabulary is founded on his *Wörterbuch*. The text would bear a fresh collation with the MS. The facsimile has *et* in §5, but the MS. has the usual compendium for *etir*. It is not correct to say, p. 42, "LL. reads *dochuaicaisiu*"; the first *i* is not in the MS., and the eighth letter looks more like a worn *d* than a *c*.

Windisch was one of the pioneers in Celtic studies, and his *Irische Texte mit Wörterbuch* is still indispensable. But the volume appeared in 1880. He lived until 1917, and in the meantime the grammar of Old Irish had been recast, and the line drawn between Old and Middle Irish. As long ago as 1884 his pupils Zimmer and Thurneysen had brought order out of chaos by their discovery of the accentuation of the verb. Though Mrs. Chadwick refers to Thurneysen and Pedersen, she is in general content to ignore the progress of the last fifty years. Her view of the verbal forms is that of the year 1880. Prototonic and deuterotonic, indicative and subjunctive forms are in hopeless confusion, sometimes leading to mistranslations. *Tarlaic* is given an imaginary present *tarlaicim*, though elsewhere we find *dollécim* and *teilcim*. Again, "the word *toirchi* is not known to me elsewhere" (p. 42); it is, of course, 2 sg. prot. of *doroich*, which occurs in the text. Will it be believed that *bertait* is still parsed as a t-fut., a blunder which Zimmer exposed just forty years ago? *Ruc* is given a present *rucaim* instead of *berim*; the impossible *ro-tánac* is taken as perf. of *ticcim*—it is *ro-t-ánac*, "I reached thee," from *riccim*. Learners without a teacher will not be helped to distinguish the copula and the substantive verb, the modern *is* and *tá*. On p. 12 we find *co rraba*, in *co rraba as mo scíath*, "so that it was (sticking) out of my shield," printed, after Windisch, *corra-ba*, and given in the vocabulary under *is*. These things are not fair to the memory of a great scholar.

Compared to the verb the Irish noun is simple, yet it gives many opportunities for error. Thus, *mic* in the title of the saga and throughout the text for MS. *mc*, is a modern form, extended once, after Windisch, to *maic*, the O. Ir. form; the normal Mid. Ir. gen. is *meic*. But this is not all. *Ath mac Lugnai* is said, p. 71, to mean "Ford of the son (*sic*) of Lúghna"; on p. 53 the variant *mic Lugna* is translated "of the sons (*sic*) of Lug." Apparently all the MSS. have *mc*, and either the extension or the translation is wrong. It is needless to mention the many inconsistencies in the vocabulary.

The notes do not show much familiarity with Early Irish literature, or with Irish syntax. When previous editors differ, several alternative explanations are given, but surely there is no need to consider an emendation *ráth* for *rath* (p. 31), when the word rimes with *cath*. On p. 30, *Féni*, the old name of the Gaels, is confused with *fían*, "a war-band." P. 46, one MS. has the pres., another the past. The explanation is naive: "It may be that hist. pres. and perf. forms have been confused by the scribes.

The verb is no doubt an archaic one with which they were unfamiliar as a living form." The verb, in fact, is a perfectly regular one, and in the form *beartuighim* is in common use at the present day. P. 52 : "The word *donáraill* (*cf.* vocab. s.v.) only appears to occur here and in the *Félire Oengus* " (*sic*)—a surprising assertion, for the word is well known in other texts. There is a lack of precision in the use of the term Early Irish, applied in the notes sometimes to Old Irish, sometimes to late Mid. Irish forms.

The translation is accurate on the whole, though there are several slips, some of which the context should have prevented. Thus, when the great hound Ailbe (a name which Mrs. Chadwick says means " fair woman ") pursued Ailill's chariot and bit into the shaft, the charioteer " ran it down, striking its body aside " (p. 23). The original means " struck it, so that its body fell off." Later on the charioteer " lay down in the heather "—a tame rendering for " threw himself into the heather."

It is not pleasant to have to point out the numerous shortcomings of a work evidently undertaken with great interest and goodwill. But when a text has been studied by scholars for nearly fifty years, it is disappointing to find the errors of the *editio princeps* blindly followed. Can it be that Mrs. Chadwick has herself tried to learn Early Irish without a teacher ?

OSBORN BERGIN.

Classics

HELLENISTIC CIVILISATION. By W. W. Tarn. London : Edward Arnold. 1927. 16s. net.

MANY factors have contributed to the growth of interest in the study of Hellenistic civilisation since the late Dr. Mahaffy first popularised it in these countries. Perhaps the principal of these has been the long series of wonderful discoveries of contemporary documents from Egyptian papyrus-rolls, which have a kind of romantic attraction only inferior because more narrow in scope to that exercised by the discoveries of Bronze Age archaeology. Very little behind this factor has come the increasing recognition that the world-civilisation made possible by the conquests of Alexander the Great had many striking parallels with the modern world. Unfortunately there do not exist and are never likely to exist the same means for becoming acquainted with this fascinating epoch that we possess for understanding the Athens of Thucydides. It was an age of immense intellectual activity, specialised knowledge, scientific progress, general education and high artistic culture, comparable with our own in range and

character. But there is a gloomy lesson for our pride in the fact that of the numerous excellent historical and literary works which it produced only a small fraction has survived to tell us of it.

The present work may be truly said to fill a long-felt want in summarising clearly for readers of English the results of thirty years' discovery and study. Before its appearance there was only one small recent work covering the whole period in a brief if highly competent way. Mr. Tarn is a foremost authority, has done remarkable pioneer work in this sphere himself, and possesses the great qualification of an easy, pleasant style. He has compressed into three hundred pages a surprising amount of knowledge. Such a survey, written by one who is a real historian in the best sense of the word, puts many items of scattered information into a proper perspective and enables the reader to reach a true impression of the age as a whole.

Mr. Tarn begins with a sketch of the historical development from Alexander to the Roman conquest which we think will easily rank as the best short sketch in English. As indicated, no history can be more in this case than a summary. We have a great deal of information about Egypt from the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, but it is sociological rather than historical; we can write in detail the history of an Egyptian farm, but not of Egypt; and for the most interesting part, the beginning, our sources are lacking. Outside of Egypt everything is meagre, though recent discoveries from the Euphrates region give promise of great advances in the hitherto relatively untouched field of Asia. Mr. Tarn emphasises justly the greatness of the Macedonian kings who followed Alexander, and with equal justice that of such women as Arsinoe Philadelphus. Women like her were a new portent in the Greek world.

There follow nine closely-packed chapters dealing in turn with the political organisation of the new monarchies, the Greek cities and their social-economic conditions, the Seleucid kingdom, Egypt, the Jews, trade, literature and learning, science and art, religion and philosophy. Space forbids us to do more than indicate the most interesting features of Mr. Tarn's treatment. He assigns, like Eduard Meyer, a very high role in the extension of civilisation to the much-maligned Seleucid house, and emphasises in contrast the selfish policy of the Ptolemies, with their antipathy to the Greek city and their rigid system of State monopoly. Modern politicians may see in Ptolemaic Egypt the most extreme form of State control of everything from banking and the wheat or oil trade to bee-keeping and pig-rearing. In Egypt "Ptolemy

knew each day what each of his subjects was worth and what most were doing." There is a reverse side to the brilliance of the Museum and the flatteries of Callimachus.

Other interesting matters discussed in the book are the social revolution in Greek cities, strikes (of a special kind) in Egypt, ancient birth-control (dissimilar from the modern kind, but immensely more effective—it was infanticide on an appalling scale), mining conditions, the Jewish diaspora—ancient Jews were great wanderers, but were seldom money-lenders and hardly ever traders—revivalist religions, universal education, and many more modern phenomena which were familiar to the third century B.C. How up-to-date Mr. Tarn is may be seen from his very effective use of Cumont's remarkable discoveries at Doura-Europos and of Jensen's feat in tracing the actual source of Horace's *Ars Poetica*.

The book cannot be too warmly recommended both to students of ancient history and to the general reader who is interested in the heritage of Greece. M. T.

Education

ESSAI DE PHILOSOPHIE PÉDAGOGIQUE. Par Fr. De Hovre, Dr. Phil., Professeur de Pédagogie à Anvers. Traduit d'après l'édition flamande par G. Siméons, Inspecteur principal à Liège. Preface de Jacques Maritain. Bruxelles: Dewit. 1927. Pp. xxiv + 362. 35 francs belges.

This survey of certain leading philosophies of education, in action or coming into action within the twentieth century in Europe and America, is a work of national significance and, at the same time, of international importance. Dr. De Hovre, a disciple of the school of philosophy at Louvain, is well known for his writings on Willmann and Foerster, the initial fruits of his scholarship. He is editor of a very full series of pedagogical studies in Flemish: more than thirty volumes have appeared. His *Comparative Study of English and of German Education*, done in English (Constable, 1917), while not claiming to be an exhaustive treatise, is of distinct practical value. The elaborate essay here presented, in its new French dress, by M. Jacques Maritain, is a brilliant example of the progress of philosophical and educational studies in theBelgian land of Flemish speech: it first appeared in Flemish.

Every philosophy has, to some extent, sought a practical outlet in education. Dr. De Hovre, at a late point in this complete exposition of the school and education as penetrated by these philosophies, gives marked attention to Fichte and German Nationalism (pp. 226-283); but he is at his best in his discussion

of the contemporary international school of sociologists (Dewey in America, Durkheim in France, Natorp, Kerschensteiner and Bergemann in Germany), who undoubtedly have had far-reaching practical influence. Set off against them is the more balanced but less fully understood policy of the "moderate sociologists," Willmann, Rein, Barth, Foerster. It is doubtful if they are properly associated with either Pestalozzi or Benjamin Kidd; and any reader of Spencer's work on Education will tend to class these three names under the head of "Naturalism," where Spencer is fully dealt with in the opening section of this excellent treatise.

On two points alone would an appreciative reader wish for further information, despite all the riches of effective citation and critical discussion which Dr. De Hovre displays in fair order and with almost enthusiastic fervour. Any philosophy of education needs to be steadied by personal educative work and by pedagogical practice, either in its author or founder, or in his disciples. Brief estimates of the results of such practice and application would be of great service to students and thinkers. Pestalozzi, for instance, lived in a fanciful Utopia, very distinct from the Pestalozzian Institutes. Spencer, Kidd, and others here treated have had theoretical influence, but very poor practical results. Durkheim, on the other hand, has had grave and widespread effect on the modern French State System, through the teachers and the writers of text-books who gave national effect to his doctrines since he entered the Sorbonne twenty-five years ago.

The second point is prompted by the significant remark of M. Jacques Maritain at the close of his preface (p. xi). This distinguished leader of neo-scholasticism here pointedly calls attention to the teaching of St. Thomas, that the teacher is a real cause of knowledge, as well as of moral habits and virtues, in the pupil and in the class. There are many modern advocates of an anti-social individualism (avowedly derived from Rousseau) who, in the name of child liberty and of untrammelled impulse, have no use for any teacher. None of the modern philosophies so ably and lucidly dealt with here by Dr. De Hovre has much contact with this ultra-modern development. Its widespread claims and its propaganda in reviews would indicate it as possibly the fruit of a Naturalism that developed before Herbert Spencer, and that the great Catholic writer of Austria, Otto Willmann, would recognise as the special fruit of Darwinian individual action. Dr. De Hovre, as Willmann's finest exponent, could worthily deal with this latest phase. His fine treatise will be of great value in advanced University Departments of Education. T. C.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION. A Survey of Principles and Projects. By J. J. Findlay, Honorary Professor of Education, University of Manchester. Volume II. The Practice of Education. London: University of London Press. 1927. Pp. xii + 380. 10s. 6d. net.

In the Preface to this second volume of his general exposition of the aims and processes of education, Professor Findlay disclaims all intention of writing a text-book for Training Departments. The principle of such a disclaimer is entirely sound. Yet even more than his first volume, this survey of the practice of education is likely to serve the text-book demand in English training centres.

This is because its whole text is set squarely and solidly on the English basis. The dominant element in that basis is, it need hardly be said, observable in the peculiarly English concept of the corporate life of a school. When was it formed? Professor Findlay tells us explicitly:—

> The movement owes little to theory. It took formal shape at Rugby, Winchester, and elsewhere, as a result of specific conditions in ethics—religious development between 1820 and 1850 . . . Arnold of Rugby was the hero of the story, although some of his contemporaries were warranted in claiming a share of the glory for other schools . . . . As a young schoolmaster I was a disciple in the Arnoldian tradition (pp. 62—63).

The pages that follow these sentences (63-67) exhibit the main process used by Professor Findlay for the building he has done on this basis. "This note on the idea of corporate life, *as practised in our English schools*, must be supplemented——." Throughout the whole of this survey this process is steadily maintained. The whole plan is English through and through. Nine-tenths of the authorities and critics cited are English. Even within the English area, there is a noticeable limitation on the historical side. The horizon is limited to the last 125 years. Given the basis of construction, this is easily understood. There were figures, no doubt, before Arnold; but only in as far as there were brave men before Agamemnon.

It is only natural, therefore, that the appeal to Continental and to American experience is made so far forth as English education connects with them, and that means English education of these last 125 years. "Pestalozzi is acknowledged as the founder of pedagogic science" (p. 153), and that for a plain modern English reason. "There is no going back. Nor can we in education go back to the pre-Pestalozzian era when hand-to-mouth tradition was almost the only guide to the schoolmaster" (p. 155). There are eight references to Mr. Bertrand Russell,

whom Dr. Findlay at times treats as an " apostle," but who later is " our contemporary anarchist " among pedagogic philosophers.

The complete work of Professor Findlay is therefore of distinct value ; its emphatically insular standpoint makes his exposition significant, and provocative of thought. Especially in his later chapters, where classroom practice is more in view, this treatment results in conservative and highly useful examination of the " reform methods " of the twentieth century. They are, according to plan, all viewed as they promise or fail to promise results in English schools. The elaborate note on references and writers (pp. 263-270) is a serviceable example of this method of expounding " The General Trend of Reform " (pp. 236-263), which leads off with the definition that " there are *two great men in our epoch*, John Dewey in the West and Tagore in the East, whose wisdom not only illumines the general mind, but has stooped to the level of children " (p. 264). Yet Professor Findlay, just before, finds place for the English seer in a detailed footnote. It is, of course, on Mr. Edmond Holmes, the author of the Holmes Circular.

This work is, therefore, radically English, modern English, while dealing with a world-wide science essentially historical. Were the European scene so examined by Professor Findlay, it would yield great results, results which the writer of this valuable insular survey at times glimpses, as when he writes (p. 352-353) : " Let us carry our minds back to the great epochs of secondary schooling, to Athens in its prime, to Vittorino da Feltre "—but then he has inevitably to add :"—to Arnold." In education it is well to be a good European. T. C.

History

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Edited by J. B. Bury, M.A., F.B.A. ; S. A. Cook, Litt.D. ; F. E. Adcock, M.A. Vol. V.—Athens : 478–401 B.C. Vol. VI.—Macedon : 401-301 B.C. Cambridge : At the University Press. 1927. 21s. (vol. v), 30s. (vol. vi).

THESE two volumes bring the history of classical Greece to a close ; they also contain the last published work of a great Dublin scholar. Bury's *History of Greece* first appeared in 1904, and has held its own ever since as easily the best text-book of Greek History in the English language. Some years earlier Bury had contrived to pack an amazing amount of hard work and accurate information into his *Student's Roman Empire ;* but that book was more obviously written at second hand. In his *History of Greece*

Trinity's most brilliant young classical scholar was drawing on the reading of years, and there have been few histories of any country in which the literature of each succeeding generation has been used so successfully to illustrate the life and thought of the period. Bury had a brilliant subject, and he wrote of it brilliantly.

But from the stand-point of a professional scholar there was much to criticise. Bury was good where his sources were good; where his principal sources failed him, there was little sign of independent research. And there was plainly marked what was to become a characteristic of his work—a tendency to give more than its due value to the latest continental, and especially German, publications. As general Editor of the *Cambridge Ancient History*, Bury was given an opportunity of providing a corrective to his own more youthful work. For these two volumes, which must be read in connection with the story of the Persian Wars in Vol. IV, are at once a fine monument of purely English scholarship and the fruit of independent researches patiently pursued by many scholars for many years. It is worth while to compare the story they tell with the story which so many of us first read as school-boys, or in our undergraduate days.

And in the first place a false impression must be removed. I have spoken of English scholarship; but scholarship, like everything else, has become more and more international in these latter days. A mere glance at the Bibliographies at the end of these volumes will be more than enough for the ordinary reader. Scholarship is a laborious task at all times, but more than ever when the question of a date or the determination of a source may lead you on a quest through a dozen or so of learned periodicals. It is no small tribute to most of the contributors to these volumes that they have so ordered their narratives as to make us forget this meticulous search for accuracy of statement.

Mr. Adcock, one of the General Editors, has, perhaps, been most successful in this first requisite of a readable History. His chapters on the policy of Pericles in peace and war are admirably written, and have just that sting of contemporary allusiveness which makes us remember that his narrative was written under the stress of a war greater in its significance, as in its material size, than the war between Athens and Sparta. Mr. E. M. Walker deals with the earlier and more difficult period of the Pentecontaeteia, and carries on the story of Athenian democracy which he began in Vol. iv. with his chapter on the reforms of Cleisthenes. Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else in these volumes, we feel

the value of modern research; for it is just in the all-important years between Salamis and the Peloponnesian War that both Herodotus and Thucydides fail us. Bury, who can write brilliantly where he has either of the great historians as a guide, is less convincing for a dark period like the Pentecontaeteia. Mr. Walker, on the other hand, is never so happy—and so convincing—as when there is some obscure date to be fixed, or some difficult constitutional problem to be settled from unsatisfactory evidence. His sections on Cleomenes and the Aeginetan war in Vol. IV. were an object-lesson in work of this kind. In Vol. V. he is at his best on the chronological problems which are raised by the career of Cimon; and his analysis of the Periclean democracy is as suggestive as it is penetrating. Athenian party politics make a tempting field for any one who can combine a sense for political values with keen insight into the available historical evidence.

Professor Ferguson of Harvard has been chosen to tell the story of the later stages of the Peloponnesian War; and here I must frankly say that I prefer the old familiar story as told by Bury. Professor Ferguson is, of course, careful to record many minor details which Bury, with a surer sense of proportion, was as careful to omit; it is at times woefully hard to see the wood for the trees. And on one important problem—the relations between the story of the Four Hundred as told by Thucydides and by Aristotle in his *Constitution of Athens*—the American scholar is obscure. Those who have heard Mr. Walker lecture on this subject, will regret that the division of labour allowed in the fourth volume has not been continued in the fifth. Professor Ferguson, who enters into every detail of military and naval history, is apparently not sufficiently interested in constitutional problems to give us a clear statement of this instructive episode, all the more instructive because it brings together in conflicting judgements the two greatest political thinkers of Greece.

Of the writers in the sixth volume, Mr. Tarn is the most important, and the best worth reading. He tells once more the tale of the Anabasis, with more feeling for the Persian side than is common in our text-books; and he tells in four long chapters the story of that greater Anabasis of which Alexander the Great was the hero. A discreetly worded foot-note reminds us that in reading or writing the history of Alexander, we must make up our minds definitely between the "vulgate story of his life and the official records of which Arrian gives us the substance." Mr. Tarn's reference to the "many recent historians" who rely mainly on

the vulgate, includes a criticism of his Editor-in-chief. For Bury's chapter on Alexander the Great is not the most reliable in his book. And it is also significant that, whilst Bury, following an old classical tradition, ends his *History of Greece* with the death of Alexander, this sixth volume of the *History* which he planned goes down to 301 B.C. We are learning to see a continuity in later Greek history which older classical scholars ignored.

And yet, when all is said, I find myself turning back with regret to the Bury of 1904. It is not merely that these encyclopaedic histories are inevitably confusing. I have just had occasion for example, to look up the story of the revolt of Inaros in Egypt, and I have found myself referred to Ch. III in Vol. V. as well as to Ch. I and Ch. VI. in Vol. VI. And I have had to turn back to the index in Vol. IV. for some necessary facts about the antecedents of Tissaphernes, who begins to play an important part in Vol. V., but whose family history is only given in Ch. I of Vol. VI. These are minor inconveniences which a man must learn to bear patiently. But I cannot endure that my favourite Greek heroes should be treated with scant courtesy, just because the modern historian finds chronology and *Quellenkritik* more to his taste. Of them all I have always loved Pelopidas best, and I first learned to know him in Bury's *History of Greece.* Do you remember the night of the deliverance of Thebes ?

"Business to-morrow," said Archias; and the women entered and sat down beside their lords. They were covered with long veils; and even as they were bidden lift them and reveal their charms, they buried daggers in the bodies of the polemarchs. For they were none other than Pelopidas and his fellows in the guise of women.

And then there is the great story of his death.

In the moment of victory the impetuous general espied the hated despot in whose dungeon he had languished, and yielding to an irresistible fit of passion, aggravated by the excitement of the battle, he forgot the duties of a general and rushed against his enemy. Alexander withdrew into the midst of his guards, and Pelopidas, plunging desperately after him, was overwhelmed by numbers. It was even so that Cyrus threw away his victory at Cunaxa.

After much painful search through more than one chapter of Vol. VI, which was not aided by a faulty index, I succeeded in following up the story of Pelopidas as told by Dr. Cary of University College, London, to whom this portion of the *History* has been assigned. Will you believe it ? Dr. Carey barely mentions Pelopidas in his account of the deliverance of Thebes; he casts doubt on the famous words of Archias, for no better reason than because they make a good story—some Greek must have invented them; and he narrates with brief contempt the death of Pelopidas,

who thus disappears from the scene of Greek history as though he had never been the right-hand man of Epaminondas, nor ever commanded the Sacred Band of Thebes. To be sure, Bury is only writing up the story as he found it in Plutarch, and there is here no room for historical research. But Plutarch is Plutarch, and he had a very quick eye for the essential in history. If that is how they teach Greek history in London, then I am sure that Plutarch would have preferred the Dublin of Bury's day as a place to live in.

Of the supplementary chapters, which are an important part of the *Ancient History*, the opening chapter of Vol. V by Mr.Tod, on the economic background of the fifth century, is the most important. Bury's own chapter on the Sophists makes interesting reading; the choice of a subject is characteristic of one who was for years a prominent member of the Rationalist Press Association. In Vol. VI Dr. Ernest Barker contributes a thoughtful chapter on Greek political theory, though I feel that he has done less than justice to the political thought of Isocrates. Indeed, all the writers of the sixth volume seem to have entered into a conspiracy of silence about the writer and thinker who may have been too much of an antiquarian to be a practical politician, but who saw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the general drift of Greek political life and thought. Still, it is good to find in Mr. Pickard-Cambridge a scholar who is not afraid to say a good word for Demosthenes. After all, the heroes of lost causes are often nearest to the truth. A. G.

IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO A.D. 800. By John Ryan, S.J., M.A. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1927. 198 pages, with seven maps. 2s. 6d. net.

This work belongs to a projected series forming an historical course for schools. The complete series, it is announced, will include four volumes of Irish history and four volumes of European history. The scope of this first volume indicates a view of the teaching of history to young students as rare as it is sane and practical. Of the nine chapters, one only is taken up with purely political history, almost the exclusive theme of manuals of history usually supplied for schools. Archaeology, commonly ignored in such manuals, supplies a chapter, brightly and lucidly written, on the prehistoric background. Other chapters describe the ancient Celts, their life and organisation in pre-Christian Ireland, the early Irish Church, the ancient schools, the spread of Christian civilisation by Irish missionaries, the civil institutions and social life of early Christian Ireland.

For primary schools, to master the contents of the volume will be an easy and pleasant task for teachers. It is well suited for students in secondary schools, and the university student will find in it a good grounding for the study of early Irish history. Though it is designed for school use, it will be read with pleasure and profit by the ordinary citizen who recognises that a claim to be decently well informed implies a fair degree of knowledge of his country's history. There are plenty of good illustrations, and the maps, which seem to have been specially drawn, show the topography of ancient Ireland in successive periods and the range of Irish missionaries and teachers over Britain, France, and Mid-Europe.

Those who make use of this volume for their own instruction or the instruction of others will eagerly expect the publication of the remaining volumes of the projected series, recognising the promise in them of something new, wholesome and wholly desirable in our modern Ireland, a people knowing its own history and able to discern between legendary fancies on the one hand and the equally fanciful fictions of a still rampant school of Celtophobe writers about history. E. MacN.

Mysticism

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MYSTICS. By Joseph Maréchal, S.J. Translated, with an Introductory Foreword, by Algar Thorold. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1927. 10s. 6d. net.

ÉTUDES SUR LA PSYCHOLOGIE DES MYSTIQUES. Par Joseph Maréchal, S.J. Tome I. Louvain: Museum Lessianum. 1924. 12.50 frs.

THE Philosophical Section of the Museum Lessianum published in 1924 a reprint of a number of very valuable articles on the psychology of mystical experience by Father Maréchal, and we were promised a second volume to follow. Unfortunately this promise has not yet been fulfilled, but Mr. Algar Thorold has secured for his translation of the first volume some of the essays intended probably for the second. Among these figure an admirable critique of Leuba, a very interesting study of Islamic mysticism, and a stimulating and provocative series of reflections on the comparative study of mysticism. But we still lack Father Maréchal's articles on "The Intuition of God in Christian Mysticism" and "The lower limit of mystical states"—two very controverted questions on which we were personally very anxious to have the learned Jesuit's views. One can derive from the present essays that he admits a "natural" mysticism, an acquired contemplation of an essentially conceptual character

yet mystical. He seems to ignore the " agnostic " note in mystical contemplation, its supreme character alike in Dionysius and St. John of the Cross. But possibly this statement is too strong to be inferred with justice from the present essays ; one can only regret the absence of these two other essays which would have thrown light on this vexed but fundamental question.

The three first essays in the English translation form the whole of the Museum Lessianum volume, and are of the first importance as a philosophical defence of that general view of the nature of mystical experience set forth in Poulain's great work. It gives us also a fine defence of the supernatural character of the mystical experience of the Saints, and is a model of what a courteous and effective apologetic should be. Father Maréchal can meet the Leubas and the Delacroixs on their own ground and speak to them in their own tongue. The special essay on " Professor Leuba as a psychologist of mysticism," which has been added to the English translation, is one of the neatest bits of controversial writing we have come across ; it makes us long to see Père Maréchal deal with Dean Inge. The article on " The problem of mystical grace in Islam," with its account of al-Hallaj, a Moslem mystic martyred at Bagdad in the year 922, is one of the best in the whole volume. The last essay, " The Comparative Study of Mysticism," is luminous and provocative at once. It shows that if Father Maréchal is a Poulainien, he is a Poulainien of the left. He deals with a very fascinating bunch of problems suggested by the effort to deal with mystical experience by psychologists who consider the facts of Mysticism in " their phenomenal aspect only, abstraction being made of any metaphysical or theological ' value ' they may have." After a brilliant polemic fought out on their own chosen ground, Father Maréchal says to the agnostic psychologist :—

> To come back to the essential question, what is the legitimate attitude of a " positive and comparative science of mysticism " before the problem of supernatural mystical union ? This problem it can neither set aside nor solve. It cannot set it aside, for it is *de jure* presented by every theist metaphysic, and is presented *de facto* by the mystical documents. Neither can it solve it. To answer it in the negative, that is, to deny the existence of a true supernatural mysticism, would be to go directly counter to the categorical affirmation of the monotheistic contemplatives, especially the Christian mystics, who claim to have had transcendental experiences, a claim nowise absurd in itself. But it cannot answer the problem in the affirmative, for, formal as the testimony of the mystic is, it remains uncontrollable by the means at the disposal of science. But it must faithfully record all the data of the problem—historical, psychological, philosophic and theological—without pronouncing any affirmative or negative answer ; for that is beyond the limits of its competence.

JOHN HOWLEY.

Sacrifice of the Mass

L'IDEE DU SACRIFICE DE LA MESSE. Par M. Lepin, Professeur au Grand Séminaire de Lyon. Paris : Beauchesne. 1926. Pp. xi + 815. 70 fr.

It is of faith that in the Mass there is offered to God a true and proper sacrifice. But how exactly the Mass is a sacrifice has not been defined by the Church and has long been a matter of controversy. Bishop MacDonald's *Sacrifice of the Mass* (1924) and P. de la Taille's *Mysterium Fidei* (1921) have reopened the question. The discussion to which these books gave rise has greatly helped Eucharistic studies. On the other hand, the labours of several critics have produced more heat than light. Here and there true zeal and piety have not been well served by learning. The fog of battle had begun to obscure the landmarks. It remained for M. Lepin to intervene at the right moment on the side of objective and dispassionate thinking, and to write us this fine book in which he has collected all the theological texts bearing on the controversy from the ninth century to our day.

The plan of the book is simple. The first part deals with theological speculation on the Blessed Eucharist from the 9th to the 16th century. The second part brings the survey down to our day. Those who have followed recent developments of the controversy will note the significance of the time division. Schanz, Billot, Gihr, Götzmann, Renz and, recently, P. de la Taille, have noted that the Protestant attack on the Mass was met by a new line of defence on the Catholic side. The Mass, Luther had said, is neither a sacrifice nor an oblation for sin, but a mere commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross. It is to blaspheme the Cross to believe that the Son of God is offered again by the priest at Mass. The angle of the attack determined the direction of the reply. Doctors of Louvain like Ruard Tapper, Jean Hessels and Van der Galen seem to have led the way in proposing the theory of immolation-sacrifice. Thenceforth it became a growing preoccupation of theologians to show that the Mass is a true and proper sacrifice and no derogation of Calvary, because in every Mass the victim suffers some kind of real immolation or change.

The variations of the immolation-sacrifice theory are well known. There is de Lugo's *status declivior*, rehabilitated in the middle of last century by Franzelin in a masterly exposition which at one moment seemed to have closed the controversy for ever. Cardinal Bellarmine taught that Christ is in a true sense

immolated at the priest's communion, inasmuch as that action terminates His sacramental state. Lessius (followed by Billuart and P. Hugon, O.P.) proposed virtual immolation, in the sense that the words of consecration would separate Christ's Body and Blood if His glorified life did not make that impossible. There are minor variations of the same type, but we may omit them here. What is more important is to note with M. Lepin that this immolation-sacrifice theory is a post-Tridentine innovation. No theologian taught it from the 9th to the 16th century. It is unheard of in the Council of Trent. But we had better quote M. Lepin's exact words :—

> . . . aucun théologien, durant cette longue période de sept siècles, n'a même insinué que, pour justifier la raison de sacrifice propre à la Messe, il faudrait faire appel à l'idée d'expiation proprement dite, opérée par un acte de réelle immolation ou immutation . . . l'idée du sacrifice-destruction ou immutation est une idée relativement moderne, introduite postérieurement au Concile de Trente sous l'influence des prétentions protestantes . . . (pp. 735–737).

Having underlined this important conclusion, we cannot do more here than invite the reader to examine the series of Eucharistic texts of the past eleven centuries which M. Lepin has collected and analysed. They are thoroughly educational. It is true that the author has a theory of his own to prove ; but we were not conscious at any time that his historical judgment was vitiated thereby. In any case the reader may disregard M. Lepin's commentary, if he wishes, and keep to the texts. Certain sections are of outstanding interest : the chapter on the patristic texts cited by the early theologians, for instance ; the chapter on St. Thomas, too ; and later chapters dealing with the discussions at Trent and with P. de la Taille's theory. The second part of the book will be a perpetual memorial of the ingenuity of certain theologians in the art of substituting a dialectical evasion for a real solution. It also provides the curious spectacle of new theories opposing and displacing old theories, to be in their turn refuted and relegated to the limbo of the *adversarii*. It was really time to see whether the problem was not badly put or whether perhaps it was insoluble. In any case, with M. Lepin's help, it should be easy, if not to solve the problem, at least to understand the state of the question and to avoid a mere dialectical *échappatoire*.

M. Lepin, who is very courteous in discussing all other theories, is modest in proposing his own. He follows the oblation-sacrifice view, of course ; but with notable secondary differences from theologians of the same school. He maintains, for instance, that

Calvary was a personal or direct rather than a ritual sacrifice; and that the sacrificial oblation of Christ began at the Incarnation (*Tunc dixi: Ecce venio . . .*), was prolonged through all Christ's wayfaring life, and continues in heaven for ever. Another point of difference occurs in the Mass. For M. Lepin the principal Offerer is Christ; for P. de la Taille it is the Church. As regards the latter point, perhaps there is room for accommodation in view of P. de la Taille's assertion :—

Est utique Christus principalis oblator suo modo eminentiori per virtutem suae oblationis unius nec iterabilis. Ecclesia principalem locum tenet inter eos qui *noviter* offerunt in singulis sacrificiis. (M.F., p. 327, note 1).

The other point is attractive and suggestive; but, in spite of the authority of the French School and some support from tradition, we are not convinced. To bring every action of Christ within the scope of sacrifice in the proper sense of the term seems as excessive as its corollary (which M. Lepin admits, p. 743), that the just can offer themselves in continuous and proper (though moral) sacrifice. Moreover, we do not understand what impossibility M. Lepin sees in Christ's ritual sacrifice of Himself. On the contrary, it seems to us that the concrete elements of a High Priest, an Altar and a Victim, operating at a certain time and place the Redemption and Recapitulation of all through one culminating Sacrificial action, are completed, not by an affective and prospective oblation, but by an effective and pragmatic oblation at some point in the Sacred Passion. But this is a point which deserves fuller treatment than it can receive here. Some will probably agree with M. Lepin, and others will disagree. But no one, we imagine, will doubt that in this book M. Lepin has given us an indispensable enchiridion to the theology of the Blessed Eucharist. D. S. N.

THE LAST SUPPER AND CALVARY. By Alfred Swaby, O.P. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1926. 5s.

THIS is *un livre frémissant.* The author, who died in 1925, was an Irishman of the English Dominican Province. He urges a passionate polemic against Bishop MacDonald and P. de la Taille's theory that the Last Supper and Calvary are essential parts of numerically one Sacrifice. His own view is that—

. . . the Passion and Death of our Divine Redeemer, beginning in Gethsemani and ending on the Cross, itself constitutes the *unique and absolute Sacrifice of Redemption.* In other words, the sacrifice of the Cross, complete in itself, derives no sacrificial character whatever from the Last Supper (p. xxvii).

Now if we pass over a certain weight of invective and mere

assertion, the proof of the main thesis is unsatisfactory. To illustrate. In part III Fr. Swaby deals with the essence of sacrifice, and wishes to prove that the oblation of the Sacrifice of Calvary was not made at the Last Supper, by proving from "tradition's explicit definitions" that sacrificial oblation and immolation and sacrifice, though logically distinct, are numerically identical. Thereupon he quotes the definitions of Albertus Magnus, with this note :—

> Being by way of comment on the text of Peter Lombard . . . these explicit definitions spring from the heart of ancient tradition. For the Master's *Sentences* (twelfth century) did but sum up the whole of patristic teaching (p. 54).

He adds the testimony of Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas, and then sums up :—

> Peter Lombard, Blessed Albert the Great and S. Thomas unanimously show, in the light of ancient tradition, that real identity exists between sacrificial oblation and immolation (p. 87).

Now we submit that to charge Bishop MacDonald and P. de la Taille with changing tradition's meaning of the terms (p. 87) on the basis of such an argument from tradition is, to say the least of it—and apart from the truth or falsehood of their view—a lapse from sound method.

A detail. At p. 61, quoting from Soto, Fr. Swaby writes :—

> Here it may be noted incidentally that de Soto uses *oblation* and *sacrifice* synonymously.

Our curiosity led us to consult M. Lepin's book to see whether de Soto is consistent in the synonymous use of these words. Here is what we read (p. 350) :—

> Ut scienter D. Thomas adnotavit, sacrificium non idem est prorsus quod oblatio.

Nevertheless, we sincerely hope that the noisy polemic and overwrought dialectic of the book will not prejudice the reader against the author's real merits. With M. Lepin he raises the question whether tradition makes sacrifice a ritual and liturgical action ; and the other question as to when, according to tradition, the Passion begins : whether it began at the Last Supper or at Gethsemani. These are important questions that deserve close study. In his controversial attitude on these and many other points Fr. Swaby is a Durandus to Bishop MacDonald and P. de la Taille. D. S. N.

Poetry

THE FOUR WINDS OF EIRINN. By Ethna Carbery. Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition. Dublin : Gill. 1927. 3s.

ETHNA CARBERY seems to have left on all who knew her a peculiarly abiding impression. Many persons known for their independence

and incisiveness of mind have testified that the mere friendship of this gentle lady has permanently influenced their outlook on the world. This fact witnesses, as do the outward details of her life, to that generosity (I use the word in the Roman sense to mean a pervading nobility of soul) that was the prevailing quality of her mind and heart. Her thoughts were ever of schemes for the betterment of her own world, and her hands busy at their realisation. For she was no mere dreamer, but compound of initiative and action.

This very power of self-devotion (rightly insisted upon by Mr. Seamus MacManus in his affectionate memoir of his wife published in this anniversary edition of her poems) is, strangely, just what excludes Ethna Carbery from the company of the greatest modern poets. For it prohibited her from communicating as poetry the master-passions of her life. Whenever she wrote of her deepest convictions, she wrote as a rule of the things themselves, not of her own feeling for them. She directed the reader primarily, not to her own mental attitude, but to its material object. And so she failed to make that object significant to him of his own life. Briefly, in the case of the *grande passion* of her life she wrote of Ireland rather than of her love for Ireland; and this is the method of prose propaganda, not of poetry. Readers therefore to whom "The Passionate Hearts" was a new revelation of their own nationality will be disappointed to find most of her poems on Ireland vigorous and rhetorical enough, but sing-song in metre, metallic in touch, lacking the personal appeal that makes her prose so deeply moving. Thus, after writing two stanzas of this quality —

> Oh thinkin' long's the weary work!
> It breaks my heart from dawn
> Till all the wee, wee, friendly stars
> Come out at dayli' gone.
> An' thinkin' long's the weary work,
> Where I must spin and spin,
> To drive the fearsome fancies out,
> An' hold the hopeful in!—

she breaks the magic in the third with an allusion to the "tattered, dear, green flag." We exchange Moira O'Neill for Mr. Masefield, and we are not thankful. Sometimes, too, when she writes of the lusty heroic ages the instrument seems too delicate for its burthen. In truth Ethna Carbery, who played a man's part in life, revealed a gentler spirit in literature.

But how well she played a woman's part! There is yet a region in literature in which she is supreme, a place not above, but apart from, contemporary poets. When not expressly pro-

pagandist about some cause she champions, but stirred rather by a personal motive from the things that lay close to her, she writes if not the greatest at least some of the purest poetry written this century. To sum up her place in a word, she is the poet of Ireland's hidden life, intimate in manner, clinging to simple, normal things. Here her strength was in her genuineness. No poet has ever been more fresh, natural, spontaneous, more free from literary artifice and the shackles of tradition, and from that affected daintiness of metaphor that is the bane of most women poets. In all her familiar lyrics there is a sustained radiance of emotion that renders almost engaging a certain occasional want of distinction of style. Out of many poems there remain in mind the poignant "Our Road," "Invocation," with its exquisitely cadenced lines, the more conscious and elaborate word-music of "The Wayfarer," "The Green Plover" with its counterpoint of stave-rimes, the impassioned but controlled march of the lines "Niall Glondubh to Gormlai," the astounding passion, reminding one of the metaphysical poets, of "The Other" and "The Quest" and "Amor Vincit." Let one example suffice. This stanza is from "The Song of Ciabhan":—

The slow blue stars
  Beneath your brows
At the clash of wars
  Need never rouse;
Through day hours winging,
  My love shall tend
  And my gold harp send
You to sleep with singing.

If music like this be soon forgotten, it will be Ireland's loss and Ireland's shame. A. L.

Social Science

THE SOCIAL CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Georgiana P. McEntee, Ph.D. New York: Macmillan. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1927. 10s. 6d. net.

The author of this book is an American who was inspired to the task by another American, Professor Parker Moon, who wrote a volume on the Social Catholic Movement in France. Miss McEntee's title, to our mind, is somewhat anachronistic. The French speak, with reason, of Social Catholics, but English Catholics only speak of the Catholic Social Movement. The transposition of the adjective and substantive has its meaning for those who know both countries. Miss McEntee is not subtle,

and there are some fine points of her subject which she fails to appreciate. Her narrative is that of an outsider; and though this has its drawbacks, there is no fault to be found with the book on grounds of impartiality and perspective. There has, indeed, been little that is not plain and straightforward in the Catholic Social Movement in England. There has been scarcely any of the controversy on policy that fascinates the student of the corresponding movement in France.

What do we mean by the word "social" in relation to Catholic action? If a total abstinence league is to be reckoned a social movement, why not the St. Vincent de Paul Society? Why ignore the Good Shepherd nuns in a social survey when account is taken of an agitation against the White Slave traffic? Our author does not trouble her readers with such questions of definition. Her working rule appears to be that the "parochial" and the "charitable" are not "social."

The book begins with a sketch of England in the first half of the nineteenth century, when Catholics were just emerged from the catacombs. It took the emancipated Catholics a long time to realise that they had any part to play in shaping the social development of their country. It was the converts, free from the inferiority complex, who took the lead in Catholic social work. Cardinal Manning was a Catholic social movement in himself. The close bond of sympathy between him and the masses of poor Irish immigrants was probably the chief factor in keeping the Catholic Church in England in close touch with popular sentiments. We must have the greatest veneration for other Cardinals, like Wiseman, Newman and Vaughan; but all were aloof from the masses; and if Manning had not founded the democratic tradition there might have been an estrangement between the Church and Labour in England such as we have had to deplore in other countries.

There are in England Catholic feminist organisations and a Catholic Council of International Relations which act co-operatively with the corresponding undenominational movements. Miss McEntee pays special attention to the Catholic Social Guild because of its more comprehensive character and its comparatively long career and its important offshoots like the Catholic Workers' College. It might be suggested that English Catholics, up to the present, have only been keeping abreast of non-Catholics in social work. This is itself an achievement, for they have had their hands full with the "charitable" and "parochial" works not counted as "social." It is something for the children of light

to be as wise in their generation as the children of darkness. But there are now signs of more original Catholic action, of approaches to the formulation of a Catholic policy of social and economic reform. That, however, is another story, and meanwhile we must be grateful to Miss McEntee for a very interesting and valuable book, which will be a stimulus to Catholic social action wherever it is read. H. S.

A CATECHISM OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL PRINCIPLES. By James P. Kerr, LL.D. Third Edition. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1927. 2s.

PRIMER OF THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. By Rev. Michael Canon Cronin, M.A., D.D., P.P. Dublin: Gill. 1927. 2s.

LE CATECHISME DU CITOYEN. Par Henri Brun. Avignon: Aubanel Fils Ainé. 15 fr. 25.

CODE SOCIAL: Esquisse d'une synthèse sociale catholique. Paris: Editions Spes. 1927. 6 fr.

COMMENTAIRE PRATIQUE DE L'ENCYCLIQUE "RERUM NOVARUM." Nouvelle édition. Editions Spes. 1927. 7 fr. 50.

ENTRETIENS FAMILIERS DE MORALE SOCIALE. Par M. Bellenoue. Nouvelle édition. Editions Spes. 1927. 9 fr.

It is a pleasure to be able to give a most cordial recommendation to this batch of unpretending volumes. Repeatedly we are assured that the great vital question of our day is the Social Question, and no one can complain that the Social Question is being neglected so far as literary output is concerned. But beyond arousing a certain amount of academic interest and supplying material for ineffective discussions, it would be difficult to discover any adequate results from all this intellectual activity. Certainly, if we regard the net result on the actual social position, it must be regretfully admitted that it has been to make confusion worse confounded. The obvious explanation of this is that, to solve or even to contribute effectually towards the solution of social problems, it is necessary to get into contact with the facts as they exist in real life. In this most of our social literature is found wanting. It is just literature, and literature only. Solutions in theory we have in abundance, but it is not shown how these solutions fit in with facts, or if they do, how they are to be put into operation.

From another direction it is strongly impressed on us that the key to the solution of all our social problems is to be found in the teaching of the Catholic Church. Personally, I am convinced that this is true. But here again the difficulty presents itself as to how the key is to be discovered, and if discovered how applied. It must be remembered that the Church has no ready-made social programme : and even if she had, or if anyone were able to construct a complete consistent programme on Catholic principles, it would be too much to hope that it could be put into operation in view of the forces which at present dominate all economic relations. For this reason, in spite of great initial advantages in having all the rich stores of the Church's teaching and tradition to call on, our Catholic publicists have been little more successful than others in promoting the amelioration of the actual conditions in which people live. It does not help us now to be shown how the Church solved social problems in bygone ages and in circumstances totally different from our own, or to be told, what is perfectly true, that if the world would hearken to the Church's moral teaching on charity and justice, the most intolerable social evils would find an immediate remedy. The fact is that the Church has been and will be successful in providing solutions for social problems precisely to the extent to which she can influence the convictions and control the conduct of the individuals and classes who shape economic and social conditions. In that way, and not by formulating any social theory, she succeeded in mitigating and finally abolishing the system of slavery. In that way also, under her influence, there grew up the moral economic system of the thirteenth century, which modern economists find it almost impossible to understand.

All that goes to show the importance of works of the kind under review here. They contain no theorising, no ready-made solutions ; they simply give a bald presentation of the elmentary principles of social science in the light of the moral teaching of the Catholic Church. They have the one overwhelming advantage that they cannot be simply ignored as merely the expression of individual views. Nor on the other hand can it be said that being elementary they cannot contain anything new or instructive for the ordinary educated Catholic. In reality they will be found fresh, suggestive and not unfrequently startling to many intelligent Catholics, who are otherwise well educated but have been brought up in the tradition of non-moral economics.

Of Canon Cronin's work it will be noted that " it is intended primarily for boys and girls attending Intermediate Schools in

Ireland." That points to what is perhaps the most promising departure which has taken place in this country for many years. If social study on the clear definite lines set forth in this *Primer of the Principles of Social Science* is systematically cultivated in all our secondary schools, we shall have begun at last to lay the foundations on which a true Christian form of economic organisation can be gradually constructed. Year after year we shall have in the country a growing number of Catholic young men and women with intelligent knowledge of the nature of society and of the moral and Christian relations which should exist between its members. Such knowledge, if it is combined with zeal for the realisation of Christian ideals, must ultimately create a public opinion enlightened and vigorous enough to change the inequitable conditions now accepted as a matter of course.

The fact that Dr. Kerr's Catechism has gone so quickly into the third edition is ample proof not only of its worth but also of the encouraging demand for such instruction on the part of the public. It is no depreciation of Dr. Kerr's work to say that Canon Cronin's *Primer of the Principles of Social Science* marks a decided advance. Perhaps it was the fact of writing with a definite object and for a definite class of readers that determined Canon Cronin to adhere rigidly to the simple exposition of fundamental principles. He tells us in the preface that he selected the principles as of more importance for young people than the detailed methods of giving effect to them. That is putting it very mildly indeed. To treat of detailed methods would be quite unsuitable for intermediate students; it would be, moreover, impossible to do so without introducing individual and to some extent controversial views, which would rob the work of its authoritative character. I do not suggest that individual and controversial views may not be discussed with profit in their own time and place, but certainly not by youths during class hours in intermediate schools.

Code Social is one of the publications of *L'Union internationale d'études sociales*, which was established at Malines in 1920 under the presidency of Cardinal Mercier. It should prove a very useful aid to teachers in schools where Dr. Kerr's or Canon Cronin's work is adopted as text book. It covers pretty much the same ground, and follows the direct positive method, but the treatment is fuller and considerably more advanced.

Catéchisme du Citoyen sets forth simply and in an orderly form the substance of the Papal Encyclicals on political and social questions. Like Dr. Kerr and Canon Cronin, M. Brun adopts the

method of question and answer; but at the end of each chapter he adds a well selected quotation from some standard authority, which in a telling way emphasises or elaborates the matter treated of in the several questions and answers. Its practical utility is greatly enhanced by the addition of a brief index.

Commentaire Pratique de l'Encyclique "Rerum Novarum" is an elaborate and critical study of the great Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Condition of Labour. Here again the method of question and answer is followed. Not only is the papal teaching itself minutely analysed, but every incidental point and fact which could help to elucidate that teaching and give it force is carefully discussed. The work is very fully documented and contains an elaborate index. It should prove an invaluable aid to students of present day labour problems.

Entretiens familiers sur la Morale sociale may be called familiar in the sense that it is written in an intimate friendly spirit, but certainly not in the sense that the matter is simple or easily mastered. *Morale sociale* is defined as the science which teaches wherefore and how social duties are to be fulfilled. In sixteen discourses this science is expounded fully in all the ramifications and in many of the complications of the ever-changing conditions of social life. Living and even burning questions are not ignored. It is a valuable work for serious students, but not likely to prove attractive to general readers. Emphatically it is a book to be studied rather than lightly read. J. K.

Miscellaneous

S. AMBROSII DE NABUTHAE. A Commentary, with an Introduction and Translation. By Martin R. P. Maguire. Washington: Catholic University of America, 1927.

St. Ambrose's biographer, Paulinus, tells us that the saint was wont to inveigh against the avarice of the rich during the last years of his life. The *De Nabuthae* is a rhetorical sermon-essay on this theme, with Naboth's vineyard as its text. No separate commentary or translation existed until Mr. Maguire issued this book as Volume XV. of the Catholic University's Patristic Series. The general plan of the series has been followed once again with great success, special attention being given to questions of style and grammar. The notes are very full and clear, and there is a valuable Introduction on St. Ambrose's vocabulary and syntax. Here, as in the whole work, is felt the benefit of uniform systematic editing.

A few points of detail call for discussion. Once again I miss

Biblical references at the foot of the page; and I should have liked two further sections in the Introduction—one on St. Ambrose's theory of Property, the other on the social and economic conditions of Roman life as illustrated by St. Ambrose in this powerful indictment of the rich. Information on these two points is scattered throughout the notes, but would be more accessible in the Introduction. Mr. Maguire has made no attempt to establish a new critical text, but simply reprints Schenkl's text with a few typographical corrections. Unfortunately his own text is marred by several minor misprints, due to insufficient proof-correction. His translation is excellent, though I disagree on two points. In 13, 52: "acerbus divitiarum cumulo harenosus" does not mean "a heap of riches, besmudged with dirt when piled up." The metaphor is from a heap of sand, which is "speciosus usu, otio autem inutilis." And in 14, 58: "peteris parva pro magnis," the verb is, I believe, a passive, not a deponent (which, as Mr. Maguire rightly observes in his notes, has no known parallel). I should translate boldly: "You are being asked for small things in return for big things." It is bad Latin, but so is "benedicitur dives," in 13, 55.

Finally, I doubt the value of a list of "Echoes from the Writers of Early, Classical and Silver Latin," which Mr. Maguire has collected in his Introduction. St. Ambrose, like St. Basil, whom he is copying closely in the *De Nabuthae*, is drawing on a stock of rhetorical commonplaces which he had learnt at school. No fair conclusion as to the extent of St. Ambrose's reading can be based on these "Echoes." Quintilian's *Declamationes Maiores* (which St. Jerome learnt by heart when he was at school) show us the sort of stuff which every Roman schoolboy could use as a quarry from which he might always carry off a few handy chips of rhetoric. A. G.

L'IDEALISMO DI GIORGIO BERKELEY ED IL SUO SIGNIFICATO STORICO. By Francesco Olgiati. Publicazioni dell' Università Cattolica del Sacro Cuore. Volume IX. Milano. 221 pp. Lire 15.

The study of the history of philosophy has recently been vigorously pursued in Italy, especially under the influence of Croce. That there is room for new work in this field is shown by the fact that detailed historical studies of philosophical systems have not infrequently upset long-standing traditional valuations. Writers of the Hegelian school were particularly responsible for

much false history through their tendency to regard every philosophical system as a stage in a continuous development.

Prof. Olgiati in a previous work took stand against a stereotyped view which regards modern philosophy as a development towards idealism and immanence. Against this he maintained that the salient characteristic of philosophy since the Renaissance has been its "concreteness," as contrasted with the "abstract" method of the older philosophy: the new method supplementing the old without being opposed to it. This view gives scope for a more objective analysis of each system, as an attempt to throw light on the concrete world of reality from a new angle.

Berkeley's philosophy is in many respects puzzling; and very different views have been held as to the exact meaning of his theories, the connexion between his earlier and later works, his relation to other philosophers, and his historical position. Some regard him as a link between Locke and Hume; others, as descending from Descartes and Malebranche; others connect him with Leibniz and Spinoza; others again rank him as a precursor of Kant and the post-Kantians.

The present essay, which is based on a close study of Berkeley's writings and of the extensive literature concerning them, is not intended as an exposition of Berkeley's philosophy, but as a structural study of his system, aimed at bringing out its central inspiring motive.

Briefly, Prof. Olgiati's view is that the driving force in Berkeley's philosophy was his opposition to the new mechanical method. This was the real object of his polemic against abstraction and of his attack on the notion of matter. The new development in philosophy, science, and mathematics Berkeley felt to be as much vitiated by false abstraction as the much-decried Scholastic theory. The new mechanistic philosophy was also associated in his mind with hostility and danger to religion and morality. His idealism champions, as against the new theories, the rights of the concrete world of sense, the existence of final causes, the autonomy of spirit, the dependence of the universe on God.

The author supports this new and interesting interpretation by extensive quotations and constant references to Berkeley's writings; and skilfully shows that it gives coherence to the various phases of Berkeley's system, and also links up his philosophy with his life. It is a very attractive and plausible view, and certainly presents Berkeley's system in a more reasonable and sympathetic light.

Not the least useful portions of this interesting essay are the

critical sections, which bring out with admirable clearness such points as Berkeley's inadequate recognition of intellectual concepts, the fallacy of his idealistic argument, his confusion between the older and the modern conception of matter, his misinterpretation of the Scholastic theory of abstraction and of substance.

J. SHINE.

CELTIC MYTH AND ARTHURIAN ROMANCE. By Roger Sherman Loomis. New York: Columbia University Press. Pp. xii + 372.

THE author, embarking on his quest, has aptly thought of "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." The seas of ancient mythology are indeed perilous. Mr. Loomis finds the originals of certain heroes of Arthurian romance in Irish gods of the sun and the storm. He traces the Irish traditions of Cu Roi and Cu Chulainn through Wales and Brittany into the tales of the Trouvères. Among the treasures of the Tuatha De Danann he recognises in the Dagda's caldron the original of the Holy Grail. Arthur himself is seen to develop out of a Celtic god—the King Arthur, that is to say, of romance, for the author does not deny a place in history to Arthur, dux Brittonum.

In the course of his argument, which occupies thirty-five chapters, divided into five "books," Mr. Loomis shows a wide and various knowledge of his chief materials, the Arthurian tales themselves, the ancient saga-literature and mythology of Ireland and Wales, and of folklore and mythology in general. It would be rash for one less fully armed and armoured to encounter him with criticism. He appears to make a good case on every plea, and if the reader, admitting probability in the findings, is less convinced than the author of completeness in the proof, it is to be borne in mind that, however thoroughly the author may have explored the ground, his statement can only bring a selection of the relevant facts before the reader's eye. The investigation is well worthy of so much labour and thought. These tales of "the Matter of Britain" filled and delighted the mind of western Christendom for an age in a time of great thinking and great achievement, and so claim for themselves a chapter in the history of civilisation.

Much less is known of the older material, Celtic mythology, from which in great part this volume traces their head-waters. A generation has elapsed since the rich and varied treasures of Celtic mythology were "prospected" by D'Arbois de Jubainville,

but even yet we are only at a beginning of their exploration. It should be a source of inspiration and encouragement to the students of our early literature to find such use made of the published material by a brilliant American scholar to light up the history of Continental literature. As yet we have no published study of the prehistoric strata of the Irish genealogies. A systematised body of Irish genealogies is known to have existed in the seventh century, when the filidh must still have preserved a large and explicit knowledge of mythological tradition, and this tradition must have entered into their doctrine of racial origins. Modern mythological studies are subject to waves of vogue. For some time past vegetation-myths have been the rage, and the sun-myths of an earlier generation have been out of fashion. Mr. Loomis ventures quite reasonably to reassert the prominence of the sun-myth, and cites with propriety St. Patrick's " Confession " for evidence that sun-worship, or the worship of a solar god, was the most prominent feature of the religion of the heathen Irish.

E. MacN.

Shorter Notes

DEVOTIONAL AND ASCETICAL PRACTICES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Dom Louis Gougaud. English Edition. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 1927. 5/-.

No less than ten subjects of general Catholic interest are discussed in this book with the sound scholarship and good sense so characteristic of Dom Gougaud. The external deportment of the faithful during prayer is the object of his first study. Seven different attitudes can be distinguished, according to the learned author. In Christian antiquity it was customary to keep the arms raised towards heaven, or extended in the form of a cross (the " crossfigell " so common in mediæval Ireland), or otherwise outspread. In later times it was usual to hold the hands open in front of the breast. Keeping the hands joined, with the fingers upwards (nowadays, perhaps, the typical attitude of prayer), is a comparatively modern innovation. The early Christians, too, turned to the East during prayer, a custom that survived well into the Middle Ages. Dom Gougaud discusses the Scriptural and symbolical arguments urged in advocacy of the practice.

Up to a few hundred years ago the churches possessed no Tabernacle, as the Blessed Sacrament, when reserved, was placed in the sacristy or in some corner of the sacred edifice where its presence could not easily be observed. The altar, " that blessed table on which the bishop had sealed the relics of martyrs, and on which each day the priest celebrated the most august of mysteries," was then the object of special devotion. Important contracts were entered into before it, when the contracting parties laid their hands upon it and made solemn promise to God to fulfil their obligations.

Why was Saturday dedicated to the Blessed Virgin? Because Our Lady herself showed, oft in a miraculous manner, that such was her desire, answered the mediæval writers. Nor were reasons of congruence wanting, such as one advanced by Durandus, that as Sunday was figurative of the Kingdom of Heaven and Mary was the Gate of Heaven, it was fitting that she should receive special honour on the day preceding Sunday. If devotion to the Sacred Heart, in its present form, dates only from the days of St. Margaret Mary, the Church

has never lacked some devotion similar to it. The honour paid in mediæval times to the Five Wounds, especially the wound in the side, which opened the way to the Pierced Heart, certainly prepared the ground for its understanding and its popularity. Whence do we derive the custom, universal in Ireland, of clothing the dying and the dead in the habit of some religious order? No doubt from the mediæval custom, practised by pious lay folk, of seeking and obtaining the monastic habit—following the profession of monastic vows—as a supreme deathbed consolation.

A special chapter deals with the extraordinary attachment of our Irish ancestors to fasting; another deals with immersion in cold water as a form of mortification. In the latter connection mention is made of Fr. Willie Doyle, who, in the direct line of spiritual descent from the Irish ascetics of the 7th century, subjected himself to this hard penance in the lake at Rathfarnham. The closing chapters, on the growth of the "discipline" or voluntary scourging, as a penitential exercise and the practice of appalling austerities as a substitute for martyrdom, are no less interesting.

Workers in many fields will be grateful to Dom Gougaud for this valuable series of studies and more grateful still for every addition to their number.

J. R.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN AUSTRIA. By C. A. Macartney. Cambridge: University Press. 1926. 8/6.

THIS book is frankly a puzzle. The author has collected a considerable amount of accurate information, he has attained a high degree of objectivity in his treatment of controversial questions, and he seems to be fully aware of the difference between Austrian and British socialism. Yet when the book is read, the impression left is that the essential nature of the Social Democrat Party in Austria has been missed—or is being concealed. No Austrian reader would be able to recognise the spirit, as distinct from the concrete facts, here set forth as belonging to that party. No one from reading this book would ever think that Austrian socialism was nothing more or less than Russian Bolshevism with the more blood-stained incidents left out. Yet such is the plain truth. The whole spirit and even the very details of the political programmes are the same.

The author seems to be labouring under two rather serious disadvantages in his attempt to write the contemporary history of Austria: a complete ignorance of what the Catholic Church really is and what it does, and a lack of historical perspective that is unexpected in a Cambridge man. The first causes him to misunderstand the contest at present going on in Austria between the Christian Socialists (who, by the way, include Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics) and the Social Democrats. It is not a political contest at all, as anyone who read the posters plastered on the walls of every village in Austria during the last General Elections in April could see. It is a contest between two different civilisations, just as much as was the struggle against the Turk. The second leads him to form his judgments about Austria, and especially about the former Austrian Empire, as if he were talking about the British Empire. One of the most distinguished officers of the former Austrian Navy, an aide-de-camp of Emperor Francis Joseph, speaking of the author's criticism of the *ancien régime* said: "But Mr. Macartney seems to forget that in political education and general culture the Austrian Empire was well over 50 years behind Western Europe," and when an Austrian aristocrat says fifty we may be sure he is not over-estimating.

But there is much in the book which is reliable and suggestive, and the facts are generally accurately set forth. One or two strange slips occur. What made the author think (p. 81) that it was in Yugo-Slavia the Austrian fleet mutinied? The "mutiny" took place at Pola. And how did he spend five years in modern Austria and leave it with the conviction that Dr. Seipel was a Jesuit, with a "full share of the political cunning which his great Order condescends to employ on practical ends"? We do not know who will chuckle most over this, Dr. Seipel or the Jesuits.

E. J. C.

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY. Its Development and its Place in Medicine. By Bernard Hart, M.D. Cambridge University Press. 1927. 7s. 6d. net.

L'IMAGINATION ET LES PRODIGES. Par Mgr. Elie Méric. Paris: Téqui. 1927. Nouvelle édition. 20 frs.

Dr. Hart's book gives us the three Goulstonian Lectures he delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1926, and papers on the "Psychology of Rumour" and "Methods of Psychotherapy. It is full of interest for the "lay" as well as the medical psychologist and is well written. Dr. Hart has the gift of clear effective statement, of constructive criticism. Here is an example of his methods in dealing with the Freudian school; it suggests much more than the mere words imply:—

"The Freudian school does not deny that a factor of the order of suggestion enters into psychranalysis; on the contrary, its existence is an essential part of their tenets. This factor is the peculiar affective relationship which develops between the patient and the physician, and upon it the transference processes, which are conceived to be a necessary part of the therapeutic action, are dependent. Freud expresses this affective relationship in terms of his libido theory, and believes it to derive its driving power from the psychosexual forces existing in the patient. He regards all forms of psychotherapy as involving this relationship, including those grouped under suggestion."

There is more than a hint of danger here.

As Dr. Hart seems very well acquainted with the French schools of psychology, the omission of any reference to Dupré's work is somewhat strange.

Mgr. Elie Méric's work was first published in 1905. This new edition does not seem to be quite up to date, if we may judge from some of the references to wireless. The *imprimatur* too bears the date 7th July, 1905, so we may presume that there have been no substantial additions. The book was decidedly worth reprinting, as it contains much acute criticism of various theories of "borderland" psychology, but it must be read to-day with many reservations undreamed of when it was written. We are more critical about facts to-day, perhaps hypercritical in our notions of what constitutes evidence. John Howley.

1. *GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.* Third Edition. Edited by H. C. Colles, M.A., Mus.B., F.R.C.M. Five Volumes. With 96 full-page Illustrations. London: Macmillan. 1927-8. 30s. per volume.
2. *SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. His Life, Letters and Diaries.* By Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Illustrated. London: Cassell. 1927. 21s. net.

1. Fifty years ago the late Sir George Grove projected and published the Dictionary of Music and Musicians. So great was its success that a second edition, enlarged and improved, appeared in the years 1904-1912, under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland. This second edition has been recognised as the standard reference work in English on every aspect of the art, science, and history of music. However, after the lapse of almost a quarter of a century, the publishers felt that the time had come for an entirely new edition brought up to date. Unlike previous editions, the present one—of five volumes—by hard work has been got into type so as to appear within a very short period, and thus the five volumes will be issued before February, 1928. Numerous as were the contributions to the second edition, some 80 new specialists have been enrolled, so that the present edition of Grove may be said to represent the sum of musical scholarship of the past fifty years, that is, from 1876 to 1926. Among the new contributors are Rev. Dr. Fellowes, Prof. Sanford Terry, Dr. Alfred Einstein, Prof. Tillyard, Mdlle. Pereyra, Dr. Walker, Harvey Grace, Prof. Spalding, Mr. J. B. Trend, Dr. Dyson, Edwin Evans, Fox

Strangways, Prof. E. J. Dent, Bishop Frere (Truro), Prof. Buck, Calvocoressi, Kalisch, Blom, Aldrich, Scott Goddard, Rosa Newmarch, William Wallace, and other musicologists. An added attraction is the large number of full-page plates, In conclusion, it is a pleasure to say that the present work can be highly commended as a really indispensable book of reference for all serious students of music.

2. At last we have what may be termed the definitive biography of Sir Arthur Sullivan. There have been several memoirs of this famous Irish musician, but we now have what may be called the official biography as furnished by the composer's nephew, Herbert Sullivan, and put into shape by the brilliant Newman Flower, so well known for his delightful book on Handel. Sullivan's Irish ancestry, both on his father's and mother's side, is freely admitted. On May 13, 1842, the future composer was born at 8 Bolwell Terrace, Lambeth (London). His father, Tom Sullivan, son of an Irish soldier, was a good musician. In 1845 he was appointed Bandmaster at the Royal Military College, being subsequently made Professor at Kneller Hall.

Young Sullivan, as chorister and Mendelssohn scholar, displayed much talent. In 1863 he visited Ireland, during which visit he composed his Irish Symphony, produced at the Crystal Palace on March 10, 1866. About the same time he composed five songs from Shakespeare, including the still-popular " Orpheus with his Lute." A chance meeting with Burnand turned Sullivan's thoughts in the direction of light opera, and as a result " Cox and Box " and " The Contrabandista " captured the town. Then, D'Oyly Carte suggested a Gilbert and Sullivan partnership, and after the success of *Trial by Jury* (1875) and *The Sorcerer* (1876), the well known combination bounded into established favour with *Pinafore* (1878). Quite fascinating is the story of the Savoy Operas as told by Mr. Flower, and it was quite characteristic of Sullivan that the call of his ancestral motherland should again inspire him to compose *The Emerald Isle*, almost on his death bed, in November, 1899. Not by his oratorios, or his symphonies, or his grand operas will Sullivan live, but as the creator of a genre which, as Mr. Flower well puts it, " has become the standard school of English light music."

W. H. Grattan Flood.

ERASME. Sa Pensée religieuse et son Action d'après sa correspondance (1518-1521). Par Augustin Renaudet. Paris: Alcan. 1926. 10 francs.

Professor Renaudet's monograph essays to set forth the part played by Erasmus at a most critical phase of Luther's movement. The title suggests something in the nature of a critical study, but one finds that the book is mainly a paraphrase of the statements of Erasmus himself as to his actions, motives and opinions. Except for one or two half hints there is nothing to indicate to the reader that these statements cannot be accepted without very considerable reservations. This is all the more regrettable, seeing that Erasmus is, to put it mildly, a disingenuous authority when he is letting himself go on his own merits and on the vices of his opponents.

As to the danger of taking Erasmus as a guide, one could not get a better example than M. Renaudet's account (pp. 74 *et seq*) of his quarrel with Edward Lee, an English scholar, later Archbishop of York. M. Renaudet seems to accept the denigration of Erasmus as a statement of fact, though it would seem to be a fair inference that the latter would not have tried to suppress Lee's replies had he considered him of such little account as his contumelious references to him suggest. This is the typical Erasmian method of controversy, and for his reason one may fairly protest against M. Renaudet's uncommented rehash of the literary and theological asperities of a bygone age. *Ex parte* accounts are not very valuable to the searcher for truth, and this monograph is decidedly *ex parte*. W. J. W.

THE TABLES TURNED. By J. Bonar. London: King. 1926. 2s.

THIS is one of a course of seven lectures in which the London School of Economics commemorated the 150th anniversary of the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*. The lecture falls into two parts: first, a discussion as to how far Adam Smith still continues to influence economic thought, and secondly an imaginary dialogue overheard in Elysium between Smith and his critics. The dialogue, which is witty and pointed, gives Dr. Bonar an opportunity of showing how Smith had anticipated many discoveries of later writers, and incidentally also of displaying his own extraordinary knowledge of the classical economists. G. O'B.

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A SPIRITU SANCTO, JOSEPH Enucleatio Mysticae Theologiae S. Dionysii Areopagitae. Editio critica a P. Anastasio a S. Paulo. Fasc. I.-II. "Carmelitana." (Roma, L. 25 per annum).

BARCLAY, VERA ... Good Scouting. Notes on Scouting in the Catholic Parish. (Sheed and Ward, 3/6).

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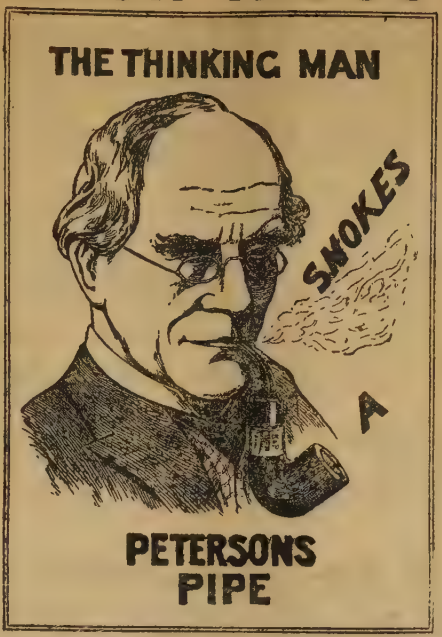

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